"I dedicate this novel to the White Race."
-Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

"This is a novel that helps demonstrate the beautiful world to come following the successful conclusion of our great struggle for the hearts and minds of our people. RAHOWA!"
-Rev. Matt Hale

"A brilliant first novel by the WCOTC's Rev. Molyneaux, full of emotion, love, power, and racial awakening. A must-read."
-Brother John Alexander

"White Empire is a book that challenges today's view on how the future will turn out to be--a future when the White Race stands up to ZOG control . . . and wins!!"
-Brother Michael J. Ireland

"From the very first page, Rev. Molyneaux's gripping page-turner will explosively inspire you!"
-Anonymous

"This novel will complete your racist awakening and inspire you to fight with all your might for the Whiter and Brighter world to come."
-Brother Victor White

"White Empire truly is the Whiter and Brighter World that we all aspire to."
-Rev. Col. Campbell 3rd

"The sagas of John and Wolf, set in the Whiter and Brighter future under Creativity, will have you riveted!!"
-A reader from New York

White Empire - Chapter I

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

A sleek F-35 fighter aircraft glided silently through the summer air somewhere over the jungles of Africa. This technologically advanced aircraft, commonly known as the Bolt by its pilots, was the pride of the White Empire's Air Force. The Bolt was unmatched in speed, agility, armor, and firepower but then again everything within the White Empire was supreme.

The fighter had many revolutionary features that make it one of the many prides of the glorious White Empire and her scientists. Not only was the Bolt invisible to enemy radar, but was also able to blend into whatever environment it was in. At nights it became pitch black to match the midnight sky and on bright sunny days like today, it became an azure blue.

This camouflage technology not only hid the airplane but produced a psychological dread on the enemies of the White Empire. These enemies never knew when an attack by the mighty legions of the White Empire would commence due to the invisibility of the airplanes. The effects of this terror only compounded the sickness, decay, and general inferiority of the enemies of White Empire who are called muds.

Another technological marvel that the F-35 had in its arsenal is the dreaded Hyper Neutron Missile. This missile was devastatingly powerful but only to living beings. The Death's Head as it was affectionately called by fighter pilots, bombards humans and other animals with neutrons, killing them instantly. The Death's Head was preferred over hydrogen bombs as it didn't cause radiation, didn't destroy building, and didn't harm plant life whatsoever. That way, the magnificent White Empire could send adventurous colonists to settle the newly conquered territories.

John Granger gazed dreamily about the expanse of the African jungles as he easily maneuvered the F-35 through the skies. Most pilots used auto-pilot until they reached their destination but not John. John loved the power and control of flying a dynamic Bolt aircraft. John liked to compare himself with the great explorers like Magellan or Columbus. It didn't matter to him that the skies he flew in were previously seen by many men. Being of the Creativity faith, he was adventurous and inquisitive and that was what had drawn him to the Air Force.

John was, like most men of the day, lean, agile, and powerful. He had short cropped blond hair with sparkling blue eyes that matched perfectly with the skies in which he now flew. John's frame measured out at over 1.8 meters tall and he weighed around 77 kilograms. His size and structure were similar to that of a sprinter and, for good reason, as track and field was one of John's hobbies. This pilot had a strong jaw and powerful cheek bones to match his powerful frame. John loved the outdoors and being in shape and his tanned, muscular body showed that he was in excellent physical condition.

John glanced at the instrument panel and decided to use the manual controls instead of the voice activated ones. John had always felt odd talking to computers so he tended to prefer hitting the panels on video screen. After consulting the video screen, he realized he would soon be approaching the target sight. A wave of euphoria swept over John as he knew that he would soon be engaging the vile mud people. John was a fanatical warrior who loved his great White brothers and sisters and hated his deadly enemies whom he would soon destroy.

John felt the tingles of excitement as he was about to enter combat. Granted, he wasn't expecting enemy resistance and it seemed to be a routine mission but that didn't matter to John. John was like most soldiers of the ancient past in that he wished for fame and glory but he was not interested in merely being selfish. The soldiers of the White Empire fought and died to bring glory and greatness to the White Race and John held his people at the pinnacle of his priorities. This very characteristic that John displayed was what had catapulted the White Empire into the annals of history as the greatest civilization ever created.

Safety procedure called for the pilot to be firmly seated in his safety harness when entering battle so John swiftly locked himself into the restraints that would save his life if he were hit by enemy fire. The smoothness and ease of flying a Bolt fighter plane allowed the pilot to be free of the restraints when not in combat so most pilots only wore the harness when engaging the enemy or in enemy air space. John thought the harness was a hassle but realized it could very well save his life. This minor nuisance, however, didn't phase the rising excitement that was visible in John's mirthful visage.

John was unable to see the village through the cockpit window so he activated the telescopic camera in his visor in order to view the small African village. The camera was linked to a satellite that orbited in space so John could view any part of the earth that he wanted to. He punched in the coordinates and turned the auto-pilot on as he gazed about at the primitive people that lived in the village. John was able to move the camera about with a joystick located on his instrument panel.

John was of a curious mentality so he had to see these people who had long since been deported from his homeland. John had an intense hatred for these niggers who had once poisoned his land but it was good to observe them and see what their nature was like. He knew that in nature, only the strong survive and it was obvious to the world that the White Race was supreme.

He focused his attention at the center of the village where a gathering of the pitch black natives had gathered and were apparently holding some kind of ritual. The niggers were scantily clad, wearing what looked like grass skirts that clearly showed the backward nature of these people. The natives were violently gyrating and contorting their bodies in a grotesque fashion and John wondered if they actually considered what they were doing to be dancing.

John shuddered as he thought that people once advocated an idea that all people were equal. Observing these savages who lived in huts made quite literally of mud, John wondered how anyone could have believed such an outrageously obvious lie. He knew the creature that had propagated such a hoax to be the hideous Jew and he thanked those White pioneers who had revolted against such ideas and formed the White Empire.

John resumed observing these savages but was unprepared for the monstrosity that quite unexpectedly befell his eyes. He knew how primitive and barbaric these people were from the textbooks, but seeing them in the flesh disgusted him greatly. As he silently gazed from high above the Earth, he saw a group of boys line up near sticks in the ground that stood about a meter high. The boys undressed and stood by the thick sticks that protruded from the ground. One savage man approached one of the boys with a large silver knife that must have been imported to these niggers as it was obvious they had no such skill in metalwork.

This beast man raised his knife while grabbing the genitals of the young boy. John's eyes grew wide in total disgust and apprehension of these savages while he quickly averted his gaze. John swiftly switched off the camera as a great hatred grew within him like a smoking volcano that was ready to explode and wreak havoc among all those its death spray could reach.

John switched off the auto-pilot and regained control of the Bolt fighter plane. His anger and hatred for these primitive enemies of his own White Race continued to swell as he radioed in to the dispatch.

"RAHOWA! Airman Granger reporting," John roared into radio.

"RAHOWA! What is your status, airman?" replied the calm voice of the dispatch.

"I'm nearing the target site and ready to annihilate our most hated enemies."

"Excellent work. You seem quite excited airman. Is there something wrong?"

"I observed a ritual that the natives performed that utterly disgusted me and I'm looking forward to crushing these enemies of our people!" bellowed John as he vented his anger.

"I understand your hatred, airman. That's why it's our holy mission to make this a Whiter, Brighter World. Proceed as scheduled with the attack and update me when you successfully complete the mission. RAHOWA!"

"Yes, sir! RAHOWA!" John shouted as the swirl of excitement concerning the upcoming battle and his enmity of his enemy swam inside his mind.

John mentally prepared himself knowing full well that the attack would most likely go without error as there was no sign of any enemy aircraft nor did it appear as though the barbarous niggers were capable of designing a house let alone an airplane. Nevertheless, he armed his pulse cannons and the ultra powerful Hyper Neutron missiles.

One might wonder why the Air Force was using airplanes to deliver their missiles instead of firing them safely from space, which the White Empire was fully capable of. The answer was simple once one thought about it. The savages had no hope of victory so utilizing planes to deliver the destruction provided training for the pilots. This way, the pilots would have some battle experience for when the battle of Asia took place. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Asia would fall to the White Empire but it would be more difficult than conquering South America and Africa.

John's muscles tightened as he increased speed to the necessary speed in order to escape the danger of his own missiles. The safe speed was 15 Mach but John was a daredevil and increased the speed of his aerodynamic Bolt to 20 times the speed of sound.

A blinking red light appeared in John's visor which indicated the target, which was a small village. John targeted a Hyper Neutron missile upon the village and once locked, fired it at the unsuspecting village. Once the missile was fired, John again increased his speed to Mach 25 and screamed, "RAHOWA!" as he flew by.

The barbarians continued their ritual as a silent dagger crept at their backs that was the Hyper Neutron missile. Since the missile flew at many times the speed of sound, the natives never knew what hit them. The missile detonated above the villagers and a massive blue globe erupted onto the village, instantly eradicating all animal life. Beasts, both those that resemble humans and those that did not, were instantly disintegrated from the powerful bombardment of neutrons that afflicted them.

John knew that the villagers had been utterly destroyed but it was his duty to inspect the village to be sure. John was in a state of ecstasy after having crushed his enemies so he actually enjoyed returning to the target area to observe the weeding of the garden he had performed. He felt extremely blissful that he was a member of the greatest race on the face of the planet—the White Race. He thoroughly enjoyed doing his duty for the Empire in any way that he could. It was easy to see that his best attribute was that of flying so that was the area John chose to devote himself to.

John slowed his speed and turned the aircraft around to observe the village he had attacked. He could have used his telescopic camera but he wanted to observe the area with his naked eye. John had average eyesight so he could easily see the target area from a height of one kilometer which he subsequently descended the plane to.

As the supersonic fighter fleetingly floated through the skies like a jovial dolphin through the oceans, John eased back in his pilot's chair and relaxed his whole body. This relaxed state was in sharp contrast to the tenseness of a few minutes before. John's body completely conformed to the contours of the chair and he felt like he had just run sprints or had lifted weights for hours. The same happiness and joy after physical exertion greeted John like an old friend whom he hadn't seen in a long time.

As John approached the jungle dwelling, he wondered how long the battle of Africa would last. They hadn't encountered much resistance since the mideast was conquered years ago. The traditional strategy of the White Empire was to swiftly conquer an enemy area in a blitzkrieg fashion and then to solidify the location by bringing colonists in to settle the newly vacated colony.

Even though John was supremely relaxed, his senses were still as sharp as that of an eagle searching for its prey. Something was moving down below him though it was some distance from the village he had hit. John focused his sparkling blue eyes on the object in question and quickly ascertained that it was a swiftly moving enemy vehicle that was headed towards the village.

John instantly knew it was an enemy vehicle for several reasons. The first was that the White Legions weren't in the area and second that the vehicle was of prehistoric design, even using gasoline to power it. The smoke that poured out of the exhaust was foreign to him as gasoline powered cars had been banned in the Empire years ago. Nowadays, cars were powered by electricity and solar power. Not only were these energy forms more efficient but they also protected the environment from all the pollution that used to be so prevalent in the world.

The vehicle was a medium sized truck painted with camouflage. It was in ill repair with various rust spots and actual holes from poor maintenance were visible alongside the truck. It had an opening in the rear that was covered with what appeared to be a bed sheet. John could only assume it was transporting troops and he relished the idea of putting to rest more of his foes.

John was interested in sociology and toyed with the idea of allowing the soldiers (if one could actually call them that) to safely arrive at the village in order to view their behaviors at finding it empty with only a few scattered ashes laying about. The thought made him chuckle but he knew it would be unprofessional to not crush them right away so John accelerated towards the vehicle with a gleam in his eye that betrayed his utter joy at doing his job and doing it well.

He targeted the vehicle and sent a volley of pulse rays from his pulse cannon that screeched toward their target and exploded upon impact. The explosion ripped through the truck and sent its inhabitants flying in all directions. The savages, who reminded John more of the monkey family rather than the human species, were strewn alongside the dirt road in a bloody carnage of death. John assumed they were all dead and when observing no motion from the area, realized it was so.

John thought to himself that this had been a wonderful day as he had put to rest many enemies of the Empire. He felt like those great warriors from Germany who had fought for their fatherland in World War II. John always felt great admiration from those soldiers and was inspired by their struggles but he knew that National Socialism was doomed to fail as it didn't include all the great people of White Race nor did it hold the White Race as the highest priority. That problem was solved in the White Empire as the official religion was the greatest religion ever made for the White Race-Creativity.

The technological masterpiece that was the Bolt fighter plane, briskly approached the mud huts and general mess of an area that the natives had once called home. John quickly surveyed the area for signs of life but didn't see the faintest sign of life or movement. Satisfied that the area had been cleansed of the poisonous filth that had once inhabited the area, he prepared to return to base and make his report as he switched on his radio.

"RAHOWA! Airman Granger reporting an extremely successful mission!" John happily chirped into his radio microphone. He knew the mission was extremely easy due to the overwhelming ability of his people but a victory over the enemy was cause for celebration no matter how pathetic the enemy may be.

"RAHOWA! That is great airman but we both knew the mission would be successful," the dispatch replied. The dispatch chuckled softly and continued, "Were there any difficulties whatsoever or did the mission go as smoothly as planned?"

"Everything went well but I did encounter an enemy truck that I subsequently vaporized. There were no problems at all and I thoroughly enjoyed the mission. No matter how many missions I fly, I always get a great rush from defeating our enemies. This one, like all the others, I intensely enjoyed and look forward to many, many more."

"Your excitement is contagious, comrade! I too loved flying but once I hit 70, it was time to stop flying missions so here I am at dispatch. Dispatch is the next best thing to flying though. How old are you airman?"

"I'm 24 years old, sir," retorted John with his usual tone of youthful confidence that exuded from his very being. John recalled his studies in the Air Force Academy that spoke of the Doom Age where civilization was in a decline and it was unheard of to live much longer than 70 years of age, let alone be a pilot at that age. It was pretty common in these times where most people didn't retire until 80 and the average life span was approximately 100. John was always amazed that that horrible age was but a mere 50 years in the past. He knew he was living in a great age and wondered how long it would be until the White Empire ruled all of the great Earth.

"Ah, then you didn't live through the dreaded Doom Age as I did. You didn't see those vermin walking our streets and ruining our precious White Race. It was such a horrid era that I'm not sure how I lived through it but I'm extremely happy that I did so I could be a part of our glorious White Empire. Anyway, return to base airman. RAHOWA!"

"Yes, sir! RAHOWA!" John activated his auto-pilot and set in the coordinates of the air base that he was to return to. He contemplated living in an age of niggers, Jews, and other assorted muds. An epoch of lies, decay, and misery that truly lived up to its title of the Doom Age. John wondered why his ancestors put up with all the grief for so long but was in their debt that they finally threw off the yoke of oppression and revolted.

Thoughts of his next mission swam through his mind as he rapidly approached his air base which was located in Northern Africa and called Rommel Air Force base after the legendary Erwin Rommel who had fought there in World War II. Although he looked forward to returning to base and seeing his comrades, he eagerly anticipated his next mission so that he could bring greater glory to the Empire.

White Empire - Chapter II

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

It was an intensely hot summer night in a dense African jungle that was comparable to the torturous hell that was once believed in by superstitious European ancestors. The fierce heat attracted bugs of various shapes and sizes from seemingly around the globe to Wolfgang Gerhard. The sweltering heat didn't really bother Wolf as he knew he was here to do his duty to the Empire by serving in the elite force called the Holy Legions.

The dense foliage formed a sort of natural tent above Wolf as he ate his meal. Various sounds echoed throughout the night and the movement of tropical animals could be plainly heard. Wolf had been briefed about the area and its peculiarities so the noises didn't startle him nor did they even manage to interrupt his eager meal that he devoured like a ravenous lion tears apart a young antelope.

The standard issue ration consisted of dehydrated fruits and an assortment of nuts. This was a part of a fruitarian diet otherwise known by the name of Salubrious Living. This diet was practiced by most of the citizens of the White Empire and is mandatory in the military due to the healthy effects it produced. Although the research confirming the healthiness of this diet was over a hundred years old, it didn't really spread until the formation of the White Empire and only very slowly did it spread then. Once the world saw the millions of healthy people that benefited from this diet, however, it finally took hold of the White Empire and is now widely promoted and practiced.

Wolf had never known any other diet as he was raised eating raw fruits, vegetables, nuts, and grains. He had never succumbed to any of the diseases that he had read about, due to his diet. He had once seen an obese man eating meat when he was young and was totally shocked at the sickness that pervaded from the diseased man. The man coughed and hacked and looked very old and very sad. Scientists came to classify the disease-causing diet that was prevalent in the 20th century as the poison diet. Wolf thought this a fitting title for such a heinous lifestyle.

Wolf was a mountain of a man who eclipsed the two meter mark in height and weighed over 140 kilograms of pure, rigid muscle similar to the great Viking warriors of old. He shaved his head religiously so that the tan of his body matched that of his skull. He had fierce gray eyes that might be thought to have mystical powers over those his gaze fell upon but such talk was nonsense as it was easy to see that it was the will and determination behind those gray orbs that transfixed those who came in contact with him. His friends deemed him a gentle giant but his foes never spoke of him at all because they were swiftly vanquished.

Wolf's physical prowess was unmatched in his native land of Germany. He was a champion boxer and also wrestled so his acceptance into the Holy Legions was almost guaranteed from the start. One might think that such a large man would be slow and lumbering but this was not the case with Wolfgang. He was quick and agile which impressed some more so than his immense power. This lethal combination of power and grace assured his acceptance into the most feared force in the world.

The vigorous demands involved in the training of the Holy Legions permitted only ten percent to graduate and become a full-fledged member of the greatest special forces unit in the world. It would be safe to say that this elite force held the greatest and most powerful super-soldiers the world had ever known.

The rigorous exercises that broke many a man, included routine 100 kilometer marches, weight training, and hand to hand combat. The great multitude of trainees weren't able to march the 100 kilometers, let alone lift weights and develop fighting skills. A medical team was always on hand to tend to those who couldn't handle the intense workout. The fierce training was the sole reason that the Holy Legions were unmatched throughout the eons of time in fighting ability. Wolf had thoroughly enjoyed the training and knew that his wrestling and boxing skills had been enhanced greatly.

Of course weapons training played another vital part in the cultivating of the Holy Legions. Soldiers were taught the intricacies of a variety of weapons, vehicles, and tools. As such, it was required to be able to not only use the weapons of war but to also repair and clean them to suitable levels set by the commander of the Holy Legions. This training greatly enhanced Wolf's knowledge of warfare which enabled him to appreciate the greatness of the White Empire which he fought for.

Not only were the soldiers taught about plasma technology that reigned supreme in the world, but also about the ancient firearms used in the other nations of the world. These primordial tools of war were extremely inefficient using gunpowder and bullets instead of the superior plasma weapons which were easily recharged. Wolf loved his Hammerblow plasma assault rifle as it had a great range of 20 kilometers and had a capacity of 5000 shots in a single clip. It also had the option of firing single shot, 3 shot burst, or fully automatic.

A member of the Holy Legions knew how to operate all types of vehicles including cars, trucks, tanks, helicopters, and planes. This way, any possible mission that would be undertaken would have been studied and prepared for so as to guarantee a successful mission. Transportation would never be a problem as each soldier knew how to operate virtually any vehicle and was in good enough shape to do forced marches of at least 100 kilometers.

Wolf had been a great athlete before his interest was aroused in the Holy Legions through the inspiring advertisements they aired showing the great warriors in their ranks. After experiencing the training, however, it was easy to proclaim him as a Superman. The only regret Wolf had was that when he got back into the boxing ring the competition would be weak since he was in such terrific shape.

Wolf adjusted his black beret with the World Church of the Creator symbol of a majestic "W" that stood for the White Race, the glorious crown that symbolized the White Race's superior position in Nature, and the halo which signified the holiness of the White Race. This symbol was bathed in flames and holy light which completed the insignia of the Holy Legions. The beret went well with the camouflage pants, shirt, and black titanium combat boots that completed the uniform. The boots were as light as normal athletic wear but far stronger as to protect the soldier's feet and ankles.

Wolf glanced at his watch and realized that he still had time before the scheduled search and destroy mission that he was waiting for. These were routine missions that were necessary after the Air Force had wreaked their havoc with Hyper Neutron missiles. Any remaining enemy forces were sought out and destroyed. Since all the cities and villages would be hit, that meant that the only area where there could be any remaining forces left would be in the countryside and jungles.

Wolfgang hoped that he would encounter enemy resistance in order to crush the foes of his race but didn't expect any encounters with hostile forces. He was vastly disappointed in the inability of the nigger forces to put up any semblance of a fight that only proved their inferiority. He eagerly looked forward to the day when the war with Asia would begin as he knew that the gooks weren't as inferior as the spooks. There was no doubt that the White Empire would crush the slant eyed gooks but it would take longer and he would be able to mount a higher kill score.

Wolf continued to gorge himself on his meal while keeping an attentive watch on his surrounding in order to be secure. He kept alert despite having a helmet that put the knights of ages past to shame, which lay beside him, and extremely tough full body armor that he wore beneath his clothing. He was practically invulnerable to enemy fire. In fact, the only enemy firepower that he envisioned being a problem would have to be over 20mm in strength and he doubted greatly that the enemy had anything close to that.

Realizing that it was near midnight, Wolf gathered his belongings and put on his black helmet. He pulled the visor down and with a voice command changed the view to infrared so he could spot enemy heat signatures. Each member of the Holy Legions produced a heat signature that could easily identify them as friendly due to the heat generated by their helmets. He also hoisted on his 45 kilogram backpack that contained many tools and equipment that could come in handy for the mission.

Thoughts swept through Wolf's mind as he contemplated the cleanup mission he and his squad of nine others were to perform. Wolf was the squad leader and therefore had to coordinate his team which was spread out at intervals of a kilometer apart. Wolf was at the center of the formation and if resistance was found, then they would regroup and engage the enemy.

Wolf activated his radio and spoke to his comrades saying, "RAHOWA! All units prepare for battle! Begin scouting in five minutes. Remember, report any semblance of enemy movement. Everyone is to radio in on the hour in order to check in. It's a great day to be alive comrades! Now let's go do our duty and crush the foes of the Empire! RAHOWA!"

Confirmation came from all the soldiers in Wolf's squad as he attentively listened to his comrades. Wolf grinned widely as he thought of the coming adventure. That smile was hidden beneath his visor, however. The imposing figure that was Wolf surely spread terror to those that opposed him. Even bears would turn coward and run for the hills at the sight of squad leader, Wolfgang Gerhard.

Wolf clutched his Hammerblow assault rifle and slowly, methodically proceeded to venture into the unknown wilderness that he hoped held vile creatures which he could purge from existence. He increased his pace as he stealthily traveled in the dense underbrush of the African jungle actively searching for any sign that would lead to the enemy.

As Wolf crept into the jungle like a deadly assassin moving in for the death strike, he noticed a heat signature amongst the treetops. He immediately brought his weapon to bare and fired several rounds as the form attempted to swing from one tree to another. The figure didn't succeed in his venture as he was dropped to the ground some 15 meters below with an audible thud.

Wolf whispered softly into his radio, "Be on alert comrades. I've shot something that appears to be a nigger. All stop until I investigate the remains."

Wolf carefully navigated around the brush and trees of the jungle until he could get a good view of his kill. Wolf laughed merrily as he gazed upon the form at his feet. It was a chimpanzee with two holes in his chest that had died before it hit the ground. He admired his handiwork at marksmanship but was disappointed at the letdown of killing this creature which many thought more intelligent than the niggers they fought against.

"False alarm, comrades. I shot a chimp and thought it was a nigger. They do look alike, eh?" Wolf chuckled again while he continued to talk, "Resume scouting soldiers."

Wolf resumed his search as he expertly scanned the lush green maze of plants. While he knew forest tactics due to his training with the Holy Legions, he had never been to Africa before. He appreciated the fragrant smell of the plentiful vegetation that loomed all around him.

The jungle slowly rolled past Wolf as he continued searching for his hated enemies when he noticed he was coming to the edge of a cliff. Upon nearing the cliff's edge, he carefully scanned the area below and noticed an unusual heat signature. He immediately recognized it as a fire and knew that where there was fire there was probably a camp. Knowing that the fire was some distance off with a cliff to maneuver down and untold perils in the jungle, Wolf realized he would have to rally his troops in order to investigate.

"I've found an area that needs investigating so all units are required at my location," Wolf ordered as he gave his exact coordinates. He listened as his soldiers responded and looked forward to assaulting what he hoped was an enemy encampment. He eagerly wanted to rip his enemies to shreds alongside his comrades in a glorious battle.

Wolf gazed in the direction of the fire and switched the view so he could see normally. However, as the fire was some kilometers off, he couldn't make out much whatsoever. He switched to a satellite view but there were too many trees in the way so his only choice left was to get closer to the fire and investigate from there.

A plan formulated in Wolf's mind in case it was enemy camp. The ridge he was on would be a good place to set a few soldiers to volley fire on the enemy. The powerful fire of the plasma rifles allowed a successful barrage of death to be rained upon the enemy even though they couldn't see the actual foes they were firing at. Therefore, he would allocate two soldiers here that would fire on his command to start the melee.

While awaiting the arrival of his troops, Wolf decided to eat a light snack of banana chips. A small crunch could be heard from his chewing of the chips as his taste buds enjoyed the succulent fruit. Wolf faintly heard a slithering sound and quickly whirled around in a crouched manner to see what lay behind him.

A long slimy snake that was brown with green blotches uniformly painted along the length of its body, advanced towards Wolf. The beast's forked tongue hissed its anger as Wolf regarded the hostile creature in a calm manner. He had never seen such a snake and wondered what it was. Regardless of its species, Wolf knew it was either him or it so he aimed his rifle and shot the snake in its skull. The snake had uttered its last hiss as its head completely disintegrated. Suddenly, the carcass was unpleasant to him so he tossed it off the cliff but never heard it land.

Wolf decided to report with headquarters to inform them of the fire he had seen. "RAHOWA! Commander Wolfgang Gerhard reporting," he chimed in on his radio.

"RAHOWA! What do you have to report?" replied headquarters.

"We have spotted a fire that could be an enemy camp. We are subsequently going to investigate the area. Oh, and I've got two kills so far tonight but neither were human." Wolf smiled as he continued, "Therefore no enemy resistance encountered so far."

"It's good to hear that you are practicing your shooting skills, Commander," replied the radioman happily. "Proceed and report your findings as soon as possible. RAHOWA!"

"Yes, sir! RAHOWA!" crackled Wolf in his usual fiery speech.

Impatience plagued Wolf as he awaited the arrival of the soldiers of the mighty Holy Legions. He knew it had been but a mere few minutes as his comrades slowly trickled in one by one from both flanks. As his fellow soldiers arrived, Wolf longed to run into battle like his ancestors had done with monstrous yells of joy but knew his unit was a stealth unit so he had to suppress such instincts.

Wolf barked orders as he placed the two soldiers that had traveled the farthest, upon the cliff's edge. They were thankful for the rest as they had both traveled at least four kilometers in a dead sprint. Of course, they would have continued if ordered to do so as all members of the Holy Legions were disciplined to a great extent.

The other soldiers and himself proceeded to rappel down the steep cliff that appeared to be around 30 meters in height. Despite the darkness and the steepness of the cliff, the soldiers quickly descended down the bluff with the utmost ease and gracefulness. Wolf had always enjoyed mountain climbing and it was never hard to find a mountain in his homeland of Germany.

As the troop landed it was greeted with a rushing sound that echoed off the crag they just descended. It was obviously a mighty river that flowed before them which would need crossing. Wolf thought it odd that he hadn't noticed the river from the precipice but realized, nonetheless, that it would need to be crossed as treacherous as that might be.

Wolf knew the water was fairly warm as he viewed it with his infrared setting on his visor. He estimated the river to be about 15 meters across and when he used the computation device within his helmet he realized that he had made a good guess as the precise width was fifteen and a half meters. The water was moving at a rapid pace which would make crossing it difficult.

Knowing that it was unlikely to find a bridge, Wolf nevertheless ordered his troops to scan the area for a bridge to make the crossing easier. If they couldn't find a bridge then they could find the shortest and calmest stretch of river that would make crossing less dangerous. Wolf felt the impulse to rush headlong into battle but knew that haste had a way of killing men, especially when they threw caution to the wind. Besides, he thought, they had the element of surprise on their side which was the greatest advantage that can be had.

As the soldiers searched for a suitable ford, Wolf thought of ways to reach the other side of the river. They could always wade through the river with ropes tied around them but he didn't want the men wet so he began to look for suitable trees to connect cables to in order to traverse above the roaring waters.

Wolf's thinking was cut short when the soldier Francois Montagne hastily approached him with what Wolf hoped to be good news.

"RAHOWA! Legionnaire Montagne reporting, sir," exclaimed the lean and agile Frenchmen.

"RAHOWA Comrade! What have you found?" replied Wolf in his usual commanding voice.

"About a kilometer downstream the river thins out into a minor creek that can easily be maneuvered across. I recommend that we cross there and avoid any difficulties in crossing here."

"Agreed. Excellent find, Francois."

Wolf activated his radio and spoke, "All soldiers on scout report immediately to me. We've found an excellent spot to cross so let's get a move on!" Wolf acknowledged all the incoming reports and decided to contact the two soldiers on top of the cliff.

"RAHOWA! How are things going up there, comrades?" Wolf questioned. Some might think it was risky to constantly use the radio on such a secretive mission but the technology of the White Empire permitted continual use of radio signals without any fear of enemy interception or translation.

Legionnaire Volotav chimed in merrily, "RAHOWA! We are doing great but we are getting anxious to fire, sir. When will we get to assist you in bombarding the enemy?" The Russian had a steely voice that could chill one to the bone and it was good that he was on the side of the Empire.

"Soon enough, soon enough. Just keep your eyes and ears open and await my command. RAHOWA!"

"Yes, sir. RAHOWA!"

Wolf casually stroked his reddish golden beard which was as neatly trimmed as was his shaved head.

He looked on as his soldiers swarmed to his position like niggers in the Doom Age were attracted to welfare lines. He admired these men as heroes, comrades, and glorious warriors whom he would die for and knew they would die for him if the need arose.

The squad of the Holy Legions rapidly assembled and Wolf ordered them to move out with Montagne in the lead as he knew the exact location of the shallow crossing. Although the soldiers wore helmets, the steel nerves and tense muscles were palpable but were overshadowed by the feeling Wolf had of intense excitement as he envisioned the glorious battle that lay before him. He, along with the others he was sure, would be vastly disappointed if no battle was fought on this night. Regardless, they were doing their duty and would continue to do so no matter the danger or possible boredom.

The footfalls of the Legionnaires were barely audible in the dim lit jungle that pervaded a sort of chill that the soldiers were impervious to. The men quickly made their way towards the crossing and were delighted at the ease that it took to cross the river that looked so intimidating before. They were able to forge across the river swiftly without getting too wet at all. Of course, their feet were kept dry by their waterproof boots.

Wolf ordered the men to spread out and advance rapidly towards the coordinates of the fire they had seen previously. According to the calculations, they were only about four kilometers away but the brush was thicker here and it would be slow going. Nonetheless, the men advanced with a fire burning in their hearts that continued to grow.

The men plowed through the foliage like a gigantic metal juggernaut that loomed large over the pathetic foes it faced as it rolled onward with such vigor and vitality that stopping it was a nonsensical pipe dream. Crashing through the jungle with an air of invincibility that radiated from every fiber of their being, the Legionnaires seemed to be enshrouded with a force that was beyond comprehension. What could possibly stop such a legion?

As the soldiers neared the target site, Wolf realized that they should be able to see the fire and its surrounding very soon. With this in mind, he deployed his troops to find the area they gleefully searched for. Wolf could almost taste the battle he longed for but didn't let his battle lust cloud his vision as he would still have to formulate an effective battle plan to wage war successfully.

It didn't take long to find that indeed it was an enemy camp that surrounded the large fire that had been spotted. The Italian, Leonardi Galileo, radioed in to report his finding and it was obvious to hear that this man was very thrilled about his terrific discovery.

"RAHOWA, sir! I've found the enemy camp! The camp is pretty large and it looks to hold several hundred soldiers." thundered the Legionnaire named Galileo who seemed as giddy as a child about to be tickled by his loving parents.

"RAHOWA, comrade! Excellent work! Stay alert as we position for battle." Wolf wanted to view the camp for himself so he accessed Galileo's camera that was located inside all the soldiers' helmets.

Wolf gazed upon the sprawling enemy camp that housed many soldiers inside a whole host of tents. It was obvious that this was not a nigger camp and when he saw the red flag of Communist China, he knew who the foe was. There were even some antiquated tanks located within the camp that would have to be taken out as swiftly as possible to protect his soldiers. He assumed that they were taking advantage of the war in Africa for their own gain or at least to slow down the onslaught of the mighty White Empire to prepare for inevitable war of Asia.

Wolf knew that his advantage lay in surprise and superior firepower so he was prepared to take full advantage of these tools. Since it was nighttime, he could also camouflage the true numbers of his squad. It might appear as though they were insane for attacking a foe that numbered in the hundreds but Wolfgang was quite sure of a swift victory despite Wolf commanding a squad of but ten Legionnaires.

An effective battle plan swam into Wolf's mind that would surely smash and disorient the enemy hordes that dared to defy his people. He would start the attack with the soldiers positioned upon the cliff by giving them the exact coordinates to fire at. He suspected the enemy would rush towards that area as his men would open fire from their rear and flank. He anticipated that this would cause the enemy to think they were surrounded which would greatly hinder any effective defense.

Wolf activated his radio and told the two soldiers of the coordinates of the tanks and also ordered the remaining troops to take up positions along the rear and flank of the enemy camp. All the soldiers were happy that they were going to put their great skills to the test by fighting for the beloved Empire. The soldiers were so happy, in fact, that it might seem as though they were celebrating a great victory.

instead of preparing for a battle.

An anxious feeling settled over Wolfgang as he awaited his troops to report in after they found appropriate positions to fire from. He was virtually hidden among a few trees but was able to see the camp clearly and, more importantly, able to fire easily at the enemy. If everything went perfect, then the enemy wouldn't even fire a shot as the plasma rifles made a barely audible whoosh as they fired. It was not enough to wake a sleeping man but the explosions which were bound to occur would wake the entire camp.

Wolf eagerly listened as all his soldiers reported in that they had secured advantageous positions along the rear and flank of the enemy. After gazing at the camp once more, he gave the signal to attack.

The calmness of the enemy encampment was instantly transformed into a dazzling light show that could easily numb a bystander's mind with the sheer hypnotic pattern. Many gook soldiers, who were sleeping in their tents, would never awake as they entered the eternal rest of death. The ancient tanks that sat idly by, were devastated by plasma fire and would never again roll across the land.

Multiple fires broke out as the fusillade of death and destruction continued unabated. Wolf reveled in satisfaction as adrenaline flowed freely within his veins. He enjoyed this game of target practice and wondered if the gooks would ever emerge from their tents to fight back. It didn't matter one way or the other as long as they emerged victorious.

The only thing that troubled Wolf was that he would be unable to confirm his kills in this slaughter. Nonetheless, he continued to rain death upon his inferior foes. It was becoming harder and harder to locate the enemy as their were many fires raging within the camp. Therefore, it was imperative that they advance in order to crush all the enemies.

Wolf ordered the soldiers atop the cliff to cease fire so that they wouldn't hit their own troops. He then ordered his other troops to advance and wipe out what remained of their adversaries. As he issued the orders, he too advanced into the burning fossil that was once a camp but was now a fiery pit of death and mayhem that threatened one's very life.

As Wolf approached the center of the camp, he saw the pandemonium and confusion that held the gooks under its sway. They were running wildly about in all directions while shooting their guns and throwing grenades around like crazed chickens with their head cuts off. They had absolutely no clue where the attack was coming from and were actually killing each other in the frantic chaos that engulfed the camp.

Wolf crouched into a defensive position as he opened fire upon the wild gooks that ran about. He relentlessly mowed them down as grenades exploded all around him. The explosions were too far from him to really affect him but he wondered about his comrades whom he had lost sight of. He knew he had to push the assault even though he couldn't see his comrades through the sea of fire that he waded through.

More explosions rocked Wolf's muscular frame, almost knocking him down. Wolf ran ahead to find more gooks milling about. He brought his plasma rifle to bare and fired mercilessly into their ranks, scattering them about. He could sense the battle was nearing a close as all the enemy soldiers seemed to be fleeing.

He saw about 20 gook soldiers run into a clearing that made them extremely easy targets to hit. He took a deep breath and pumped the blue fire of his plasma rifle into their ranks until they no longer moved. He hoped that was the last of the resistance as he scanned the area for his comrades and his foes.

Wolf found a defensive position near some trees as he radioed for his comrades. To his dismay, he only got replies from the soldiers that were atop the crag. His mind worried that his comrades lay dead but he would have to know for sure so he decided to contact Headquarters.

"RAHOWA! Captain Wolfgang Gerhard reporting. I need a status report and a location for my comrades in the field of battle. Whatever you do, don't tell me they are dead," whispered Wolf cautiously.

"RAHOWA! I have good news for you. Your men are not dead but they are all unconscious. We saw each of them get knocked unconscious by the grenades the gooks were throwing wildly about. Their vital signs are good but we need you to gather them together in order to be picked up by air in the clearing northeast of you," replied the calm voice of the dispatch.

Wolf gazed at the clearing and knew what he had to do. "Yes, sir. I need their coordinates though," Wolf said as he felt a burning pang for his fallen comrades. He was relieved, however, that all enemy resistance was crushed and his friends were not in any further danger.

Dispatch replied in the cool, confident voice that was reminiscent of order, "Here are the coordinates." Wolf listened as he mentally noted the position of each soldier. "Your pickup will arrive in a half hour so be ready. RAHOWA!"

"Yes, sir! RAHOWA!" Wolf was about to begin rescuing his troops when he realized that he had yet to order his functioning troops to the battle site. Annoyed that he had to put off his rescue mission for a few moments, he ordered the remaining troops to meet up with him as he gave the instructions that would allow quicker passage.

Realizing that it would be necessary to have transportation for his wounded Legionnaires, he quickly found a truck that was designed for the specific purpose of hauling troops. As he approached the truck, he heard a twig snap behind him and dove for cover just as grenade fired from a grenade launcher whistled by him and exploded nearby.

Wolf silently cursed as he realized that, in his eagerness to help his friends, he had neglected to scan the area for any enemies lurking about. To compound the problem, his plasma rifle had been thrown from his body as he had eluded the grenade that had greedily wanted his life. Glancing swiftly about, he searched in vain for his rifle. He knew he couldn't stay in the same position for long so he decided to attack his opponent with the only weapon he had at the moment-his knife.

Wolf brandished his Crockett knife with its 30cm blade as he took cover behind the army truck he wished to use. Wishing to surprise his foe, he decided to climb atop the truck and strike from that height. Thought was transformed into action as Wolf's granite-like legs propelled him first onto the engine of the vehicle and then to the top of the truck with the agility and grace of a powerful lion.

Although Wolf crouched silently atop the truck, the gook had spotted the movement and aimed his grenade launcher at the truck. Wolf took aim with his Crockett knife, that was named for the legendary frontiersman Davy Crockett, and flung it skillfully at the gook who dared to defy him. As he was doing so, he jumped for safety as a grenade ripped through the truck causing an explosion that rattled Wolfgang's ears.

Knowing that the explosion would temporarily blind his hated enemy, Wolf quickly closed the gap between the two only to find the gook laying in a pool of blood. The dying gook gasped for breath as the Crockett knife had pierced his throat all the way to the hilt of the blade. Wolf reveled in delight at his victory as he withdrew his knife and finished his foe off with a swift knife thrust to the gook's heart. Wolf was pleased to see the shimmer of light fade from his adversary but was anxious to return to his fallen comrades.

He quickly wiped his knife clean and sheathed it as he snatched up the grenade launcher to replace his lost plasma rifle. He furtively examined the campsite for another truck and easily found one. There were quite a few actually as he knew they had slaughtered hundreds of slanty eyed animals and that it wasn't possible to transport them without some means.

Wolf was on alert as he approached another truck that wasn't too far from him. He wasn't going to be foolish again as secured the area and was certain no foes were near. The truck he had chosen looked like it had been battered and bruised by a giant dragon that spewed rust instead of fire. Would this truck even function? He would soon discover the answer to this question.

Rust chips fell from the door of the truck like red snowflakes on a winter day as Wolf entered the ancient mode of transportation. The keys to the vehicle were lacking but Wolf suspected as much. This was not a problem as he expertly hot wired the truck in mere seconds. He was thankful for the lessons on ancient warfare that all Legionnaires were required to take. Initially, he had questioned such knowledge but now he saw exactly why it was required study.

Wolf's whole body shook with the vibrations the engine made. How uncomfortable compared to the hovercars the White Empire have, he thought. He revved the engine up and put the truck in gear as he hurried to the coordinates which had been given to him.

The truck emitted poisonous black smoke that Wolf knew were extremely harmful to the environment but he had to rescue his comrades. It was no wonder that these hazardous machines had been banned in the White Empire. The truck rumbled onward until Wolfgang saw two of comrades laying on the outskirts of the camp.

The truck screeched to a halt as Wolf put the truck in park. He hastily scurried to his friends and found them half conscious. He saw a mini-crater that lay two meters away that was undoubtedly caused by a grenade. It would seem that the only way they survived at all was the extremely tough helmets they wore. All in all, his comrades didn't seem too badly hurt but he was sure they had rather large headaches.

"How are you doing, comrades?" Wolf asked sympathetically. He wondered if they could speak at all but soon found out the answer to his question.

"Not so great, Captain," replied one soldier groggily as the other was silent. "The damn gooks threw a whole slew of grenades at us and we weren't able to get out of the way fast enough. We're alive though. Did we win the battle?"

"We sure did! We crushed those yellow bastards!" exploded Wolf as victorious enthusiasm burst from his body in a celebratory display. "We are going to celebrate our victory as soon as we return to base and perhaps a glorious war poem or march will be written to commemorate this great day!"

The Legionnaire was delighted at the thought of being remembered as a hero and his happiness was easily heard as he responded, "That sounds great. Perhaps I could even write it," he laughed. "I need some help up, sir," he spoke as he struggled to his feet.

Wolf assisted his comrade to his feet and then into the back of the dilapidated truck. The other Legionnaire had his eyes open but wasn't comprehending much of the events transpiring around him. The man was unable to get up by his own free will so Wolf was forced to carry him into the truck like a mother carries a child. The man wasn't quite sure of what was going on but he was surely relieved that he was amongst his friends.

As Wolf was searching out his other troops, he listened as the two healthy soldiers had reached the campsite. He radioed his position and met up with them. Together they found the remaining forces and proceeded towards the pick up site and waited for their escort.

As the aircraft vertically lowered itself to the ground, Wolf hoped that he would be awarded the highest honor a soldier could receive—the Klassen Medal. This award was in honor of the founder of Creativity, Ben Klassen and was only given to a select few who displayed great courage in combat. Many thoughts swirled in Wolf's mind as he boarded the plane and headed for his base.

White Empire - Chapter III

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

Klassengrad, the capital of the White Empire, was thronged with jubilant spectators as a magnificent parade was underway. Parades, festivities, and celebrations were quite common is this thriving metropolis. The heart of the White Empire displayed the splendor and glory that was possible when the White racial religion of Creativity was practiced by millions of Whites.

This particular parade celebrated the many victories of the Empire in its conquest of Africa. The entrance of the Chinese into the war wouldn't slow down the might of the Empire whatsoever and it was predicted that all of Africa would be conquered within this month of July, 77AC(2050AD). It was absolutely incredible that after a short span of 77 years since Creativity had been invented, that so much had been accomplished. It was inevitable that the White Empire would soon embrace the entire world with its fantastic ideas.

The victory celebrations that were performed here in Klassengrad were in the tradition of those of the Roman Empire and the National Socialist Empire but were far grander and larger in scale. A special boulevard was constructed for the sole purpose of holding massive celebrations that honored the great founder of Creativity and was called Klassen Boulevard.

The boulevard was able to handle thousands of participants with millions able to view them as the boulevard stretched on for many kilometers. Today, along with the victorious soldiers, were a humongous band playing a victory march. The dominating feature of the melody were the awe inspiring bagpipes that seemed to cause all the onlookers to experience a ticklish feeling of goose bumps.

The one word that most fittingly summed up the feeling of those that witnessed this marvelous display was total and supreme euphoria. Bliss, happiness, and joy were words that didn't quite have the same powerful effect as euphoria. This euphoria pervaded throughout the entire White Empire but was now focused on this event, right now. It could not only be seen by the jubilant faces but could be felt like a soothing glass of water after a tremendous run and could also be heard by the roaring masses.

How could such happiness embrace a land? How could so many wonderful monuments be built that decorated the beautiful land of Klassengrad? How did so many technological breakthroughs happen so fast that it even rivals that of Ancient Greece? The explanation of the glory of the White Empire was so simple yet had eluded the White Race for thousands of years. That simple and tremendously productive idea was the ultimate creed—Creativity.

Throughout the billions of years in the universe, this ultimate creed is but an infant yet it has accomplished more than all the other White Civilizations before it. The simple idea of loyalty to one's race has propelled the White Empire into a level of existence that was previously only dreamed of in fairy tales but was now a brilliant reality.

Among those participating in the parade were Wolfgang Gerhard and his squad of Holy Legions. They were wearing the glorious victory garments that won the admiration of the masses. Not so much for the design as although it was excellent with matching black pants, shirt, boots, and beret with the Creativity emblem emblazoned across the beret, but for what it stood for. It stood for victory, courage, and honor in a society where these virtues were held in high regard.

As Wolf marched along in perfect unison with his fellow Legionnaires, he was in complete awe of the pervading atmosphere of euphoric pleasure. He easily realized why he, along with the rest of the armed forces, risked their very lives to protect this White paradise. The masses cheered, cried, and laughed while they watched as the finest fighting force in the entire history of the world advanced onward.

All of Wolf's five senses were satiated by the events that transpired around him. He was pleased at what he saw, what he heard, and the way he felt. The air smelled delightful as it was free of the pollution that had once ruled the land in its poisonous grasp. He thought that he could even taste happiness but perhaps that was just wishful thinking.

Wolf gazed at the massive coliseum that loomed impressively on his right. This structure, known as the Megabowl, was the site of the annual Creator Games where the finest athletes from all across the White Empire came to display their physical prowess. Wolf dreamed of boxing in the Creator Games and would pursue that venture after he left the Holy Legions.

The hippodrome was similar to that of the ancient coliseum in Rome only that the Megabowl was much larger and, of course, much more modern. It was the classic oval shape and was a gleaming white color that seemed to rival the sun in sheer intensity. It seemed to some that it reached unto the sun but, in reality, it was hundreds of meters high. The maximum capacity of the Megabowl was an astounding five hundred thousand spectators. When filled, it was quite loud and difficult for some to see so the athletes wore special suits that almost glowed in order for the spectators to cheer for their favorite competitors. The grandest thing of all about the Megabowl were the massive Creativity flags that flew proudly atop the stadium and which were easily the size of a small building each.

It might seem that the Megabowl was a marvelous structure and indeed it was but all of Klassengrad was filled with such masterpieces. Grand libraries, theaters, parks and much, much more dotted the landscape. Wolf thought of the ancient mythologies who believed in a fairy tale place called heaven where one was said to go after one died. Why would anyone dream of going to such a place when one could go to the capital of the White Empire, Klassengrad?

Indeed, Wolf felt as though he were in a dream. People living in the Doom Age dreamt of happiness but here it was commonplace. The majority of the citizens of the White Empire never knew of despair, sadness, or misfortune in their own lives. The only way they even knew the meaning of such words was by reading the history of such horrible times such as the Doom Age.

As the victory procession steadily moved on, Wolf tilted his head skyward to view the Victory Towers that had been erected after the conquest of South America. These twin towers rose and rose into the azure blue skies and it seemed as though he could actually see the top of the towers even though they were over two kilometers in height. The towers were of a golden tinge that sparkled and radiated warmth to all who observed them. The view from atop the towers was magnificent as one could gaze upon the entire White Empire—or so it seemed.

A squadron of uncamouflaged fighter planes flew overhead as part of the festivities. Wolf knew his good friend John Granger was flying one of the planes but he wasn't sure which one. He was looking forward to meeting with his friend as he hadn't seen him in quite a while. The planes flew in tight patterns as they did twists and loops through the cloudless skies like a graceful eagle patrolling his territory.

Wolf felt a new sensation course through his veins as he realized that this phase of the festivities was drawing to a close. Soon, the award ceremony would commence and he wondered whether he was to be awarded any medals. A new twinge of excitement was greeted with enthusiasm by the muscular Wolfgang.

The thousands of spectators continued to scream and applaud with great joy throughout the parade. Most people had family or friends in the military and hoped that the ones they knew would be awarded honors in the upcoming bestowal of medals by the Emperor himself.

The White Empire prided itself on pomp and discipline and it showed on this occasion. Thousands of perfectly organized soldiers aligned themselves in massive columns in the Award Grounds. The Award Grounds was a large clearing designed specifically for the presentation of awards. It was meticulously taken care of as evidenced by the exquisite greenness of the freshly cut grass. At the center of the area rose an elevated platform where the actual awards were presented by the Emperor. The platform and the stairs that preceded were made of fine marble.

Wolf felt his heart pump faster and faster as his squad of Holy Legions filed into the Award Grounds, along with the thousands of other soldiers and spectators. All movement was precise and well organized, just like all the other things in the Empire. Wolf was very thankful for his parents who had not only brought him into such a wonderful place but had raised him to be a Creator. Only through Creativity were such grand things to be achieved.

Impulsively, Wolf wanted to look for his friends and family amidst the thousands of spectators but knew full well that he couldn't. Discipline must be maintained at all times while serving in the military especially for the leaders who were an example to many soldiers. Wolf was looking forward to this week of vacation he had that had been granted to him and his fellow Legionnaires for their splendid victory. Not only would he get to reminiscence with his good pal John Granger but he would get to see his lovely wife and children.

Having been away for many months, Wolf realized just how much he had missed his family. His beautiful wife Isabelle with her long flowing blonde hair and graceful demure formed in his mind. Oh, how he loved his wife and appreciated having such a wonderful woman to live the rest of his life with. Despite the grandiose occurrences that happened around him, Wolf was lost in thought of his Isabelle. Her blue eyes mesmerized him as he imagined them together in a serene park enjoying a quaint picnic.

Wolf's daydream continued as he saw his children frolicking among the rolling green hills of his native Germany. Wolf saw his three little boys with their shaved heads wrestling around while his two blond haired girls sat in the grass, eating apples and talking. Wolf was delighted at such pleasant thoughts and knew that these thoughts would become a reality as soon as he and his family flew to Germany.

Wolf contemplated having more children as he was conceptualizing the children he had. It was common policy in the Empire for the most athletic and brightest citizens to have many children. This way, future generations would be greater and greater. The process itself, called eugenics, was initialized soon after the Empire was founded and it was plain for all to see how athletic, intelligent, and aesthetically pleasing the citizens of the White Empire were.

Back in the Doom Age, the law of the dumb bunnies prevailed, where the least desirable people bred at the fastest rate creating a land of morons. Wolf chuckled at the thought but realized how deadly serious the problem was. Everything about the White Empire was great and living in a world of inepts, would be truly undesirable.

Now it was upbreeding instead of downbreeding and the Empire gave assistance to those great citizens who had many children. The money itself was helpful but Wolf, like all citizens who contributed their skills to the White Empire, had no fear of going hungry. It was his duty to help bring further glory and greatness to the Empire in any way that he could. The military kept gently reminding him how great a soldier he was and how more Gerhards would help the fighting forces and carry on his family name among the Holy Legions.

Duty was extremely important to Wolf but he already had five children so he knew he had done his part in helping evolution. Wolf didn't know how obvious it was to the military but he knew full well that he wanted more children. The truth of the matter was that he loved his children and wanted another child, perhaps a few more. All that remained was to convince his gorgeous wife.

He knew his wife to be a reasonable woman and was also fully aware of her adoration of their children. He didn't think he would have much difficulty persuading her at all. Wolf had always wanted twins and wondered if this time he would realize that dream. His wife never had any problems giving birth so he didn't see any problems with her having twins. One could tell Wolf was having good thoughts by the jovial grin on his face.

Wolf wasn't the only person to be deeply emerged in thought. The looks on thousands of participants and spectators seemed to indicate that many people were in another world. Everyone had a gleam in their eyes and love in their thoughts. Not only love of their family and friends but love of Creativity and the White Empire filled the thoughts of those present.

Wolf suddenly realized that while he had been daydreaming, the Emperor had arrived and the Award Ceremony was about to begin. He was surprised at how deep in thought he had been but now was entirely focused on the matter at hand. Again, he wondered whether or not he would receive any awards and the unpredictability of the moment seized him as he waited.

A hush fell over the audience as Emperor Magnus approached the podium. Magnus was the epitome of a great leader and had reigned for fifteen glorious years. The Empire demanded the best in all things, including their ruler and had such a ruler in Magnus. He would surely go down in the history books but even he acknowledged that greater and greater men were being born every generation and they would far surpass him. Having the best interests of the White Race at heart, he welcomed the future accomplishments and didn't give in to selfishness.

Magnus had supreme confidence in himself and the Empire and it showed with his sure movements and sanguine disposition. He was a hero, role model, and friend to millions of people. He was extremely popular and used his popularity to encourage all to greatness. He emphasized to everyone he met, to give all that they had into whichever particular venture they chose. Only by doing the best job one can do, can one be proud of their accomplishments.

He wore the traditional garb of the Emperor of the White Empire with matching black beret, shirt, jacket, and pants. The Creativity emblem was emblazoned on his beret. His lean and agile figure was well suited to the uniform as was evidenced by the perceived conception of him as a Superman. His brown eyes burned with passion and his matching brown hair was barely discernible beneath his beret.

Emperor Magnus stared out at the hushed masses as he stood towering above them. He was pleased at what he saw and the masses adored him as well. It was well known that Magnus liked to keep his audience in suspense before he delivered a speech and this was no exception. A smile formed on his strong face as he figured he had waited long enough. His smile was contagious as thousands of onlookers changed their demeanor from anxious anticipation to gleeful smiling.

"RAHOWA Comrades!" uttered the magnificent Magnus as he started with his usual opening. Accompanying his words came the standard Creator salute that originated back in the days of Rome with the clenched right hand going from one's heart to extending the arm outward with the palm facing downward. Everyone heard his crisp, confident voice due to an elaborate speaker system that placed almost invisible speakers throughout the grounds. No bulky sound system was needed and all present were able to hear the Emperor speak. Of course, those unable to attend could watch the festivities on television as well.

"RAHOWA!" came the unanimous reply from the multitudes. The same Creator salute coincided perfectly with the utmost precision. One might think the entire crowd were hardened soldiers but this was not the case. Discipline ran rampant throughout the Empire and its virtuous effect helped many.

Wolf found himself mesmerized as he listened to the melodic voice of Emperor Magnus. He found himself in complete awe of the utterances of this figure. Wolf wasn't the only one transfixed by the great display of oratory ability as thousands of others were charmed by the speech. Wolf wasn't quite aware of what was being said but realized how great a man Magnus was and was sure it was an excellent speech he was giving in gratitude of the courageousness of the soldiers of the Empire.

It was common practice to not enlighten the soldiers on whom would be receiving the awards. That way, it would provide excitement and an element of surprise to the ceremony. Wolf had attended Award Ceremonies before but never felt he had a good chance of winning any medals as only the best of the best received medals. Had he been in a different army, he would sure have many medals but this was the White Empire where standards were far higher than any other civilization before it. Even the ancient region of Sparta, where being a warrior was the only position of honor, would marvel at the super soldiers that the Empire possessed.

It seemed as though the Emperor's speech only lasted a few moments but Wolf realized that it had been much longer. He recalled the old saying of how time flies when one is having fun and had to agree. Soon, he realized, the actual awarding of medals would begin. There were various different awards but Wolf was hoping that he would receive the Klassen Medal. Only one would be presented today but Wolf was hoping for that award.

Wolf intently listened to the magnanimous Magnus as he told the heroic tales of great soldiers. Such exploits may have seemed like stories out of fairy tales but they were very real and very inspiring. There was no doubt in his mind that these marvelous feats would make for excellent stories but as true real life tales and not fictitious ones.

One soldier had saved two of his comrades from sure death and suffered a broken leg in the process but had somehow managed to defeat the enemy. Another soldier had gotten lost and ambushed with his radio being destroyed, but managed to stave off the enemy attack and find his fellow soldiers. Wolf was used to clean up missions and not the larger assault missions where thousands fought. The dense jungles aided the enemy in that it was harder to use air support but it was no matter as the Empire's juggernaut pushed ever onward.

Several more outstanding deeds were told with each one displaying more and more audacity than the last. Wolf was a great competitor but realized that he had to respect these valiant men. He greatly desired the Klassen Medal but would not be mad at anyone if he didn't receive it. In fact, not acquiring the award would propel him to greater heights as he would strive for this goal even more so than he had done so before. Regardless of the outcome, he thoroughly enjoyed the great events he had been a part of.

The audience would roar loudly after each recipient was presented with his award. Wolf imagined that the crowd cheered for him and bathed him in the sweet nectar of adoration. He thought of this like the young boy who dreamed to play sports professionally and save the day with a home run in the bottom of the ninth or scoring the winning touchdown as time ran out. Pleasant thoughts ran through his mind but would he be the one to receive the audience's praise?

Soon enough he would know. For now, he studied the soldiers who had been presented with awards. Those not in the Holy Legions would be recommended for that honor. They all were in great shape and Wolf wondered whether he would see them become Legionnaires. It was no wonder that the Holy Legions was the finest fighting force ever assembled as it was quick to recruit the best of the Empire.

The final medal before the coveted Klassen Medal was presented and Wolf was actually, though unconsciously so, salivating. He felt as though he could taste the medal as though it were a sweet, succulent orange with its delicious juices pouring down his parched throat. He had accomplished a lot in his life but Wolf always wanted more and to contribute more to the Empire. His children were the pride of his life and he was also proud of his great boxing skills but now he wanted this award. This award would satisfy him for now, but, he realized, he would always aspire for more. This was the typical attitude of the age as everyone strove to be better and better. After all, perfection was unattainable but must be striven for.

"It is now with great pleasure that we come to the presentation of the Klassen Medal. This is the highest honor a soldier can receive and therefore only the most courageous of soldiers are awarded this prestigious medal," exclaimed Magnus with an excited tone.

Wolf listened to the leader of the White Empire with fierce concentration like that of a schoolboy who is hearing an epic tale of adventure for the very first time. Despite the countless masses that formed a sea of humans, Wolf only saw Emperor Magnus. Time seemed to slow to a standstill as Wolf waited for the announcement that he hoped would grant him the medal he desired.

Magnus continued speaking as he told the audience of the winner's awesome feats of valor. He spoke of a Legionnaire who defeated numerous enemy soldiers and even killed a foe with a thrown knife after his plasma rifle had been lost. The brave soldier had then orchestrated the rescue of seven of his fallen comrades. The crowd pleasingly listened to the wondrous tale of gallantry while many secreted tears of joy in silent praise of the wonderful man who had committed such acts of chivalry.

Wolfgang was seized by a tumultuous swirl of emotions as he realized that it was he that Magnus spoke of. Pride filled his being and an increasing feeling of ecstasy overcame him. He found that it was quite difficult to contain his joy and it was all that he could do to keep from smiling. Discipline was to be maintained, however, but he thought it harder to keep his feelings inside than it was to go to battle.

Emperor Magnus announced the winner of the Klassen Medal to be Wolfgang Gerhard. The crowd erupted loudly, cheering their hero of the day. Wolf was initially frozen by the announcement but quickly regained control of his faculties and started his trail to the podium to receive his award.

His march to meet the Emperor was sheer bliss as Wolf devoured the wildly applauding congregation's support of his actions. He bathed in the love and camaraderie that was present in this great display of affection. He felt like a king as he marched past his military and citizen comrades. He wondered if events like this had ever existed in the history of man with such glory and love. A part of him wished that he could march on like this forever but he realized that this was not an isolated display of love that was occurring but one that was prevalent in the White Empire. So while he enjoyed the cheers, he knew of the great kinship that existed in the Empire and that nothing would sever that bond.

Wolf held his head high as he ascended the steps to the podium where the Emperor held his Klassen Medal. Not only was he proud of himself but he was sure that his family and comrades were too. His wife and children were somewhere in the crowd but he realized that locating them would be next to impossible.

The excitement and energy of the crowd was palpable but it paled in comparison to the dynamism of Emperor Magnus. Instead of being intimidated by such a presence, Wolf was attracted to the power and elegance of such a tremendous character. To be presented with such a great medal as the Klassen Medal by such a great man was a supreme honor that Wolf would never forget as long as he lived.

Magnus gave a warm smile as he extended his hand to Wolf. Wolf returned the smile and shook the hand of the Emperor. They both gave the traditional salute and the Rahowa greeting. Emperor Magnus took the Klassen Medal, which gleamed mightily in the shimmering sun, and placed it around Wolf's thick, sculpted neck.

Wolf admired the precious medal as he turned and saluted the immense crowd. The jubilant audience returned his salute in great earnest. Wolf seized hold of the wonderful moment in front of a roaring crowd. He didn't want to release this fleeting moment from his grasp and would enjoy every second of it in the fullest possible way.

Wolf, having had his moment in the sun, proceeded to stand with his fellow comrades who had been presented with medals. He knew he was in great company amidst such valiant heroes and to be mentioned with them was, in itself, a great honor.

A state of bewilderment enveloped Wolf as the victory celebration wound to a close. Wolf had experienced so many emotions on that day that the proceedings seemed to have a mystical embodiment. Of course, there was nothing supernatural present, just intense and overwhelming love and affection that propelled Wolf to a level of exultation that far exceeded the normal, every day feelings. It was no wonder that the festivities in the White Empire were attended by so many. Such fervor produced an extremely satisfying inner state in each individual and those individuals carried that zeal in maintaining the Empire.

Wolf didn't think he could get much higher emotionally but then thought, like all things, that one can always be better at something or accomplish more. In this case, Wolf knew that he would be seeing his wife and children in addition to his best friend- John Granger. Just as the Empire stressed being faster, stronger, and smarter, he would go higher and higher on his emotion plane of utter satisfaction.

The end of revelry came about with the final display of the flag procession. Thousands upon thousands of Creativity flags streamed down the Award Grounds. It was a truly impressive display that was similar to a bodybuilder who flexed his chiselled muscles for the pleasure of the audience. The flags represented all that was great and mighty in the greatest civilization of all time-the White Empire.

White Empire - Chapter IV

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

The sun had recently set over the grand city of Klassengrad with the night celebrations commencing in restaurants, meeting halls, and houses all across the capital. Whereas the victory parade was a concentrated mass of enthusiasts, the celebrations afterwards were smaller and on a more personal basis. Some were eating and enjoying large feasts while other were having a private, intimate dinner with a loved one.

Wolfgang Gerhard and John Granger were reminiscing about old times in a brightly lit meeting hall. This was one of many such halls that were reserved by the military for military personnel and their friends and family. There was much eating and much socializing among the comrades present which presented a light hearted mood in the hall.

The two friends had met several years ago as they had traveled to Klassengrad to volunteer for military services. Wolf had been attracted to and eventually joined the Holy Legions while John had been drawn to flying and so joined the Air Force.

Both men were active participants in sporting events and that's where they had met. A football game on a sunny afternoon is where the two men had first locked horns and where their friendship had blossomed. In fact, they were talking of that particular game at the moment.

"Do you remember that play when I totally faked you out and left you in the mud with my great speed?" John said in an affectionate, joking manner. John laughed as he eyed Wolf's massive frame. John liked to poke fun at his immense friend even though some might call him insane for engaging in such behavior.

"Yes, I remember that time. I also remember how I got even with you too. You tried to tackle me but I ended up dragging you into the endzone and scoring the winning touchdown," Wolf replied as he laughed heartily. He liked having a friend that was not intimidated by his enormous girth and that would compete with him as well as exchange playful insults.

John joined Wolf in laughter as they both realized that each had his own skills and were better than the other in some area. John was faster and more agile while Wolf was stronger and more powerful. Combined, they made quite a team and perhaps that was why they were such great friends.

A soldier approached Wolf and spoke, "Sir, I'd like to congratulate you on your most heroic efforts and was wondering if I could shake your hand." The soldier was obviously young and no doubt that he had but recently joined the Armed Forces. He was quite nervous in the presence of the mighty Wolf but was happy that he was speaking to the winner of the Klassen Medal.

"Sure, comrade. I hope to see you winning some medals by performing great acts of heroism. RAHOWA!" Wolf stood up and loomed monstrously over the young soldier and shook his hand. After the handshake, Wolf saluted the comrade and watched the soldier return the traditional salute.

The youthful soldier appeared inspired by Wolf's rousing words and no doubt by his actions that led to his presentation of the Klassen Medal. The young man's eyes burned with a fiery passion that would fuel his own heroism in battle. Wolf saw a part of himself in this comrade and wondered how long it would be until he proved himself in battle. The young man, satisfied with the meeting, left Wolf and his companions.

"Wow, that was impressive!" exclaimed John admiringly. "I bet that feels good. It even made me feel good and I didn't even win the prestigious Klassen Medal."

"It is really overwhelming. It was a great feeling to win the award but I didn't expect to receive as many congratulations as I've gotten. This day just keeps getting better and better. The victory parade was wonderful and then the Awards Ceremony was terrific and now I'm with my best friend. Soon, my family will arrive as well. Truly great, don't you think, comrade?" replied Wolf as he eased into his chair.

"Yes, indeed. It might seem like we would get used to these joyous celebrations but we don't. They are so popular with everyone and everyone has such a grand time. Granted, we are in the military and don't attend as many of the festivities as the others which might mean the ones we do see mean more but by observing the others, you can see they are as happy as we are," John said.

"Yes, they are. Of course, it's hard to find anyone that isn't happy in the Empire though. In order to stay happy, I need some food right now."

"You mean you need a lot of food!" John exclaimed as he laughed.

Both men let loose a jovial laugh as they proceeded towards the vast amount of food that was available in the hall. It was very similar to the enormous feasts that the knights of old held only the food here was far more healthy and nutritious.

There were several long tables of food that was totally natural as well as being extremely delicious. There were many varieties of fruits at one table. Multiple variances of apples, bananas, cantaloupes, oranges and many, many more types of fruit were neatly sliced and made the mind reel as one had a difficult choice but would be satisfied regardless of choice.

Another table was lined with salads and salad toppings to satiate anyone who enjoyed salads. Cabbage, lettuce, onions, tomatoes and anything else one might choose for a salad decorated the table while emitting a pleasant aroma.

Yet another table was filled with nuts of sizes and shapes. The larger nuts, like coconuts, were present along with the smaller nuts, like peanuts. All were freshly grown to ensure their quality and to encourage good health in the Empire.

It had taken many years with gentle urging from the Empire to get the citizens to eat healthy foods. Everyone knew what healthy foods were but they were addicted to the poisonous junk that tasted so good yet caused so much grief and sickness. The children born in the Empire were regularly put on the standard Salubrious Living diet of raw, uncooked fruits, vegetables, nuts, and grains and that's where the snowball effect had started as successive generations were raised healthy. Today, most of the population ate healthy and finding such harmful foods as meat, dairy products, or junk food was quite difficult. These foods weren't illegal but shunned by the Empire and the vendors of such foods were comparable to the drug dealers of years past.

Wolf really enjoyed fruits while John was more of a vegetable man as they both swooped down on the food like an eagle swooping down on a startled mouse. Therefore, Wolf proceeded to select some succulent fruit from the fruit table as John attacked the tasty vegetables.

Wolf took his time as he greedily eyed the delectable fruits. He seriously deliberated over which fruits he would eat as he scanned all the options he had available. Suddenly realizing how large he was, he decided to eat all of the fruits he desired. It took a few plates and a few trips back to his table but he had a wide variety of fruits including some apples, bananas, berries, cantaloupe, oranges, and watermelon. He wasn't sure what kind of berries they were but they looked so good that he decided to give them a try.

Across the hall, John piled some salad on his plate as well as some beans, broccoli, and spinach. He returned to the table and was shocked at all the food that Wolf had gotten. After his initial shock, he realized how big Wolf was and didn't give it a second thought.

When both men seated themselves, Wolf initiated the custom tradition of reciting the five fundamental beliefs of Creativity. "We believe that our Race is our Religion. We believe that the White Race is Nature's Finest. We believe that racial loyalty is the highest of all honors, and racial treason is the worst of all crimes. We believe that what is good for the White Race is the highest virtue, and what is bad for the White Race is the ultimate sin. We believe the one and only, true and revolutionary White Racial Religion--Creativity-- is the only salvation for the White Race. RAHOWA!"

Both comrades tore into their food like the vicious lions of Rome who ripped Christians and other fools to shreds. Their bodies reveled at the supreme fuel that was being provided while their taste buds were enticed by the pleasurable taste.

Wolf, who was especially ravenous, consumed fruit after fruit and enjoyed the sweet juices as they traveled down his throat like a raging waterfall. The cantaloupe, especially, was extremely tasty and very juicy. Wolf laughed pleasantly as some juice flowed down his chin. He appeared as an ancient Viking as he grunted and wiped his chin free of juice. Both men enjoyed the display and it matched the light hearted nature of the entire hall.

John rose to his feet and spoke, "It seems we have forgotten our drinks. Do you want anything while I am up?"

Wolf nodded his head in affirmation but waited until he was finished devouring another piece of cantaloupe before he spoke. "I'll have some orange juice, thanks comrade."

John quickly located the refreshment stand and picked up a couple of cups. There were many different freshly squeezed juice drinks and water. John poured a cup of orange juice for his friend and got some banana juice for himself. He recalled the days when beer and other alcoholic beverages were popular and it made sense to him that so many people drowned their sorrows in the vice of drinking with all the tragedies the White Race was going through. Of course, he wasn't around back then and now who would want to indulge in such a practice when life was so great?

John returned to his table with the great tasting beverages. Wolf thanked John again as he sipped his orange juice. John was surprised at how good the banana juice tasted as both men continued to eat their feast.

John interrupted his feast to speak in an inquisitive fashion, "Where is that lovely wife and kids of yours?"

Wolf stopped eating and responded, "That is an excellent question. Isabelle should be here anytime now. I can't wait to see her and my children."

Wolf thought longingly of his precious family. He enjoyed the love and laughter that they had shared and was sure that many, many momentous experiences awaited him to bring further joy to him and his family. A thought suddenly struck him.

"When will you be settling down and starting a family, John? I'm sure you've felt the instinctual pull of nature to have kids as well as realizing your duty to the White Race in improving our people. Hasn't the Air Force urged you to have kids as well since you are a good pilot and all around great guy?" Wolf spoke in a caring manner that deeply touched John.

John hastily replied, "I sure have felt the urge to have a family and a large one at that. There is a missing component though so far...a woman!" John laughed as he continued, "As soon as I find a good woman than I will do my part to populate the world with wonderful White babies. The Air Force has expressed its concerns as well but, again, I need to find a lady. Perhaps you have a suggestion, comrade?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," Wolf grinned as he hoped to help his friend. "Isabelle has several sisters that, while not as beautiful as she is, are quite attractive. I could pull some strings and arrange a family outing where you could attend and meet them. What do you say?"

"That is an interesting prospect. Being with the Air Force, I don't get many chances to meet women. When might I be able to meet these attractive ladies that you speak of?" By the glint in John's eye, it was visually apparent that he was quite responsive to Wolf's offer.

"As long as you are free, you could fly out with us tonight and stay at our house. We have the extra bedroom that you could lodge in. It would be really great to have you visit."

"I can stay for a few days. I have some friends and family that I have to visit back home this week but it would be an honor to stay with the great Wolfgang Gerhard!" A huge grin formed on John's face and was matched by Wolf's smile.

As if by some unseen and unfelt instinct, Wolf suddenly stood up and peered around the hall. Laughing, eating, and drinking was observed throughout the hall but something was different. His eyes darted swiftly about as they spotted his prey. An extremely lovely woman and her five adorable children is what his eyes beheld.

John, being startled by Wolf's rapid movement and thinking something was amiss, stood ready for battle but relaxed as he saw what Wolf had spotted. It was no wonder that Wolf snapped to attention at the entrance of his family.

Wolf seemed to grow to mammoth proportions as he flailed his arms about wildly hoping to get the attention of his wife. It was hard to miss such a figure even among a bustling hall but Wolf was going to make sure his mate found him and shouted, "Over here Isabelle!" All the people within the hall heard him, as well as Isabelle.

Isabelle had been wandering around looking for Wolf but once she found him, her appearance visibly brightened. Her children as well became jubilant as they saw their father. Both mother and children rushed towards Wolf as Isabelle said, "Wolf!" and the children screaming, "Daddy! Daddy!"

As impressive a figure as Wolf was, his radiant wife attracted far more attention. She was the epitome of beauty with flowing blond hair that suited her aqua blue eyes. She wore a red skirt and matching blouse that well complemented her luscious tanned skin. One was reminded of ancient Greek statues that presented the beauty of the day. Isabelle could easily have been a model if she so desired.

Wolf and Isabelle made a wonderful couple and it was easy to see that they were the parents of their children. The three boys aged 8, 6, and 5 all had shaved heads and were already larger than their friends. The two girls aged 7 and 4 both had golden blonde hair like their mother and were already making the little boys swoon.

The entire hall watched the affectionate display between Wolf and his family. Wolf was simultaneously embraced by his wife and all five of his children. There was more than enough man to go around as Wolf squeezed his large family. The crowd was captivated by the scene and greatly applauded the family. The affection generated was contagious as all around the hall, families embraced and laughed.

John admired Wolf and his family as he watched them in awe. He deeply wanted to start his own family and thought it would be wonderful to hit it off with one of Isabelle's sisters. If everything worked out right then he would become Wolf's actual brother, if only through marriage. Of course, he already thought of Wolf as family and would do practically anything to help his most trusted comrade.

After Wolf and his family sat down, John spoke enthusiastically, "What an ideal family you two have. Is it always so great?"

Isabelle took the initiative and spoke with a smirk on her face, "Most of the time it is terrific. Every once in a while Wolf gets out of hand though and I have to put him in his place." After she spoke, Isabelle nudged Wolf in the ribs and laughed playfully.

The eldest boy, Bernhardt, giggled as he spoke, "Yes, mommy can beat daddy up, especially in boxing. But! I can beat them both!" Bernhardt shadow boxed with his mother and father amidst an uproarious laughter at his comments.

It seemed as though a permanent grin was stuck on Wolf's visage. He beamed proudly, "That's my boy! You have to always be confident and believe that you can accomplish anything even if others say it is impossible. Once you set a goal, strive to achieve it and never give up."

John was utterly amazed at such a tremendously happy family. He envied his comrade's abilities, not only as a great soldier and athlete but as a father. The fiery passion for raising a family of his own burned deeply within him. It was such an intense instinct that John felt it necessary to heed Wolf's advice about setting goals and realizing them. Therefore, he set his goal of finding a mate and raising a family as soon as possible. The sooner the better and hopefully the one for him was waiting for him in Wolf's homeland of Germany.

If Isabelle's sisters were anything like she was then he was in for a treat. He felt himself drift away as he envisioned a family of his own. He was well aware of the so called downfalls of children but having a family of his own would be well worth any sacrifices. He didn't think he would mind cleaning up after his kids or listening to perpetual screams.

How many children would he have as he provided another link in the long golden chain that was the White Race? He pictured a beautiful woman and several children playing at the beach. Would three be enough, he thought. No, more than that. More children popped up in his daydream due to his desires. After ten children became visible, he thought that was sufficient and relaxed.

He frolicked happily with these children, his children, in the ocean. Joined by the imaginary children was his imaginary wife who also was delighted as she played with the children. The golden globe that was the sun reflected off the precious blue water of the ocean making for a gorgeous light show that was quite relaxing. John was thoroughly enjoying himself when he felt a tug on his arm.

Wolf again shook John's arm. "John, wake up." Wolf was enjoying waking John from his daydream and could only imagine where John was in his thoughts. Perhaps, he was flying a ship on some distant planet or exploring the ocean depths. Wolf knew John to be the adventurous type but he was far off from John's actual thoughts.

John groggily came back to the real world and left his fantasy world behind. "Yes, what is it?"

Wolf laughed and spoke, "I was just making sure you were all right. Having pleasant dreams, I suspect?"

John smiled and responded, "Yes, very pleasant indeed. After seeing your family, it made me think of how great it would be to have a family of my own. I'm 25 years old and I think I'm way past due. Most have children much earlier than that and I realize what I am missing out on. Speaking of family, where is yours anyway?"

"They went to get some food, comrade. You must really have been in some deep thought to not have noticed. Isabelle and I even talked about your visit and she was delighted. She thinks that her youngest sister, Marie, would be perfect for you."

John let his mind form a mental picture of this "Marie". Only knowing that it was Isabelle's sister, he envisioned a younger version of her. What a fantastic vision it was as he noticed Isabelle approach.

John waited until Isabelle and the children were seated before he spoke to her, "What can you tell me about your sister, Marie?" John's interest was extremely intensified and he was really looking forward to his trip to Germany.

Isabelle flashed a pristine smile that could easily melt men's hearts and responded, "Well, she is my youngest sister. She is 22 years old and very single. She is very pretty, athletic, and involved intensely with the Church. She is still looking for her perfect mate and wants to start a family. Sounds great, don't you think?"

John was utterly flabbergasted. It seemed to good to be true and with his practical mind, he did indeed question the validity of Isabelle's claim. She could just be hyping up her sister as, after all, they were family. He thought it was similar to a mother telling a child they were beautiful no matter what they actually looked like. He would remain skeptical until he met this princess and wouldn't get his hopes up but would hope for the best. Regardless, he knew he would have a splendid time visiting Wolf and his family.

John responded warmly, "Sounds wonderful actually. If she is half as great as you say then I'd love to get to know her."

"Don't worry, John. Marie doesn't need anyone to build herself up as she will be a great wife to any man on earth. In fact, that man is going to be extremely happy to have someone as wonderful as my dear sister. I really hope you two can spend some quality time together."

It was obvious that Isabelle liked John. They had always gotten along quite well together. The grin on her face reflected her hope of having John as a part of their illustrious family.

Wolf interjected, "I assure you that everything is as Isabelle says. She is very intelligent and you too can have some serious discussions that would be above my head. I have seen Marie and she is quite pretty with a great personality."

Wolf smiled broadly as he told of Marie's elegant looks. Isabelle subsequently swatted his head at the sight of such a smirk. This caused a low rumble of laughter from the big man that reverberated throughout the hall.

"Enough talk of these things though. Let us sing and rejoice in our great lives in the holy White Empire!" Wolf trumpeted loudly. He rose to his feet and began singing his favorite march, called Hail the White Race.

Wolf wasn't the greatest of singers, in fact one might say that he was terrible (but not to his face). He did have a commanding voice, however, that spurred the rest of the crowd to join him in singing the ever popular march. Soon, the whole hall was singing in unison providing a refreshing air of supreme splendor.

Klassen created our great creed.
There is no man with greater deeds.
We all must strive to make our mark.
Our bright light shall destroy the dark.

We pledge our lives to our White Race.
We will always increase our pace.
Our day of triumph is at hand.
Our great people shall rule this land.
RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA!

We must unite and act as one.
Or else our brethren will be done.
We must help our people to grow.
Selfish comrades will halt our flow.

We pledge our lives to our White Race.
We will always increase our pace.
Our day of triumph is at hand.
Our great people shall rule this land.
RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA!

Our people wield such great power.
We watch our foes run and cower.
We bring law and order to all.
Our strength ensures we shall not fall.

We pledge our lives to our White Race.
We will always increase our pace.

Our day of triumph is at hand.
Our great people shall rule this land.
RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA!

Honor shall always be our link.
Our warriors shall have no chinks.
When a warrior gets knocked down;
Our brave soldiers shall gather round.

We pledge our lives to our White Race.
We will always increase our pace.
Our day of triumph is at hand.
Our great people shall rule this land.
RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA!

Our foes shall tremble at our site.
We shall never give up the fight.
Our foes shall always run and hide.
Nothing on Earth will stop our tide.

We pledge our lives to our White Race.
We will always increase our pace.
Our day of triumph is at hand.
Our great people shall rule this land.
RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA! RAHOWA!

The singing went on well into the night with everyone participating in the numerous songs that abounded in the Empire. Rousing songs had been written in great quantity and reflected the majestic feelings of the day. The most popular songs were those that all could sing along with and have a grand time doing so.

Singing itself was popular with the masses, and like sports and other endeavors, required proper teamwork to perform at peak efficiency. It was assured that only a small minority could sing well but when everyone worked together, the sounds emitted by the worst singers sounded noble.

The White Race thrived when it worked together and sacrificed for the best interests of the whole. Nature had imbued the White Race with numerous gifts that enabled the Empire to become possible and this self sacrificing nature was one of the most important.

Throughout history, the White Race was capable of supporting itself and being self sufficient unlike the other races. There was no work considered menial as everything needed to be done. Therefore, there was no class warfare between people but there was healthy competition that encouraged everyone to do the best possible job they could and promote the interests of the White Race in everything they did. It was only a matter of time before one found his niche in the Empire and understood the maxim, "Work sets you free."

The sacrifice and the willingness to work for a Whiter and Brighter World were vital components in the formation of the Empire but the racial religion of Creativity is what really sparked the roaring fire of greatness that was the White Empire. Without it, the world would be a writhing, starving mass of muds living in a wretched abyss of despair that would have been far more terrible than even the dreaded Doom Age.

Creativity had been the shining White knight that saved the White Race from destruction and mongrelization. After saving the White Race, it had been instrumental in ushering in a golden age of wonder and happiness that was unparalleled in the annals of history. Today, its influence continued to grow as did the splendor of the Empire and its ever evolving people.

Upon realizing the healthy, positive, and dynamic attributes exuded by Creativity and its base in logic and reason, one could easily see how the world was being transformed into a veritable paradise on Earth. By just being a part of the singing festivities in one corner of the Empire one could see and, indeed, feel the positive influence of Creativity. This inspiring prevalence bathed the entire Empire in its holy glow of grandeur. Such was the mighty power of Creativity.

White Empire - Chapter V

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

A quaint brown house in the classical style of architecture was the home of Wolfgang Gerhard. It was a blend of the old with its spiraling white columns in the front of the house and the new with its solar panels located on the roof for generating power. Wolf liked to think he had the best of both worlds as he admired the structures of the past and the people it represented while utilizing the modern features of the day.

Adjoining the house was a solarium that allowed sunbathing year round. This was the reason that the Gerhard's had tans the whole year and benefited from the beneficial rays of the sun. It had been known that the sun had therapeutical value for thousands of years but not until the advent of the Empire did people go sunbathing for health reasons rather than the attraction of a tan.

A garage also adorned the house and housed the two hovercars that the Gerhard family owned. It had an opening on the roof as well as the front. Wolf enjoyed working on hovercars but they ran so well that he was forced to purchase old hovercars that he could fix up.

Wolf's property encompassed 10 acres that were used in a variety of ways. The area around the house itself was covered with lush green grass and a diverse amount of bushes and flowers. Trees decorated the driveway as they were lined alongside the path. The driveway was usually used by bikes, however, as the hovercars didn't need to use the path as it could fly. It gave a feel of security and protection to all those that entered. The yard was always maintained well as the whole family pitched in to ensure its beauty.

In the back of the house, crops were grown and an assortment of fruit trees, nut trees, and berry bushes grew. Everything from apples to spinach were grown which offered a wide selection of healthy foods. Of course, the crops were organically grown as no one wanted to eat the poisons contained in the pesticides and insecticides. Besides, these poisons were outlawed as they not only poisoned the crops but the people who ate the crops. This farming made the Gerhard house self sufficient as well as very healthy.

At the back edge of the property, was a small forest that served as a play area for the children as well as a picnic area. The trees shaded everyone when the day got too hot and several picnic tables were located within this shade. There was also ample space outside the forest for athletics of all kinds. Football, volleyball, and badminton were played pretty frequently but the favorites of the house were basketball and tennis so courts had been built to accommodate this desire. There was also a small pond that was used for swimming.

It was apparent how much the Gerhard family enjoyed athletics by the outdoor facilities but they also had a full weight room and boxing ring in the basement. No one within the family was ever out of shape or bored as there was so much to do right in their very own home.

Physical fitness was encouraged all across the Empire but not at the expense of learning. Wolf preferred reading from books even though any book one could ever wish to read was available through computer. Therefore, Wolf had a library with numerous books and a study area for not only the children but the parents as well. The Empire encouraged learning throughout one's life not just while in school.

Even though thousands of books could be read over the computer, two books were in every household of the White Empire. These, of course, were the holy books of Creativity written by Ben Klassen—Nature's Eternal Religion and the White Man's Bible. These two books had spawned the White Empire and all its greatness so they were studied and appreciated for their tremendous value.

Even before the children started school, the holy books of Creativity were read to and by the children. The positive, healthy, and dynamic aspects of this great creed were cemented into the brain of the youth in order to prolong the Empire and reach ever greater heights.

The Gerhard house also consisted of 6 bedrooms, a kitchen, a dining room, a recreation room, and a living room. It was a humble house but Wolf preferred to save most of his money. The family did like to travel but it wasn't too expensive especially as they mainly traveled within the boundaries of Europe.

Presently, the occupants of the house and John were enjoying the fresh air back in the picnic area. The children were playing in the field with a football as they absorbed the golden light of the sun. John, Wolf, and Isabelle sat at the picnic table conversing while they awaited the arrival of Isabelle's sister Marie.

John was looking forward to meeting Marie but was beginning to get anxious as it seemed like they had been waiting forever for her arrival. He started to wonder whether or not she even existed. Perhaps they were playing a practical joke on him, he thought. The woman Isabelle described did seem like a fairy tale princess to him.

John asked perplexingly, "Are you sure Marie exists and is coming here?"

Both Isabelle and Wolf laughed. Wolf answered John, "Don't worry old friend. She isn't supposed to be here for another half an hour. I'm sure you will like her and you two can even go for a hike in the woods or play tennis together to get to know each other. She will be here soon enough but, for now, lets play some football with the rugrats. I think my kids are better players than you are, comrade." Wolf smiled as he jokingly taunted his friend.

John returned the smile and waited for Wolf to turn his back and then agilely jumped onto Wolf's back with the prowess of a ferocious lion. The appearance of John on Wolf's back was similar to that of a cowboy riding an infuriated bull in a rodeo.

Wolf bucked wildly in a futile attempt to dislodge John from his back. John was easily able to maintain his balance as he vigorously rubbed Wolf's shaved head in an action sometimes referred to as a "noogie".

The children had stopped their playing and watched their father play. They were laughing elatedly as they imitated the display by wrestling around on the ground in a jovial presentation of unrestrained amusement. Isabelle joined her children as they frolicked and shared in their immense enjoyment.

It might seem surprising to those not accustomed to the White Empire but the person most enjoying himself was John. Adults within the Empire didn't lose their sense of humor and fun and become stern, serious drones with ever increasing stress levels like in the days of old. This isn't to say that responsibility was ignored or duty disdained. Quite the contrary, actually, as duty and responsibility were extremely valued and praised but everyone within the Empire knew how to have fun and not relinquish the child within them.

John was laughing so hard that tears of joy flowed freely down his face like a waterfall cascading down a steep plateau. Wolf took full advantage of this opportunity to flip John off his back. Wolf leaned forward while grasping John's arm and twisted which propelled John to the ground.

Now it was Wolf's turn for hilarious laughter as he pounced on his friend. Upon seeing the two wrestle around on the ground, the children and Isabelle joined in the melee. Numerous arms and legs were entangled in a writhing mass that resembled several octopuses engaged in a deadly battle where confusion and chaos reigned supreme.

This intertwined mass of humanity didn't have hostile intentions but, rather, had a benevolent nature. This sublime nature was observed by the continuous laughter and mammoth smiles that were visible. This great ball of limbs continued flailing about until everyone got exhausted and ceased wrestling and rested upon the ground enjoying the brilliant beams of the sun.

John thoroughly enjoyed spending time with Wolf and his family and wasn't surprised when he realized he wanted a family of his own even more. If it weren't a positive thing, he would have to say he was obsessed. He started to form contingency plans in his mind in case his meeting of Marie didn't go as planned. It was obvious that his military training was profoundly beneficial as he thought of various places to meet women including Church festivities, clubs, and libraries. All the plans that were being formulated in his mind were suddenly shattered and discarded to the scrap heap when he saw the woman of his dreams approaching the picnic area.

John gazed longingly at the beautiful woman that walked femininely towards him with the gracefulness of a ballerina dancer. He thought he was living in a romance novel where Marie would rush into his loving embrace and they would run in the fields of daisies and live happily ever after. Of course, that wasn't reality so he forced himself to focus on the here and now.

Anyone could tell that Marie and Isabelle were sisters just by their shared loveliness. Beyond that, both had brilliant golden locks that were complimented well with luminous blue eyes. The pair also had athletic figures with long sumptuous legs and well conditioned tanned skin.

Either one of these majestic beauties could captivate an audience but together it seemed as though they could rule a country by the sheer attractiveness of their exalted physical characteristics. It might be expected that only men would be transfixed by this display of charm but this wasn't the case at all as even the children were awed.

Marie was casually dressed, like everyone else, but electrified John nonetheless. With the soft skin and gorgeous visage she possessed, John recognized that he would be held under her sway even if she was wearing a huge parka and living in the polar regions. Marie wore blue shorts with a matching blue blouse that accentuated her luscious blue globes that shined with a brilliance that rivaled the mighty sun.

The Gerhard family rose to their feet as Marie approached while John remained seated on the ground, awestruck. Marie and Isabelle embraced lovingly and children uttered, "Aunt Marie!" as they hugged Marie's legs. Wolf waited until Isabelle and Marie disengaged to clasp his sister in law with an affectionate hug.

Marie spoke with a crystal clear voice that reminded one of a chirping bird in the early morning, "It's a beautiful day, sis. I hope everyone is having an equally beautiful day!"

Isabelle replied candidly, "I, for one, am having a great time. Then again, when don't I have a good time when I'm with my tender family? There is someone I'd like you to meet and hopefully you can brighten his day."

Isabelle ushered Marie over to where John sat still admiring Marie. Isabelle smiled as she spoke, "Marie, this is John Granger and John this is Marie."

John extended his hand while Marie took it and laughed. John turned red with embarrassment as he comprehended the silliness of him sitting on the ground while she was standing. He presently stood up and brushed himself off but seemed incapable of speech in the presence of Marie.

Realizing that John wasn't going to speak, Marie took the initiative and spoke with her bird like voice, "Nice to meet you John. Isabelle and Wolf speak highly of you. It seems as though they think we would make a wonderful couple. From what I've heard it seems to make a lot of sense to me. What do you think of that prospect?"

John was visibly shaken but in a positive way as he became aware that this princess before him actually thought their coupling was a good idea. John possessed a good deal of confidence but this woman was able to break that confidence with beauty the kind of which primitives would worship as a goddess. Despite the reverence inspired by this staggering beauty, John's confidence grew but her kind words allowed him to regain his composure or so he hoped.

With newly brimming confidence and charm, John spoke assuredly, "I think it's a wonderful idea. You are far more exquisite than your sister gives you credit for. I am greatly impressed with your exquisite beauty and I'd love to get to know you better as soon as possible."

Marie was flattered, of course, but was astonished at the sudden transformation John had undergone. She noticed that her looks had intimidated John but this was no longer the case and she was immediately attracted to John because of it. She hadn't often seen the charisma which John exuded and it seemed to be the major factor in her attraction. No doubt that she was pleased with what she had heard from Isabelle but that was the man on paper and this was the man in actuality.

The Gerhard family had ceased any activity and watched Marie and John as though they were watching a tender, emotional love story. Isabelle and Wolf clung together as the children held hands, hanging on every word spoken and every slight movement of the couple. The Gerhard's hoped for the best as they would swiftly welcome the addition to their extended family.

Upon noticing that they were the center of attention and wishing for some privacy, Isabelle spoke to John, "Why don't we speak more privately over in the shade at the picnic area?"

John glanced about and realized that they were the main attraction and replied, "That sounds like a good idea but it pains me to deprive this family of its entertainment." John smiled at the Gerhard family and was met with the laughter of the family.

Wolf, of course, heard every word that was spoken and remarked to Isabelle, "I think we are going to have to find another sport to occupy our time as those love birds go off to mingle."

"Yes, indeed, comrade," spoke John as he put his arm around Marie and marched off to the picnic area.

Once the couple was out of earshot, Wolf spoke to Isabelle, "They appear to have hit it off. I hope all goes well for my great friend. What do you think, my dear?"

"I think they will make as great a couple as we do and have a wonderful family as well. We can, of course, help them along in this endeavor but, by the looks of things, we won't need to."

Wolf and Isabelle gazed at the young couple, wishing for the best and wondering what they were saying in what looked to be a successful courtship. Wolf was especially hopeful for the fledgling couple as he was really fond of John and wanted to see him with the best. Of course, Wolf felt that Isabelle was the most complete woman in the Empire with beautiful looks, a vastly intelligent mind, and a jovial personality. This opinion of Isabelle was part factual admiration and part biased adoration since she was his wife.

As far as Wolf was concerned, Marie was therefore the best of the women that remained available. That isn't to say that Wolf knew all the women in the Empire but from what he was aware of, Marie was quite a catch. Granted, there were many gorgeous women around but he didn't know if they possessed the intelligence and warm personality that Marie had.

The children resumed their playful demeanor as they laughed and rolled around on the ground. The football was thrown back and forth among them and was caught with great skill despite the fact that the ball was rather large for their small hands. Even the girls enjoyed horsing around and playing in games that used to be relegated to boys. This did not detract from their feminine qualities at all as it encouraged athleticism. The girls would surely grow up to be at least as pretty as their mother and it was hoped that all the children would be superior to their parents in every positive way.

Meanwhile, the day rolled on with birds chirping excitedly as they searched for food and chased each other across the skies. The blue sky resembled an ocean bereft of ships and stretching away as far as the eye could behold. The grass and trees seemed alive with splendor that coincided with the immaculate atmosphere of cleanliness.

Amidst the splendid display of Nature, Wolf lazily relaxed and stretched out on the ground with his wife. While he liked his service with the Holy Legions, he preferred his family and was going to thoroughly enjoy his week of vacation. This was the life, he thought assuredly, as he conversed with his lovely wife.

"Such a wonderful day it is. Is there anything you want to do this week, honey? Of course, I think we need some time to ourselves but we also need to do something with the kids. By the look of things, I may have to compete with Marie for John's attention." Wolf smiled warmly as he regarded Isabelle's enchanting features with veneration.

Isabelle replied softly as she burrowed herself deep within Wolf's bear like grasp, "The day is great and I feel great as well. I think we need to spend some quality time on the couch watching a romance movie while we express our mutual love for each other. Oh, and speaking of the children, I told the school board that you were coming home and they liked the idea of you speaking at the school. Of course, I mentioned the idea to them. Do you think you can? I know that Bernhardt especially would enjoy you speaking in front of his class."

Wolf felt honored at such an opportunity as he responded keenly, "Wow, I would love to! Of course, I will have to make some notes on what I will say. I hope I can inspire many children to do their part in building an even greater world for our people but if just one child appreciates what I say then it is well worth it. I can talk to the kids tomorrow but before that we can spend that quality time together you were talking about." Wolf ran his large hand through Isabelle's soft, flowing hair as he gazed longingly into her aqua eyes.

As Wolf held Isabelle in his surprisingly tender grasp considering his mammoth size, he contemplated what he would talk about to the future inheritors of the Empire. He realized that the boys would probably want to know of his exploits as a Legionnaire but he couldn't reveal that information although he could speak of the great honor it was being a member of the Holy Legions. Wolf thought that the most important thing he could speak of was to find one's niche in the Empire, wherever it may be, and to fulfill that role proudly and to the best ability that one possessed.

As the children played and Wolf and Isabelle cuddled while watching their children have fun, Marie and John descended down the road of courtship. It had started out a rocky, bumpy ride as each probed the other in a playful wrestling match. Each wished to see what the other possessed and if they were truly compatible.

The basic questions typical to a blossoming relationship surfaced and were answered. Favorite foods, hobbies, games and other favorites were discussed. Marie enjoyed strawberries, history, and tennis while John fancied vegetables in general, history, and track and field events. Since both enjoyed history, it was a topic they both knew they would enjoy discussing.

In fact, a conversation about the great Roman Empire had emerged to the delight of both parties. They both marveled at the civilization and its wonderful displays of architecture, law, and warfare. Both agreed, however, that their Empire was far greater than that ancient realm of Rome and they regarded it as a stepping stone or ancestor of their own White Empire. Just as the Empire strove for racial evolution, they also strove for evolution or betterment in all fields and so they paid their respects to Rome. Both also agreed that the Romans would be proud of the their own Empire like a father is proud of the accomplishments of his son.

History was a topic that Marie and John engaged in for quite some time and the hours flittered by unnoticed like a fighter plane swiftly flying by at many times the speed of sound. Both enjoyed the other's companionship immensely and that was the primary reason that time flew by so rapidly. It became clear that John, being in the Air Force, preferred the aspects of war throughout history whereas Marie was more interested in the rulers of nations and how they treated their subjects.

Many different civilizations were spoken of, from ancient Egypt to their own illustrious Empire. It was glaringly obvious that these two were extremely proud of the gift their parents gave them. The gift of being a member of Nature's Finest—the glorious, productive, intelligent, and honorable White Race. They were proud of both their own abilities as well as their ancestors who created the great civilizations of Egypt, Rome, and Greece.

"Which empire or civilization would you prefer to live in if you had a choice? Of course, I mean outside of our own." Marie spoke with a melodic manner that playfully caressed John's eager ears. She was impressed by his knowledge and enjoyed talking about her favorite subject.

John retorted after a moment of enjoyable thought, "We indeed have to exclude our own Empire for who, in their right mind, would choose any other if given the option. While I admire the intelligent and creative Greeks and respect the practical bringers of law, order, and grand architecture of Rome, I think I would choose to be a citizen of National Socialist Germany. Granted, I'm not full blooded German or anything but our own Empire sprang from some of the precepts of National Socialism. National Socialism had its flaws which we were able to correct through the wisdom of our great founder, Ben Klassen. I can think of no happier nation, next to ours, that ever existed. Especially after watching and reading some of the propaganda they put out, such as the movie, Triumph of the Will. It is truly tragic that the Jews were successful in instigating the fratricidal World War II where so many of our comrades died. While it was a devastating war to our people, the numerous battles, strategy, and tactics involved make for good reading. Which empire would you choose, lovely?" John smiled at Marie while thoroughly relishing their in depth conversation of history. He thought it a pleasant change to have such a confabulation with a woman rather than a man.

Even though Marie had posed the question, she was forced to contemplate the question. She digested what John had said and tossed it around like a juggler tosses balls or knives or flaming torches. What John said was true but she would have to choose ancient Greece as her choice.

"I would have to choose ancient Greece. She was wrought with strife and warfare wasn't her forte but Greece was an enlightened land. To be able to debate with Socrates or ponder philosophy and government with Plato would be quite a treat. The sheer number of great men that lived during the golden age of Greece is astounding. Men like Aristophanes, Aristotle, Euripides, Homer and many, many others provide for good reading so you know it would have been quite wonderful to be able to converse with them. The main drawback of Greece that I see is a lack of unity but I believe the vast multitude of geniuses present would more than make up for the internal strife...as long as I weren't a part of the warring." Marie laughed warmly and continued, "I imagine you would enjoy the warfare of the era, especially that of Sparta."

"Ah, yes Sparta. They practiced eugenics to the extreme. Any weaklings were ruthlessly culled out which made the warrior state a fierce fighting machine. Since they were so warlike though, they didn't have many scholars as warriors were what the men were bred for. They were great physical specimen but lacked the completeness of the Superman as they didn't emphasize intellectualism as well."

John continued, "Speaking of the Superman, that is another reason that I enjoy the National Socialist state under Hitler. They encouraged the coming of the Superman through the careful process of eugenics which, of course, we undertake today. Unfortunately, Germany had but 12 years to work with and half of that time was plagued with war. We have had 30 years so far with many years ahead of us. We have already arrived at magnificent splendor but it is ever increasing. It boggles the mind thinking of the dizzying heights that will undoubtedly be achieved by our noble people."

Nodding in agreement, Marie responded, "I agree wholeheartedly. Reading about the vile creatures that inhabited our land back in the Doom Age is enough to make one throw up. Now, we are in a golden age of prosperity and the four dimensions of a sound mind, sound body, sound society, and a sound environment are spread across our great White Empire."

"How is it that you know so much about History anyway? Women don't usually venture into the past as often as men. It is a good change though, I must admit."

Marie laughed cordially, "I have to know a lot about History because I'm a History teacher. I wouldn't hold my job too long if I didn't study the past." Marie smiled as she watched the surprise form on John's face.

"I must admit that I am surprised but pleasantly so. It does make a lot of sense. How do you like teaching?"

"I enjoy it immensely. The children love learning so much and it makes me feel all warm inside knowing that I am bringing knowledge to them. I'm sure they will use that knowledge in the future as one must learn from the mistakes of the past to create a better future. I hear you are a pilot. How does it feel to soar through the air like a noble eagle?"

John listened attentively and was impressed by Marie's reasons for being a teacher. "Flying is a great feeling. Not only do I get to serve my people but I get to soar through the skies in a pleasurable ride that is like a raging roller coaster...only much faster and much more fun!"

Marie responded amiably, "It seems we both enjoy our jobs. I really enjoy spending time with you but," she glanced at the all but disappeared golden orb that was the sun, "I must soon be going. I have to finish grading some papers but I would certainly hope to see you again. Tomorrow, perhaps?" Marie was anxious not to let this gem escape her grasp.

John's countenance noticeably changed from pleasure to dismay as he responded pleadingly, "Must you go so soon? We could play some tennis before you go. We can turn the lights on so we can see. Besides," John regained his confidence, "we are having a terrific time and thus far we have only engaged in intellectual ventures so we need to compliment it with some physical activity." John spoke assuredly but silently he feared that she would leave and thought it best to display an air of confidence. He had never met a woman as amazing as Marie and was determined to have her.

Marie was prepared to go but the regained confidence that John exuded, convinced her to stay. She would not forsake her duty to her students by any means but she could spare another hour or so. Besides, she was sure that they would meet again tomorrow.

Marie spoke with a general air of congeniality, "Of course I will play tennis with you. How could I resist such an offer? A charming man and my favorite sport, what could be better? What do you think we should do tomorrow though?"

Marie tossed her luxurious golden hair from her shoulders into the air and John watched it fall back in place as mesmerized as a newborn who has just entered the world. It was apparent to anyone with courting perception to observe this as a flirtatious stratagem designed to enthrall John. Indeed, it did enrapture John as it would enchant nearly any man.

John felt as though he must be in love as he had never felt so passionately about a woman before in his life and the speed at which it occurred was amazing! He had loved women before but nothing like what he felt now. He wondered if this ecstatic emotion was what some called "true love".

John spoke with the attitude of one who was sure of victory, "I think tomorrow will be a fine day for a hike in the mountains and a scrumptious dinner afterwards. I must say that your hair is so delicate and fine that the minstrels of old would be deemed great by the world by singing songs just of your magnificent hair, not to mention your numerous other beauties."

"You are too kind and such a charmer. Good thing for me that you are even available although I am hard pressed to ascertain how you didn't marry long ago. A gentleman stands before me and I mustn't let him go!"

The couple embraced warmly and John gave Marie a gentleman's kiss on the cheek. "Shall we be off?" John asked. Marie nodded and they traipsed off to the tennis court where a stunned John got trampled in three straight sets, managing to win but one game in the score of 6-0, 6-1, 6-0.

White Empire - Chapter VI

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

John and Marie arrived at the extremely popular park known as Salubrious Park. This was an apt name for the park as it was once an area that was filled with debris and as a result was in decadent decay. Under the supervision and tender care of the Empire, however, it had regained its health and vigor and was now a wonderful display of nature that wooed man and woman alike. In fact, many a relationship had been cultivated in this very park and had resulted in plentiful fruit.

The park had an assortment of plants, bushes, and trees of numerous shapes and sizes that reflected the endless possibilities that nature could create. It was quite difficult for anyone to get bored gazing around at the many treats the park beheld simply due to the superabundance in the variety of plant life that existed in the park.

The flowers were splashed amidst the park showing off their splendid colors. Bright red, purple, and yellow flowers were the most brilliant of the colors that adorned the park but a medley greater than that of a painter's palette, could be found. This kaleidoscopic scene was coupled with the enticing fragrance that attracted flower lovers from afar.

The same diversity that was showcased within the park in the form of flowers, was also present in the other plant life. Trees and bushes were lavishly spread throughout the park in mammoth sizes as well as minuscule examples. Some bore fruit or nuts while others did not. This park was surely a botanist's paradise but it also attracted other nature lovers as well.

John and Marie had recently entered the park from the parking lot where Marie's hovercar had been parked. John was amazed at the sudden transformation from technology, in the form of all the hovercars, to the natural setting of the park. The entrance to the park was flanked with large oak trees that encircled the area and formed a protective barrier from the outside technology.

John had been in parks before but this was a true delight to his eyes. He couldn't get over the stark contrast between the two worlds. It was as if he had been transported through space and time by some powerful new invention of the Empire. One world with its splendid, majestic towers and monuments made by man, and the other world with its grand presentation of plant life that nature had created were, on the one hand, total opposites of the other but were both created by a similar force. The Empire appreciated both realms as different spheres and complimentary to one another so both had to be nurtured. This different but complimentary aspect was identical to the man and woman relationship. In other words, both were necessary ingredients to a great empire like that of the White Empire.

Marie was pleased to see the amazement that twinkled in John's eyes as the same sensation of awe swept through her every time she visited the park. She vividly recalled the first time she had visited the splendid enclosure that was known as Salubrious Park.

She was but a child then, with her family, when she first gazed upon the overwhelming majesty of nature. Her parents had known the time when the area had been poisoned with debris and was an unofficial waste dump for the dastardly chemical companies. At such a tender age, she was unable to envision such pollution nor did she care to. What she did know and appreciated, was that before her was a triumphant victory of the Empire to restore the land to its proper vitality.

Upon entering the natural domain of the park for the first time, Marie was amazed that such luscious beauty was possible without the aid of man. The excitement that she had upon enjoying the park as a youth had not diminished as she had matured into a lovely woman. While she wasn't awed quite as powerfully in subsequent sojourns as her first visit, she still had a warm place in her heart for this glorious site.

The park was solely responsible for his interest in botany. The park was and remains, a favorite among her family so she frequented it often. She had always liked the color purple so her favorite flower was the sedum. After that, she desired to know the names of all the various plant life that existed not only in the park but in the world. History had always been her favorite subject but botany interested her and, as a result, she possessed a fertile garden filled with a predominance of purple flowers such as the sedum and iris, among others.

After recovering from his initial shock at such a display of natural artwork, John confidently reached for Marie's hand and clasped it in his own. Marie was pleased at his warm and tender touch and enjoyment was easily discerned from her affectionate body language.

The couple leisurely started down the smooth, stone trail when John interrupted the silence, "This is an impressive place! It appears to be a great place to relax in a tranquil setting. From what I've seen so far, this park could inspire greatness almost as much as you, yourself could." John accentuated his last statement with a broad grin and a wink.

Marie giggled softly as she responded, "This is one of my favorite places and has been ever since I was a little girl. I've been enthralled by the splendid grandeur ever since I first laid eyes on this precious gem. As for inspiration, I would have to agree with you there. I garnish my share of inspiration from this wondrous environment which I broadcast through my poetry."

John's interest was piqued at the mention of poetry. He spoke in an inquisitive manner, "I enjoy poetry immensely. I aspire to the greatness of a Byron or Coleridge but I feel I have a ways to go." John laughed pleasantly and continued, "As you might surmise, I tend to write about heroism, valor, and military might. What do you write about?"

Marie turned her head in such a manner as if to say, "Is that so?" Following the unspoken words, she responded casually with her sweet sounding speech that was more akin to the lovely chirp of a robin, "We have more in common than I could have dreamed for. My poetry reflects my interest in nature. All I need to do is gaze around this domain and the words flow like a glimmering waterfall cascading from the sky. I come here quite a bit to enjoy the tranquillity and enjoy myself while I grade papers, write poetry, or help keep the park clean."

John was impressed by Marie's civic duty to the park but realized that working together was an everyday occurrence within the Empire. John spoke, "It would be an honor to help maintain this magnificent haven of the natural world. Was it difficult to become a volunteer here?"

"Harder than I thought possible," came Marie's response. "The area around here is sparsely populated yet there were literally thousands of applicants. I finally managed to become a part of the maintenance crew but it took me over three years! Needless to say the competition is fierce."

John was impressed with her dedication and perseverance. John nodded in approval of her actions as they entered the heart of the park. The circular clearing spread before them and John questioned Marie, "Where to now, my beautiful companion?"

The park center branched off into many arteries that resembled a triumphant octopus that was posing for the camera. All the trails swerved off into the distance leaving it up to the imagination what treasures lay hidden in these separate galaxies. There were five possible choices that were presented before them and John felt as though he was adventuring through an unknown world with a fair maiden who he had to protect no matter the cost as his honor was at stake.

The mystery of where the trails led was smashed as Marie urged him to the video screen that stood in the center of clearing. John was reminded of a vigilant sentinel guarding his post with unflappable vigor but the video screen was more like a direction post, although with much more information. It now came to John's attention that there were a total of four video screens that formed a large square with each screen being approximately two meters high and displaying where each path led.

John hesitantly viewed the screen but glanced away swiftly. Marie noticed his odd behavior but was suddenly enlightened by his motivations. She concluded that he didn't want to know where he was going as that would ruin his surprise and adventure. She tugged on his arm and led him off to the trail directly across from where they entered and, upon sensing his willingness to their course, realized that she had instinctively surmised correctly.

Marie knew the ins and outs of the park as well as the average citizen was familiar with the Holy Books of Creativity. She was well aware that three of the paths were hiking trails of various lengths. She also known that the other two trails led to a picnic area and a bike trail, respectively. The trail she had chosen was the longest and most infrequently traveled upon route to ensure their privacy as the park was patronized by a large volume of visitors.

The couple set out among the invigorating forest with its pleasant aromas and playful wildlife. John recognized the robins and squirrels that roamed about in search of food but was oblivious to the other species of animals that populated the area. Regardless, he was comforted by simply watching their simplistic way of life which consisted primarily of hunting for food and sleeping. Their sole motivating factor was instinct and John felt himself thankful that as a member of the White Race, he was bestowed with an intelligence that made such a grand place as the White Empire possible.

John and Marie continued their quest deeper into the forest and John was drawn farther into the clutches of the awe inspiring mystique of the woodland. He felt as though he and his lovely damsel were enveloped into a bubble completely cut off from the outside world. This was the feeling that the secluded nature of their surroundings gave him although he realized that many creatures surrounded them. These were insignificant pieces of the background though compared to the two of them.

John perceived how one could easily become lost, or perhaps found was a better word in this domain of serenity. This domain rivaled Marie's beauty but the two went well together like an art gallery that has exquisite paintings of different eras. In other words, Marie and the park belonged together and it would seem that Marie realized this although perhaps not on a conscious level. Just as people are attracted to like minded individuals, beauty, it would seem, attracted beauty.

The entire universe seemed to revolve around Marie and John as they hiked onward through the twists and turns of the winding trail. Both man and woman felt the pervasive feeling that embodied them saying that they truly were the center of not only the known world, but of the unknown as well. Words seemed superfluous at this time and place and therefore the only sounds that were heard were from the rustling of the trees as a gentle wind blew and the harmonic sound of the birds communicating to one another.

John had love on his mind. Marie had love on her mind. Both wished the other thought the same but neither could be entirely sure no matter how well things seemed. Could such a lighting bolt of love last or was a lasting relationship more like an oak tree that needed years upon years to grow into its prime?

For some time now, John noticed that the trail which they were traversing was rising higher and higher towards the clouds in what reminded him of man's evolution into the Superman. All those that had yearned for the coming Superman were now elated at its fruition just as John felt a similar power as he ascended towards the heavens. He thought it fitting that the higher one went, the harder it was to reach even higher heights. He was reassured by the simple fact that virtually his entire life was before him and since the average life span was over 100 years, he would have ample time to fulfill his goals.

Just as John and Marie were at a considerable height physically, they both were also in a sphere of lofty thoughts. This soaring state of consciousness was obviously a product of two main factors. The lesser factor being the grand kingdom of nature that surrounded the pair and the more significant element being that intangible entity commonly known as love.

The path made a sharp right turn but as John turned he felt his arm tugged by Marie telling him she wanted to go straight into the woods. John halted and gazed into Marie's dreamy eyes as he realized that she beckoned him off into the copse. John was intrigued by her unspoken proposition and consented to her request but he knew that it would take a tremendous amount of willpower to deny Marie anything she wanted.

Marie led John through a maze of maple trees and John was impressed by the agility she displayed as she quickened her pace and deftly darted between the large wooden pillars that blocked their way. It was self-evident that Marie had traveled this way before and John wondered what might lay ahead, perhaps a pirate's treasure, he jokingly thought.

Marie was a good ways ahead of him and realizing it, had stopped and beckoned him to go faster. John complied but before he could catch Marie, she darted off further into the forest like a prancing deer fleeing from a hunter. John had been holding back his tremendous speed but now unleashed the full fury of his quickness in a powerful explosion like that of an ancient cannon that launched death and destruction at an enemy's castle walls.

The cannonball that was John, swiftly and gracefully closed in on its target. Marie knew the path but that didn't make up for the difference in speed between the two and John was about to catch his prey when the unexpected happened.

Marie had simply vanished as if she been swallowed by the ground or fallen off a hidden cliff. John suddenly wondered if she had ever existed at all. Was she just an illusion that he had created? It passed as though she had been nearly perfect and he had so desired to find his mate in life that he thought it possible that his unconscious had invented her.

John came to a halt where he last saw Marie and would have been captivated by the stellar view that was presented before him had he not been so concerned with Marie's whereabouts. No further trees grew in his present location and there was a tremendous bluff that lay before him. Frantically and anxiously his eyes examined the area with his penetrating stare that was well trained due to his service in the Air Force. He saw no sight of his companion as he looked around and had to force himself to center his attention downwards in the dastardly unfortunate possibility that Marie had plummeted to her death.

Fearing the worst for his enchanting princess, John slowly, as if to somehow prevent Marie's death, dropped his gaze below. To his surprise and utter relief, he saw the immaculately supple skin on Marie's face submerged in the golden rays of sun. She was smiling playfully with her hands on her hips as if she was wondering what had taken him so long. John smirked pleasantly as he thought of the many primitive savages who would surely bow down and worship at the feet of the divine figure of Marie.

The ledge where John stood fell sharply until it flattened out after a descent of approximately three meters. John ran down the steep path and embraced the waiting Marie warmly and extremely affectionately. The two presented quite a picture upon the top of the towering cliff where, John noticed hesitantly, there was a far larger and far deadlier descent than the place where John thought Marie had fallen. John estimated the drop to be many thousands of meters and was quite thankful that his cherished partner hadn't fallen into the abyss.

John was visibly delighted to be in the presence of Marie and spoke with an air of one who had found a long lost friend, "I'm so glad that you are all right! I thought that you had fallen off the cliff and died!"

Surprise swept over Marie as she hadn't meant to alarm John in such a manner. She had only meant to be playful and didn't even realize that one couldn't immediately see the ledge that jutted out from the side of the crag where they stood. Such an emotional outburst had shocked her but she was pleased at how much John cared in order to release such tenderness.

"I'm so sorry, John," Marie blurted out emphatically. "I didn't mean any harm at all. I just wanted to show you this lovely and secluded spot. This is where I come to write poetry and think. What do you think of it up here?"

John released Marie and stepped to the edge of the bluff and took a deep breath of fresh air as he eyed the valley that lay before him. A sense of great feeling enveloped John like a mother squeezing an infant close to her bosom. The glen was filled with kilometers upon kilometers of trees that seemed aligned in a military fashion with John presiding from above as their leader.

Impressed by his troops, John spoke, "It's a great view and I can completely relate as to why you come here to write poetry. I wouldn't mind writing down my thoughts as I gazed out into the vast ocean of the natural kingdom that spreads itself out before us. In the meantime, why don't we enjoy the view for a while?"

John offered his hand to Marie and she graciously accepted it. The duo sat down near the edge of the bluff and snuggled gently together. Their senses were well placated with the astounding view presented before them, the serene sound of a gentle breeze and the sounds of the animals that lurked about them, and, above all, the satisfying pleasure of embracing one another. Even the smells about the couple were comforting and indicated that a multitude of flowers stood as sentinels guarding this secluded area of hospitality.

The scene that the duet projected was very similar to the ending of a romance novel where true love is found and the couple is never separated in the times to come. John was suddenly dismayed as he thought that he only had one week away from the Air Force and he had yet to visit his family. John could hold Marie in his arms until the end of time but he knew he must fulfill his duty to the military.

As he was contemplating, John felt Marie relax in his embrace and he realized she had fallen asleep. She was the total embodiment of contentment with her slackened posture and slight grin that reflected her inner comfort. Not wanting to wake her and interrupt her delightful demeanor, he decided to wait until she awakened from her slumber.

It was quite some time before Marie regained her consciousness but time was irrelevant to John and didn't seem to have the same meaning while he was with the one whom he hoped would one day be his beloved. Marie appeared quite rejuvenated by her rest and, after stretching out, bounded to her feet.

"Ahh that was refreshing," Marie exclaimed jubilantly. "Are you ready to go bike riding now? They have some really nice Himmel bikes that we can ride on the bike trails. It was amazing how much money we were able to raise in order to purchase them. Since we bought them in bulk we even got a rather substantial discount."

John wondered if this day could get any better. John enjoyed cycling, although not as much as track and field events, and thought perhaps that he would compete in the sport someday.

"Yes, I'm ready to go enjoy some more sites in this wonderful park while riding bikes and being with you, my lovely companion. Shall we be off?"

Marie nodded amiably and the couple trekked off to finish the day with a scenic bike ride.

White Empire - Chapter VII

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

As night fell on the charming hamlet of Heimburg like a much anticipated blanket on a freezing adventurer exploring the unknown Arctic regions, Wolf tucked in his first born son, Bernhardt. Wolf gently kissed his son's forehead to Bernhardt's satisfaction.

"Are you ready for school tomorrow, Ben? I'm going to be there with you for a while tomorrow." Wolf spoke softly so as not to disturb the other children who he had already wished a good night's sleep.

Ben was on the verge of entering the dream world when his attention was grasped when his father spoke in reference to his speech at the school. A groggy child was replaced by an eager one, "Yes, father. Even though I hear you talk all the time, I am looking forward to hearing you talk some more. Then I can tell everyone that you are my daddy."

Wolf grinned as he listened to his son talk. "You get a good night's rest so you will be ready for school tomorrow." Wolf lowered his voice and whispered, "RAHOWA!"

"RAHOWA!," came the replying whisper. Wolf attempted to leave the room when he felt a tug on his shirt. He glanced back at his son to hear him say, "Daddy, my teacher says we have to take a week off of school next week. How come? I like school."

"They have a week off four times a year so that you can take a rest from all the schoolwork. That doesn't mean you have to stop learning though as I can recommend some books for you to read. If you think having four weeks off a year is bad then you would have hated to go to school when your great grandpa went. They had to take off for virtually the whole summer. Go to sleep now and I will see you in the morning."

Wolf watched as his son closed his eyes and prepared to enter the realm of the unconscious. He was extremely proud of his first born son and already knew that Ben would become a fine scholar one day, not to mention a great athlete. Wolfgang realized that Ben would far surpass him in greatness and looked forward to all of his children's evolution into Supermen.

Quiet as a graceful cat was Wolf as he slipped out of the room and silently shut the door. He made his way into the kitchen where he made himself a snack of a cantaloupe and a glass of orange juice before venturing into the living room to join his lovely wife. He slipped onto the couch next to Isabelle as he prepared for a quiet night of watching a movie and nestling with his dear counterpart.

Wolf swiftly devoured his snack and kissed Isabelle with his lips that were sticky and sopping wet with cantaloupe juice. She responded by slugging him in the arm in playful retaliation. Isabelle wiped the juice from her lips and was forced to emit a slight laugh.

"That was a wet and juicy kiss, wouldn't you say my dear?" Wolf laughed and continued, "Have you found a good movie to watch? I haven't seen much besides training and combat videos and simulations so I hope there is a good adventure movie on."

Marie casually responded, "I found a movie that we both should like. It is an adventurous romance. It has the gallivanting spirit of the hero that you will no doubt enjoy combined with the emotional aspects of love that will satiate myself. It has received great reviews from the film critics with many calling it a tale of epic proportions but we will have to judge for ourselves whether it is good or not. Are you ready?"

Wolf settled into the plush blue interior of their couch and wrapped his muscular arms around the love of his life. He gazed into her eyes and gently kissed Isabelle. He silently nodded his approval to start the movie and listened to her succulent voice as she activated the home computer, which was named Eagle.

The computer was named Eagle because Wolf thought the eagle represented honor and loftiness. Wolf thought it a fitting name due to the exquisite design and sophistication of the mainframe. Their computer controlled many actions in the house and was voice activated. Among its functions were monitoring all the electrical devices, managing the power from the solar cells, and securing the house from any dangers such as fires or storms. It had so many functions that Wolf hadn't even explored all the possibilities yet even though he had upgraded to the Gamma3 model several years ago.

Isabelle dimmed the lights and activated the video screen that encompassed the entire wall but was normally hidden by a sliding panel. She had Eagle begin the movie they were to watch as well as engaging the incredible music system they had which gave one the impression that one was living in the same world as the actors. She also had all the doors shut in the house and since the walls were sound proof, the children would sleep as if in the womb itself.

The majestic dove that was Isabelle eased into Wolf's gargantuan frame as the credits rolled across the video screen. The popular actor, Roland Magne, starred in the show with his counterpart, Antoinette de Somme, as his sophisticated love interest. The orchestral music that danced in the background increased in tempo and aggressiveness in a triumphant victory as the title splashed onto the screen. The name was Roland's Ascent and it seemed a quite fitting title seeing how the star was named Roland. Wolf wondered if the movie company was simply using his name to attract attention.

So far the movie looked rather impressive and interesting but Wolf's mind was elsewhere as he knew he wanted to converse with Isabelle about having another child. He unconsciously stroked his wife's golden hair as he gathered his thoughts.

Wolf gently nudged Isabelle and whispered to her, "I've been thinking about it a lot and I think we should have another child. Of course, the military would help with the costs but I really would enjoy having another child especially when I see how great the children we already have are. Our children gain the benefit of your intelligence and my athleticism so I think another kid is in order to further the superiority of our precious race."

Isabelle listened attentively to what her heroic husband was suggesting. She hadn't given birth to a wonderful White baby for a full four years and she did feel the instinctual pull of childbirth. She hadn't really thought about having more children but, once the thought was introduced, she did seem drawn to it like an ancient Viking that lusted for war. Not only would she cooperate with her inner being but she would also be doing the Empire a service by bringing new life into the world.

Isabelle responded to Wolf's question in a contemplative fashion, "I think we should really give it some thought but I am initially inclined to favor your proposal. My womanly instincts have raged up at the thought of creating new life. By looking at our eldest son, it is obvious that he is quite a specimen as he is already quite an athlete and simply devours information as if the world was going to end any day. How many more do you want, my White warrior?"

Wolf was slightly astonished by this question but his demeanor didn't reflect it as he was trained as a soldier and to show surprise was a sign of weakness and furthermore gave the enemy insight into his thoughts. Of course, Isabelle wasn't his enemy but his second nature of stoicism had to be consciously thrown off in order to reveal what lay behind his mask.

His family was quite important to Wolf but he hadn't given much thought to the actual number of offspring he desired in a long time. He had been quite content with five children for many years but now he wanted more. How many more was a difficult question at this time for him but he was sure of at least one more.

The movie they were watching trekked on as its star, Roland, went in search of himself by going on an exotic escapade to the steamy rain forests in South America. He had left his love interest behind as he felt he needed time to find himself. The problem was that he constantly thought of her but she was thousands of kilometers away.

Upon collecting his thoughts, Wolf spoke, "I can't really say how many more children we should have right now. I think we should just take it one step at a time and see how it goes. For now, we just need to concentrate on having one. Oh, and I would like to have another girl to give us an even three boys and three girls."

Isabelle half watched the movie as she dreamed of having another child. She fully realized that time was sparse to make a decision as Wolf had but a week before he had to resume his duty with the Holy Legions. She immensely enjoyed the children they had now so why not have more? Money wasn't a problem nor was time as she took care of the children full time. Taking care of the children was quite pleasurable as she marveled at how quickly they blossomed. It was truly one of the greatest feelings that existed in the world to take part in the cultivation of newborn babies to wonderful adults.

At times, she regretted that Wolf served in the military as he was denied precious time with their children but she realized that it was his duty and he was good at his profession. Wolf was extremely adapt at his trade as was evidenced by his winning of the Klassen Medal. It still hadn't sunk in all the way that her loving husband had been awarded the most prestigious award the military had to offer. Therefore, she knew he had to serve the greater good and fight for the Empire. It would be far too selfish to ask him to resign his position in a time of war. Besides, the White Empire was far superior to any other force on

Earth and the vast majority of soldiers came back alive.

The movie flowed onward as Roland left the hot, humid jungles of the rain forest that teemed with life and vegetation to the cold and barren lands of the Arctic. He was determined to find his place in the grand scheme of things by traveling to exotic regions. Nature thoroughly pleased Roland in all its extremes but he felt there was a missing link in his life.

Where and what was this missing ingredient that he sought after with great enthusiasm? Roland was determined to find it wherever it may be, even if he must travel around the world to find it. He was enjoying his trek thus far but truly missed his graceful girl friend, Bernadette. It was a sacrifice that he felt imperative, though, as he thought he must find his place by himself.

Unbeknownst to him, Bernadette was pursuing him with great vigor as she knew that Roland was her missing part. Normally, it would have been rather easy to track down someone who wanted to be found, but since Roland had ventured into the unknown wilds without any tracking or communication devices, this wasn't the case. It was a difficult journey for a tough adventurer like Roland so it would be incredibly dangerous for Bernadette as the journey was beset with dangers in the form of wild animals and deadly terrain.

As the luscious scenery and sweeping music enveloped Wolf and Isabelle in its hypnotic sway, the couple felt drawn further together, both physically and emotionally. Just as Bernadette's conscious yearned for Roland and Roland's unconscious ached for Bernadette, Wolf and Isabelle cuddled comfortably together knowing that they weren't missing any vital components in their life as they had each other and their family.

The film reminded Wolf of his own courtship with Isabelle. Back in his school days when Wolf played football (among other sports), he was attracted to a young, radiant cheerleader by the name of Isabelle Benini. The first gaze captivated Wolf to such an extent that he dreamt of the lovely young lady for days to come. He later found out that she hadn't even spotted him the time when he became mesmerized by her brilliance.

It had taken Wolf several days to gather up the bravado necessary to ask Isabelle out and was delighted when she accepted. He literally swept her off her feet and escorted her to a movie that went so well that both knew they were meant for each other after their first date. Time proved them right as they have enjoyed 10 glorious years together so far. The statistics indicate that they will live out their life in cheerful bliss as divorces are extremely rare and are usually considered an obscure oddity.

Ever since that fateful day of their first date, motion pictures have played a large role in the couple's marriage as it renews their love for each other and has become a sort of tradition or ritual. They had long since agreed that the two would watch movies that they were mutually interested in or to take turns choosing the films.

Bickering and fighting between married couples was quite infrequent as the Empire promoted good marriages through education. This education pointed out the obvious facts that men and women are different and have different needs so cooperation between the two parties was essential with the individual with the most talent in an area working in that area. Usually, women were more able in raising the children and men were more suited to providing for the family and, as such, that was the norm in the White Empire.

The film's musical score became foreboding as Roland persevered through a raging snow storm. This was an obvious indicator of dreadful occurrences to come but when misfortune would grab Roland by the collar was still a mystery.

Meanwhile, the words of the hero resonated throughout the area despite the fierce winds that roared attackingly like a ferocious lion that was enjoying tearing a zebra asunder. These words reflected the swirl of emotions that surged mightily inside Roland like the winds that wrapped him in its chilling cloak.

Clashing emotions resided within Roland's interior. On the one hand he was thrilled to be on this adventure but, on the other hand, he was no closer to his goal than when he started. Where might his goal be located and what indeed was it that he was searching for? What he did know was that he sorely missed his sweetheart and hoped that he would soon find the gem of knowledge that he was pursuing so earnestly.

Even though Roland was engaged in a bitter struggle with the harsh glacial conditions that surrounded him, his mind was envisioning his next destination somewhere in the confines of the African jungles. His mind was wandering ahead of him to unknown wilds where lions roam freely when his senses were alerted to a slight movement from his right flank.

Roland wheeled quickly around while unsheathing his plasma pistol but he was too slow as a white blur that could only be a polar bear catapulted towards him. The force of the bear's lunge would have been devastating had there not been so much snow on the ground. As it was, Roland was pinned underneath the salivating beast while the creature eyed him greedily as a tasty morsel, no doubt.

Fear paralyzed Roland's body as his eyes were fixated by the fangs that protruded from the brute's gaping maw. Death's black specter would soon consume Roland if he didn't regain his senses. The hulking mass of white fur and monstrous flesh raised its massive paw in a looping arc with the intention of beheading the hardened adventurer. Assisted by gravity, the claws speedily rushed towards the delicate skull of the brave hero.

Wolf was intensely absorbed with the titanic struggle between life and death that raged on before his eyes. He was so enraptured by the great film he was observing, that he barely felt his wife tighten her grip around his thick frame. The commander of a squad of Holy Legions knew full well what danger tasted like and could easily relate to the plight of the champion in the flick.

The death stroke of the fierce animal came down with alarming velocity but the agile reactions and will to live of Roland managed to dodge the blow as the bear collapsed on top of him. The massive hunk of protoplasm that lay atop Roland was still and unmoving and was obviously dead as its body gushed blood like a roaring waterfall.

The camera angled towards the plasma pistol which hadn't fallen from the tough grasp of our explorer and had saved his life. It took a mighty effort but Roland was able to squirm out from under the gargantuan organism that tried to destroy the wanderer with its final living action. After checking his body for injuries and being satisfied that the blood that caked his coat was that of his dead companion, Roland decided he had enough of the cold extremes of the north and set out for the continent of Africa.

As Isabelle watched the movie transport its scenery from the Arctic conditions of the north to the scorching expanse of Africa, she thought of the successful war that was ongoing in southern Africa. Once the area was cleansed she thought it would make a good vacation for the family. She wondered how long until the war there would come to an end. She argued that it wouldn't be much longer if the wars of the past were any indicator.

"How much longer do you think the war in Africa will endure? I was thinking that we should take a family trip there once the area is safe. What is it like down there anyway," Isabelle asked interestedly.

Wolf was delighted that his sweetheart was asking him of military affairs and responded to her query with hardly concealed enthusiasm, "We are smashing those muds quite easily so I predict victory in Africa very shortly. We might even secure the continent before I return to service. I may even be fighting in Asia shortly as Chinese forces have been encountered in South Africa. Our military normally conquers land every so many years and then solidify the conquered area before moving on but with the Chinese ready for war, I believe we will take the fight to them shortly after the final victory in Africa."

Wolf paused as he gathered his thoughts before resuming, "I think Africa would make for a good vacation spot as it is exotic and quite different from our surroundings here. The plant and animal life is far different. I even saw a monkey while I was there. I'm sure the children would enjoy the area and it would also be a learning experience for them as they would encounter a whole different world."

An unspoken agreement was sealed between the two that ensured a future vacation spot. Wolf surmised it would be a few years in the future before the area would be ready for vacationers. Much would have to be built and colonists would have to take up residence in the region but there was always a sizable contingent of adventurers who sought a new frontier to appease their wanderlust.

The attention of the couple refocused on the cinematic production that continued its epic tale of Roland's journeys. While climbing after a wild monkey in the dense jungles, Roland viewed the scenery that was allowed him atop an immense tree whose name was unknown to him. Such a breathtaking glimpse of the thicket overshadowed his fruitless attempt to seize a monkey that was quite obviously better suited to this environment.

Roland's thoughts once again surfaced to reveal his inner emotions. He had traveled thousands of kilometers but felt no closer to his goal that somehow managed to evade his grasp no matter how fast he ran. He felt as though he was chasing his shadow which he could never overtake. His excursions were undoubtedly exciting but, at the end of the day, he always yearned for that intangible, unknowing component that would complete his being. The biggest problem for him was that what he searched for was a nebulous factor of unknown properties and unrevealed origins which made his search nearly impossible. His instincts had propelled him to venture out on a quest for this unclaimed gem and he had willingly complied.

As Roland brooded his situation, he heard a faint feminine voice amid the gargled sounds of the animals that sounded oddly familiar. The enterprising wanderer was about to dismiss the sound as merely an indigenous bird that was making its presence known when he again heard the voice louder and clearer than before.

Where had he heard that voice before? The pristine tone could have easily been mistaken for the lyrical piping of one of the native birds but not to his ears. The sound was known to him and, as he heard it yet again, he knew precisely what it was. Illuminated by intense delight, Roland scrambled hastily down the tree where he had roosted, in a frantic manner that would have startled even the most stalwart of men.

By the time Roland had descended the wooden pillar that rose to dizzying heights, he was scraped and bruised rather punishingly but was completely oblivious of these afflictions as he searched for the symphonic sound he heard previously. At last, his goal was within reach and he wasn't about to let it slip from his grasp but where had his prize ventured off to?

Roland heard his name being called quite clearly and he swiveled around to focus on its source. His much sought after goal was finally about to come to fruition as he gazed upon his lovely Bernadette and the golden aura that surrounded her, indicating to his mind that she was his missing ingredient. She had always been so close to him that it was amazing that he didn't realize that the gorgeous Bernadette made his life complete.

Wolf and Isabelle watched the magnificent display of cinematic magic in an awed state of bliss. The couple felt a sense of anguish as the movie wound to a close with Roland and Bernadette marrying and producing an educational television show that took them to exotic regions around the world. Indeed, Roland had ascended to wonderful heights and found his place in life.

Wolf didn't watch too many movies but this one had truly impressed him. It was definitely one he could watch a second time, especially with his stunning wife. For now, though, he was tired and by Isabelle's lax posture, she was fatigued as well.

"That was a great movie darling, but I'm ready for bed. How about you?" Wolf's tone seemed to emphasize his urgency for sleep.

Isabelle retorted eagerly, "It was a terrific movie! I could use some sleep as well though. Perhaps I will dream about the splendid movie we just watched." She smiled dreamily as she gazed into Wolf's glimmering gray eyes.

As the two got up and were about to march off to bed, Isabelle seemed struck with a sudden thought. "It appears as though John and Marie are having a good time as they are out rather late. I wonder where they are and what they are doing. It looks like we are good matchmakers." Isabelle grinned as she escorted Wolf to their bedroom.

As man and wife entered their bedroom, Isabelle seemed more awake than before and she eyed Wolf seductively. Words were unnecessary as it was clear that the question of having another child was no longer in debate.

White Empire - Chapter VIII

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

It was well after midnight when the blossoming young couple of John and Marie strolled down a well lit boulevard in search of a cozy restaurant to satisfy their growling stomachs and quench the pleading thirst that encompassed the two after an exhausting albeit pleasing, bike ride. The exceedingly clean avenue contained a variety of shops that were still open.

A club that obviously played heavy metal music attracted John's attention but he wasn't quite in the mood for a night moshing to the hard hitting sounds of that genre of music. Besides, he didn't think it was the right atmosphere at the moment with Marie. Nevertheless, he peered into the lounge and saluted some skinheads inside who returned the greeting.

A looming blue tinted structure grew from the ground to the clouds above like an imposing giant with a bloody battle-axe gazing down at an inconsequential ant. The construction seemed to be a cross between a medieval castle and a skyscraper. The edifice dwarfed the other establishments and it alone ruled the area by its sheer size and magnificence.

Marie sensed John's interest and spoke with an informing tone that she used while she taught her class, "That is our Historical Genius Research Facility. As you can see, it is quite impressive but inside it is even more amazing. My class takes a field trip there every year. They don't spare any expense to ensure that our best minds are comfortable in order to ensure progress. I attended the facility for a year but decided I wanted to enlighten our youth instead of concentrating on uncovering the past and writing about it. After my teaching days are over I may go back though."

It wasn't surprising that Marie had attended a Genius Research Facility but it was, nonetheless, impressive. John felt his respect of his dazzling companion increase more and more. He flashed her a charming smile to represent his admiration for her great abilities.

John had never been inside one of the facilities but he knew precisely what they were. A Genius Research Facility attracted the best minds available across the land. The Empire went to great lengths to entice the available geniuses to live there and concentrate on a particular subject. Housing and wages were generously provided for by the government. By combining and uniting the brilliant minds, progress was realized far faster than ever before in the history of man.

The vital facilities of warfare, political science, and the like were located together at the capital of the Empire in Klassengrad. The subjects that weren't vital to the White Empire's defense were flung across the Empire. Never again would great creative ability be lost as it was in the past when intelligence wasn't valued like it was in this age.

Areas that had degenerated in the past, like art, music, and writing, flourished in the Empire. There were no longer any "starving artists" who struggled to survive. If one had talent then there was a nice cozy place to work and exhibit one's gift. Due to this help, the arts were inspiring, uplifting, and triumphant. This reflected the atmosphere of the entire White Empire.

It is not to be implied that the arts were a group activity by great artists. Artists, musicians, and writers only worked together if they so desired and usually it was an individual effort. The benefit of having a concentration of artists in one place was to set a good creative environment that spurred on everyone's talent. This also led to fierce competition which led to many prolific artisans who, had they not been pushed, wouldn't have produced anywhere near the amount of works had they been outside the community.

Marie quickened her pace as she saw the cafe which she thought was perfect for the situation. She beckoned John onward towards the cafe that seemed aptly named, "Cafe Amore". Upon seeing the establishment and its name, John's eyes lit up and he threw his heart melting smile at Marie.

The couple anxiously approached the cafe but not before giving a silent greeting to the volunteer policeman that patrolled the area. The volunteer graciously reciprocated the sentiment as he continued his vigilant watch over the area.

Volunteer policeman far outnumbered paid policeman as there were many upstanding citizens who took it upon themselves to dedicate some of their time to ensure the safety of the Empire. Volunteering was a kind of second job to these honorable citizens and they considered it a pleasure to be able to take an active part in maintaining law and order.

The combination of altruist forces and a paid police force resulted in a wider area of security for the Empire. As a result of the general nature of the population and this police force, crime was extremely scarce. The two branches of security forces worked in harmony which produced warm camaraderie and fierce athletic competition that was entertaining to all spectators.

As the affectionate couple entered the cafe, John was intrigued by the change in atmosphere that took place. The feeling of upbeat intensity that was felt outside the establishment was left behind. This new environment was one of a slower, more contemplative state of being as the room was darker and had the soothing sounds of an ambient orchestra that lulled one's mind into the deeper recesses of intellectual thought.

John noticed that all the booths in the club were secluded and formed islands that sprawled clandestinely in a sea of esoteric intellectualism. He quickly noted that this haven wasn't just a lounge of love between man and woman but a love of intelligence. Although he couldn't hear the individual conversations, he surmised that the topic of most of the discussions were about the past. The whispers of the parties formed an iron clad rule that the serenity of the blissful music would not be shattered by uttering speech above a normal talking tone.

Marie was comforted by John's obvious wonder at the intriguing world which they had entered. She realized that their date was the best she had ever known and, by the enamored expression on John's visage, she thought John felt the same way. Where this thunderclap of emotional pleasure might lead, she knew not. It was a joyous adventure that she planned to enjoy to the fullest.

John was led to the salad bar where he eagerly seized a large amount of scrumptious food and filled his plate to the brim. There was also a fruit and nut bar that attracted his attention but that would have to wait. Marie filled her tray with various fruits and nuts and they set out in search of a free table.

After leaving the food area, John noticed that the food area was brightly lit while the other areas were quite dim. It was still possible to read under the pale reddish glow that surrounded the club but not many were engaged in this activity. The vast majority of the occupants appeared to be involved in discussions and debates that, by the expressions transmitted, seemed to be rather heated although the exact content of the disputes was inconceivable as all had the will power to contain any outbursts that would disrupt the tranquil atmosphere.

The couple found a booth and settled comfortably into the relaxing chairs that seemed to mold themselves to the contours of any person that sat down. As John set his plate down, he noticed that there was a computer and video screen contained within the table and but needed a push of a button to bring it to the surface. It was a great feature but it was of no desire to John at the moment as his stomach growled anxiously in preparation for the food that lay before him.

John enjoyed talking with Marie immensely but both knew that it was time to recharge their bodies. Both of them were exhausted from the enduring bike ride that they had gone on and they replenished their bodies quickly as they devoured the salubrious food that they consumed.

Words went unspoken and were unnecessary to convey the mutual attraction and affection that the couple felt for one another. The atmosphere, coupled with the endorphins present after the physical exertion of cycling, had a calming, relaxing effect on the duo. John felt as though he had known Marie for his entire life despite just meeting her yesterday and by the glint in her eyes, he suspected she felt the same way. John silently mused how much of a factor the captivating atmosphere was in the kinship he felt with Marie.

John and Marie made several trips back to the food area before satisfying their ravenous hungers. During the entire time, words weren't spoken but that didn't mean that the two weren't having a great time. Indeed, the blissful demeanor of the couple reflected their inner being which was at a delightful state of contentment. It was quite obvious that those who talked of body language saying more than actual words were quite right in this instance.

"That was a very satisfying meal after such a good bike ride." John spoke in a slightly sedated fashion and flashed Marie a pleasant smile as he continued, "I hear that you are involved extensively with the Church. What can you tell me about that?"

Most of the citizens of the Empire were very religious with Church being an inspiring, uplifting force in many people's lives. John had become good friends with the Minister assigned to his unit and was vastly interested in all aspects of Creativity. Of course John enjoyed the history of the World Church of the Creator the most as his love of events of the past enthralled him. The trials and tribulations that the Church had undergone were very encouraging to him and showed the power of an idea whose time had come. The history of Creativity, from the glorious ideas that Klassen instituted in forming the tremendously powerful creed, to the near collapse after the grand founder died, to the rebirth under the guidance of the charismatic Rev. Hale, to the present day Empire under Emperor Magnus, was all entertaining to John.

Marie answered in a tone which belied her comfort, "I pretty much help out wherever I'm needed. I've helped the kids with tutoring or baby-sitting and I play tennis in the Church league. Helping out and being involved in the community gives me a great feeling inside. I can honestly take pride in the community and the Empire knowing that I am helping our people ascend to greater and greater heights."

John's admiration for Marie grew stronger and stronger the better he came to know her. She was one who led by example and didn't need fancy speeches in order to inspire or rouse one into action. John felt compelled to contribute more to society despite the fact that he was already fighting for the honor and glory of the White Empire as it was.

It was sensed by Marie that John held her in great esteem and by the way he gazed dreamily into her eyes, she knew that she was correct in her assumption. This electrified her as she was enthralled by his character and dashing good looks. Some might say their relationship was based on chemistry or destiny but the simple truth was that the couple was in love.

The attractive pair simultaneously reached for each other's hands and clasped them together affectionately. It was as if their minds were unified and each sensed the other's thoughts in a wonderful, symbiotic affair. Such power and love were conveyed without words but with the caressing of the hands and sublime gaze of the eyes. Only the power of love was capable of such immense magnificence that was displayed by the duo as they seemed to exist in their own plane of existence that was far removed from the standard understanding of time and space.

Marie's face soured somewhat as she realized how late it was and spoke reluctantly, "It is getting late and I need sleep for tomorrow but I wish I could remain here with you forever. I've really enjoyed the past couple days and I've come to know a truly great man whose presence I've come to adore. I just have to see more of you. Are you free tomorrow?"

Such an emotional outburst deeply touched the inner part of John's being. The type of love that Marie exuded was quite foreign to him. It was similar to the love he felt for his mother and father but had its own unique characteristics that were hard to form into mere words. It was a primordial feeling that seemed to transcend literary expression even though many have tried, but ultimately failed, to put love in its proper position and do it the justice it deserves.

John struggled to withhold the tears of joy that were forming in his eyes and was triumphant in this endeavor as he replied to Marie, "Yes, I am free tomorrow. These last two days have had a great impact on my life and I would have to say, in all honesty, that the time spent with you is one of the most memorable times in my life. Soon I will have to be visiting my family and then returning to the Air Force but I'm sure we will keep in touch until my next visit."

With the present technology available, it would be very easy for the couple to remain in contact even while John remained in the military. This wasn't the same as being in the same room with a loved one but duty called and John was an honorable man who would never dream of betraying his beloved Empire. Besides, the war was going extremely well and victory in Africa was imminent.

Of course, Marie was disheartened by the lack of time that was available to their blossoming relationship but she was determined to make the most of the time that they had and to cherish it eternally. The religious creed of Creativity taught that one must be persistent and persevering in trying to achieve one's goal and her goal was John. She would utilize her indomitable will and would wait until the end of time, if need be, to secure her glorious John Granger.

Marie, unlike John, did not struggle against her tears and let them flow mightily like a raging river that had smashed through a restraining dam and unleashed its powerful fury on any who dared cross its surging path. Such a discharge of passion was unknown to her fertile mind but she reveled in the delight that it brought.

Regaining her facilities, Marie spoke softly, "After my classes tomorrow, I will be cleaning up the picnic area at Salubrious Park and keeping it neat. Would you care to assist me?"

"Of course I will, darling," came John's instant reply and with it, his handsome smile.

The couple continued holding hands and gazing into the very essence of each other's being for well over an hour in complete blissful silence. The time rushed by with the force of a powerful lightning bolt before jolting the two into the realization that it was quite late and it was time to depart. Their magnificent date was over but never would it be forgotten.

White Empire - Chapter IX

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

Wolf's hovercar glided swiftly and silently through the air as he masterfully piloted the craft. He, along with his wife and best friend, were headed to his children's school so that he could give a speech to the developing minds of youth. He had given much thought to this special opportunity that lay before him and sculpted his words so as to appeal to the juvenile minds that were to be his audience rather than to hardened soldiers that he was used to speaking to.

"I never before realized how well you could fly," remarked John. "How come you never joined the Air Force?"

This was quite a compliment coming from such a seasoned pilot that John represented and Wolf was taken aback by the statement and he responded graciously, "Thanks, John. I never really thought about the Air Force though. I enjoy the flying but I prefer to fight on land."

Isabelle grew tired of hearing about warfare as she had other ideas that danced around in her mind. She known it was inevitable that the topic of war would come up between two soldiers but she yearned to know of the suspected love affair that was brewing between John and Marie. This curiosity grew stronger and stronger with each passing moment until she could no longer accommodate its powerful force.

Smiling, Isabelle faced John and asked, "How did your date go with Marie? You two lovebirds were out quite late.." Isabelle let her sentence fall off with the hope that John would fill in the blanks to satiate her intense inquisitive nature.

As Isabelle awaited a response to her inquiry, an intense glow seemed to swarm over John. This aura engulfed John's entire being and he radiated with an energy that rivaled that of the flaming ball of fire that is known as the sun. A beaming smile was all that could be seen of John in the presence of such unparalleled magnificence.

Both Isabelle and Wolf were awed in the presence of the rays of light that shone forth from John and they instantly understood that John's date had gone extremely well. They knew this well in advance to his confirming it through spoken words.

"I had an absolutely fabulous time with the marvelous Marie," uttered John happily. "I couldn't have created a more perfect mate if I had the power to do so. She is the most intelligent, beautiful, and honorable woman I have ever met and I think we make a great couple. We have another date today and I have a surprise for her."

John maintained his charismatic disposition but was not forthcoming as to what the surprise might be. The joyous nature of John's behavior was contagious as Wolf and Isabelle became infected with the wonder and awe that John exuded. It was quite clear that John intended to present Marie with a substantial surprise but what exactly it might be, remained shrouded in the confines of John's mind.

As it was clear that John wasn't going to reveal the mystery, Isabelle combed her brain for ideas. It wasn't hard to place herself in her sister's shoes as to what she might enjoy, but she found it difficult to imagine what John had in mind as they were quite different. Perhaps it was something as simple as some flowers and a quick getaway to a resort spot, she thought. She was far from grasping the actual event John had in mind but she decided to wait and see what transpired.

A thought suddenly entered John's mind and he spoke it aloud, "As great a time as I have had with Marie, I don't recall asking her what school she teaches at. Might it be the school where we are going now," John asked in eager anticipation.

Isabelle responded with a disappointing air, "Sorry, John. You are going to have to wait until later to see Marie. We are headed to the Da Vinci school whereas Marie teaches over at the Plutarch school."

The luminescence that surrounded John seemed to momentarily flicker as he heard Isabelle's words but it quickly regained its vigor. A slight sprinkle of water would not douse the raging inferno that encompassed his entire being.

The hovercar rapidly descended downward towards their destination. The parking lot was filled with hovercars well in excess of the teachers and administration of the school. Word that the winner of the illustrious Klassen Medal, Wolfgang Gerhard, was giving a speech had obviously been spread among the people. Isabelle had never seen the lot so full in all the time she had brought her children to learn at the Da Vinci school.

Since hovercars are able to take off vertically, the vehicles were packed tightly together. Wolf landed their metallic silver craft next to a blue and a green hovercar. The trio exited the car and made their way to the school building which loomed invitingly several hundred meters away.

Isabelle noticed a slight change in Wolf's appearance and she wondered if he felt somewhat apprehensive. He was used to speaking to a small core of hardened veterans and not to an auditorium full of children and spectators. She was confident of his abilities but, to show her support, she interlocked arms with Wolf. He appreciated the gesture and responded by exchanging a loving glance with his wife.

The trio confidently strolled toward the school amid greetings of admiration and reverence at the site of the colossal figure of Wolf. The tingling surge of excitement that emanated from the three spread throughout those comrades whom they happened upon like a refreshing wave of sunlight that illuminates the land every morning to the gleeful delight of the chirping birds.

The troop quickly made its way into the school auditorium despite the fact that Wolf's speech wouldn't commence for nearly an hour. The auditorium was thronged with spectators and more were rushing in to fill the quickly depleting empty seats. Of course, the seats in the front of the grandiose hall were reserved for the children and for Wolf's own entourage.

The crowd already present became energized as word of Wolf's arrival spread throughout the assembly room. Not just those who actually caught a glimpse of Wolf were awed but even those that heard the whispers of his presence were impressed with his courage and tenacity that was contained within him and had led to his winning of the great Klassen Medal. It didn't matter to those that hadn't actually gazed upon Wolf because they could feel the power that his presence radiated.

Wolf wondered if this was what Emperor Magnus went through whenever he was in public. Wolf found that he was developing far more respect than ever before for the leader of the White Empire. To be the center of attention and the focus of such great respect could be overwhelming so only the greatest leaders should attempt it. Great power must be handled with great responsibility and old leaders must make way for the new.

These and other musings ran through Wolf's mind. He needed time to collect his thoughts and to go over his speech so he led the party into the school lounge for some peace and quiet. The lounge was a serene place where Wolf set upon studying his speech while John and Isabelle chatted pleasantly with the faculty.

The eldest son of Wolfgang Gerhard, Bernhardt, sat among his peers in History class. He enjoyed hearing of the fabulous victories that his Empire had won but right now his mind was occupied with his father's speech. It had been the talk of the school and young Ben was proud of his father and couldn't wait until he followed his dad in those large steps.

It was clearly obvious that Ben was the son of Wolf. The same shaved head and piercing gray eyes that his father had, were bequeathed unto his son. The large frame was clearly evident on Ben, who preferred wrestling over boxing which had led to a well sculpted physique despite the fact that Bernhardt was merely 8 years old. It was a testament to the Empire as it encouraged both physical and mental greatness in the form of athletics and learning. The Creator Supermen that existed were a product of this holy encouragement.

Thoughts of his father kept drifting into Ben's mind like a gentle breeze that tickles one's feet. Such enticement was pleasing but now was the time for his history lesson. It was his powerful will which must triumph over his being in order to learn about the History of the White Empire. It exercised its iron grip just in time as his history teacher, Mr. Himmler, called upon him to answer a question.

"What event changed the world so dramatically that is set the stage for the White Empire? Ben? " asked Mr. Himmler as he pointed towards the son of Wolfgang Gerhard.

Ben grinned and spoke confidently, "That would be the Creator revolution in the United States of America in the year 47AC. Our comrades valiantly defied our hated enemies, the Jews, and liberated the land. It marked the first time that America was cleansed of its muddy poison and, as a result, ushered in a new age of prosperity through the great teachings of Creativity and the World Church of the Creator."

Mr. Himmler had ceased being amazed at the quick mind that Ben possessed. Ben easily grasped events and remembered them brilliantly. He effortlessly completed his exams despite the fact that the standards in the Empire were extremely high and classes were becoming harder and harder as the White Race was becoming more intelligent.

It truly astounded this history teacher on how fast the citizens of the Empire were evolving. Himmler had seen the degradation of the world as a result of Jewish brain pollution so he had first hand knowledge of the effects of upbreeding and downbreeding. He had seen the cesspool of filth that characterized the Doom Age and was immensely glad to have survived that gloomy time to now live in the brilliant age of the White Empire.

At the ripe age of 80, Himmler was well suited to the profession of teaching as he had lived through many important events in the Empire. He had even made educational videos recounting the major events of the era. The wise old man persona represented Himmler well despite the fact that he didn't look old as he had the features and energy of a vibrant athlete.

"Excellent answer Ben," remarked Himmler admiringly. "The Creator Revolution sparked the flame that soon spread to other White countries. Many nations saw the great productivity and happiness within the newly named Creator States of America and duplicated the success by adopting Creativity and racial socialism. Canada and England were the first two nations to follow suit but the rest of Europe soon followed."

"Many intellectuals stressed unity between the different White nations to forge a new age in the world and to stop the warfare between our White brothers and sisters. It was stressed repeatedly that it was our common bond with the White Race that make us great and not ethnicity itself. It was stated that it didn't matter whether you were French or German but, rather, your membership among the White Race was what was important. Finally, this great idea was accepted and the White Empire was created which united all the White nations of the world."

"What year did this take place and what holiday do we celebrate to honor this momentous event?" asked Mr. Himmler inquisitively as he gazed around the room at the upstretched hands.

Mr. Himmler promptly called on a fair, brown haired girl named Hannah who responded with the answer of 57AC. The answer was correct and Himmler nodded approvingly before continuing his lecture.

"After the consolidation of the White Empire, a glorious age of enlightenment, happiness, and productivity ensued. The Empire excelled in all productive areas and was the predominant force on the planet that displayed such grand splendor that had never before been seen in the history of man. The Empire didn't concentrate its talent in one area like the Romans in the form of practical knowledge or the Greeks in speculative knowledge, but instead emphasized all learning and that is one of the reasons we are a greater civilization than either of them," remarked the figure of Himmler who loved emerging himself in the wonders of the White Race.

"The Empire was cleansed of the poison that had plagued it for centuries. This cancer was, of course, the muds and foremost among them was the hideous Jew. The Jews' paralyzing grip on the White nations of the world was finally destroyed and our comrades quickly regained their vitality at the removal of this thorn. Of course, the Jews went down kicking as they tried to start another war between our Brothers but they were unsuccessful as Creativity's enlightening ideology warned of such Jewish ploys."

Mr. Himmler took a breath while glancing around the room in case of any questions but, seeing none, continued, "After 10 years of peace and prosperity, the Empire decided to regain control of the world that had slipped from its grasp. In 67AC, Mexico and all of South America were conquered swiftly and almost effortlessly. The land was cleansed of our enemies and then colonization began. The same process occurred in 72AC in the Mideast and North Africa. We are presently engaged in the conquest of Africa and official word of total victory should be announced before the end of this 77th year of Creativity."

After glancing at the time, Himmler resumed speaking, "Are there any questions before we go to the auditorium to hear Captain Gerhard speak?"

Ben raised his hand and, after acknowledging Himmler's nod, spoke inquiringly, "When do you think we will conquer Asia and complete our world conquest?"

Himmler seemed prepared for this question and replied immediately, "I've been thinking about that a lot. Normally, we would cease our conquests while we solidified our hold on the newly conquered territory but, with the discovery of Chinese forces in South Africa, I believe we will soon be conquering Asia. It will probably take longer to conquer Asia as the gooks aren't as stupid as the niggers and there are literally billions of them. I would estimate that it would take 2 years to secure the area and complete our dominion of Earth. That day will surely be cause for a huge celebration, I am sure."

The sureness of victory that Mr. Himmler projected was common within the Empire, especially when one realized that thinking positive was encouraged as a virtue by the doctrines of Creativity. This healthy attitude had made the previous conquests and achievements of the Empire possible as failure was not an option.

Being satisfied that there were no further questions, Himmler organized the children into neat, disciplined rows as they marched off to the auditorium. The smiles that illuminated the children's faces reflected their excitement at the upcoming event although talking about it was improper at the moment as it would be impolite. Discipline was stressed at an early age with the schools playing their part to ensure an orderly society.

As Ben traipsed alongside his peers into the hall, he was warmly surprised by the vast multitude of people that were present to hear his father speak. It was a great feeling to the young lad as he was filled with pride at his father's talent and a pride in his Race as a whole. As many schoolboys do, Ben envisioned himself in his father's place but realized that there wouldn't be any enemies left on the planet by the time he would be old enough to join the military. Nevertheless, he still dreamed of heroic victories over the vile alien hordes that existed in the world.

Himmler directed the children to their predesignated seats which were situated near the center, three rows back. The children calmly and silently filed in, showing more poise at their tender age than the muds of the world ever exhibited in their lifetime. The children's well kept appearance of black dress pants and white dress shirts for the boys and black skirts with white blouses for the girls, represented the well oiled machine that was the White Empire. The shirts the boys wore and the blouses the girls wore both had the Creativity emblem emblazoned over the heart to symbolize that Creativity was the essence of their being.

The moment of truth was approaching and Ben was eager with anticipation. His brain seemed to salivate as he awaited his father's words like a starving wolf who sights a wholesome snack in the form of a tasty rabbit. Unlike the wolf, Ben knew he must been patient in order to secure his prize and nestled comfortably into his chair as he waited.

Patience was a trait that proved difficult for Ben but, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't accelerate time. He spotted his mother and John during his wait and flashed them a smile which they returned in kind. As he noticed the principal of the school, Mr. Thordin, about to make an announcement, he realized his wait was nearly over.

In a sea of well dressed patrons, Mr. Thordin stood out amongst them as his distinct Nordic features were clearly discernible. His tall, slim frame was accentuated by his fair skin, blonde hair and blue eyes. His matching dark blue suit, tie, and dress pants made his fair complexion more profound and marked. His appearance and demeanor made one wonder if he was a member of a long line of kings or some other ruling body.

Those who knew Thordin, knew that he was an excellent orator. He didn't want to emphasize this prowess in speaking though as he didn't want to upstage the main attraction—Wolfgang Gerhard. So those who were unfamiliar with him, didn't realize that his speech was refrained and subdued compared to his normal firebrand style which captivated audiences.

Thordin nobly ascended to the podium and addressed the eager crowd with an amiable tone, "RAHOWA!, ladies and gentleman. It is with great pleasure and honor that our school is host to the Klassen Medal winner. This fine July day witnesses the presence of a great and heroic man who routinely risks his life for our precious Empire. I now present to you, the one and only, Wolfgang Gerhard!"

Thunderous explosions of applause resonated throughout the hall as Wolf shook hands with Thordin and then replaced him near the podium. Although there were far less people in attendance here than the victory parade he had recently attended, it sounded far louder as they were located in a grandiose auditorium that echoed sound.

The cheers lasted longer than Wolf had anticipated and rolled on and on like the never ending crash of the waves of the ocean upon a battered beach. The extended ovation gave Wolf a chance to notice that several thousand spectators were easily accommodated in the facility. He was also impressed at the vaunted ceiling which seemed to soar upwards endlessly into the distant space outside of Earth's atmosphere.

The sheer immensity of the crowd that focused their attention solely on Wolf was daunting. Of course, the penetrating stares were of admiration and respect but they attacked Wolf's confidence nonetheless. He was accustomed to talking to his squad of Legionnaires which was comprised of only ten men so the contrast he was presented with was extremely large in numerical relation. Although doubts existed in his mind, he was able to defeat them and smash them to pieces before he began his speech.

Wolf held his head up high and extended his body to its full height before speaking, "RAHOWA my White Racial Comrades! I greatly appreciate this wonderful opportunity to affect our youth in a positive fashion. My thanks go out to the school board and especially to Mr. Thordin as it was his idea to allow me the honor of speaking before you today."

After stating his simple introduction, Wolf gained momentum and his confidence grew to greater heights as he realized how simple speaking was. It didn't compare to waging war with his foes in terms of danger but, to his surprise and delight, it opened the dam that held in his adrenaline. This elation made him consider doing more of public speaking but he must finish his present talk before thinking of the future.

After a momentary pause, Wolf continued his speech, "I'd like to talk about finding one's place within the Empire. I believe it is vital to one's own inner drive to find their desired niche in the world and then to focus on that spot. The only way the Empire will evolve is by those that excel in a certain area to concentrate their talent in that area and working with other experts in their particular field."

As Wolf was taught in speech class, he spoke with enthusiasm and gesticulated with hands quite often. He also darted his gaze about the entire hall so that he made everyone present believe that he was talking to them personally despite the fact that there were thousands present. As a result of these proven techniques, the crowd was enchanted by Wolf's speech. Wolf noted that, more often than not, the way one said something was more important than the actual words that the person spoke so he emphasized an energetic and confident disposition.

Examples ranging from politics to maintenance were presented by Wolf. He insisted that all the jobs within the Empire were vital to its growth and that one should take pride in whatever one's duties were. It was also important to do the best job possible to ensure the healthiness of the White Empire. Even though class warfare was virtually non existent, Wolf made a point of stressing that all citizens had a place somewhere in the world and to not cause strife as it would be a selfish act against the whole. He furthermore stated that this wasn't to say that all jobs were equal as the Emperor held the highest position in the land but to respect those men who were performing higher duties rather than cause inner turmoil.

After relating these points to the crowd, he communicated his own personal experience, "I have found my own place within our great land as a member of the Holy Legions. I believe that this profession is the one in which I am best suited and I enjoy fighting the enemies of our people. It is a great honor for me to secure the survival of our grand people and to be a part of the historic battles which our beloved Empire fights in."

Wolf paused momentarily as he let his words sink into the masses spread out in front of him before resuming, "Of course, with the spiritual advantage we have in the form of Creativity, heroism, and bravery combined with our technological might, there won't be much need for a powerful military force as I expect the entire world will be ours quite soon. I think a military force will be retained after our world victory but its main purpose will probably be to keep our soldiers in shape. Therefore, my personal function in life will have to change and I will have to evolve. Everyone should be prepared for such a time when our services will no longer be required or we grow too old to perform our duties adequately. I believe I will resume my boxing career after the wars are over but the main point is to think ahead and plan your future wisely."

Wolf was thoroughly enjoying speaking before his audience and enjoyed their undivided attention and nodding heads at the points he brought up but the individual most enjoying the lecture was his son, Ben. Ben was enthralled by the way his father forcibly spoke and gestured about while making valid arguments. He had seen great speakers before but this was his father, his flesh and blood. This simple fact transformed the occasion into a most memorable moment that was shared by father and son.

To further pound in his central theme of finding one's place in life, Wolf noted that one should try out as many interests as one could to determine if there is an unknown ability lurking within. He also praised the Empire for its policy of promoting great men so that geniuses such as Mozart and Beethoven would never go unappreciated in their time.

Wolf gave examples of success stories within the present time of those that had achieved glory and greatness by finding their calling in life. He mentioned the great engineer, Weissklug, who designed extraordinary military aircraft that were used to destroy the enemies of their realm. Also noted was the brilliant writer, Dostier, whose adventure stories inspired many to undertake great projects that they wouldn't have dreamed possible before reading the novels of Dostier. The final example Wolf gave was of the noble leader of the Empire, Magnus, who had ruled benevolently for years.

As Wolf prepared to finish his speech, he was pleased to notice that the crowd remained inviting which meant his oration hadn't dulled them into boredom. Because of this, Wolf regarded his speech as a success. Savoring the crowd's concentration, he proceeded to conclude his talk with the same amount of vibrance with which he had begun.

Like a mythological dragon whose breath was scorching fire, Wolf spewed forth words that enraptured his listeners, "In conclusion, I would again like to thank the school for presenting me with this honor. I hope that each and every one of you in attendance today can find their proper position in life and to live up to the great potential that lies within you as members of the astounding White Race. Take care my comrades and have a great day! RAHOWA!"

The crowd responded with a uproarious response greeting in the traditional "RAHOWA!" fashion that easily overpowered the commanding voice of Wolfgang Gerhard. This was followed by an even mightier applause that pounded relentlessly against the eardrums of the participants but which was welcomed as the morale of the spectators was improved by the outburst. This titanic clamor might have startled those unaware of its source as if a beast causing pandemonium had run amok but the reality of the source was one pleasing to the throng and to Wolf himself.

Having thoroughly enjoyed his speech, Wolf exited the area surrounding the podium to be graciously greeted by the crowd and his family. School was officially over so his family, consisting of his wife and their five children, ambushed him. Due to Wolf's immense size, every member of his family was able to embrace him at the same time which created an odd, but loving picture for those observing the spectacle.

Everyone around Wolf wished to congratulate him at the same time so it made for a convoluted utterance of words but the message was clear. The words that Wolf could make out most clearly were, "Great speech!" It was a truly invigorating feeling that was being exuded by the crowd and Wolf felt like he had just won a football game in the last seconds of the game but highly doubted whether he would be carried off on anyone's shoulders.

The entourage consisting of Wolf, Isabelle, their children, and John slowly made its way out of the auditorium. The crowd around them drained out of the building just as slowly as they desired to be in the presence of Wolf for as long as possible. Of course, Wolf was flattered at this and proceeded to shake anyone's hand who wished a handshake. Wolf had never known such fame and he enjoyed it immensely as it filled him with joy knowing that he was spreading happiness by his very presence.

The procession finally exited the Da Vinci school to the relative serenity of the parking lot. The fresh air seemed fresher and the birds that flew by seemed to chirp louder and in a more fanciful tune. It was an exulted time that finally made coherent communication possible as the troop was no longer in the hectic environment of the auditorium.

A jubilant Ben was the first to speak, "When will I give speeches like that father?"

Wolf smiled at the comment and responded pleasantly, "As soon as you make it happen, my young son. If that is your goal, then work hard to achieve it and accomplish your mission as I know you will."

John expressed his admiration at Wolf's speech, "That was a wonderful speech. I never knew you possessed such oratory ability. Have you ever thought about going into politics?"

Wolf was caught off guard by this statement and responded thoughtfully, "Thanks for the compliment, comrade. I think the energy that the crowd had affected me so that I could speak well. As for politics...I've never thought about that in my entire life. It is something to contemplate since we are surely to conquer the world shortly. Time will tell."

Wolf and his retinue filed into their hovercar on their voyage back home. Wolf was extremely happy with his performance and the appreciation he had received. He looked forward to speaking again in the future and mused about what topic he would choose. All in all, it had been a wonderful afternoon so far but his thoughts shifted to his comrade, John, who hadn't revealed the surprise he was to spring on Marie. What might it be, he thought.

White Empire - Chapter X

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

It was a partly sunny day where clouds slowly wafted by over the well populated picnic area in Salubrious Park. It was a hot day but the clouds overhead blocked much of the intense heat that was discharged by the raging fireball known as the sun. This relief was welcomed by some but for those who wished to avoid the glaring rays of the sun completely, there was ample shade provided by an assortment of trees that ranged in size from minuscule to mammoth.

The picnic area encompassed not only picnic tables for eating and conversing but also included space for a variety of sporting events. There were fields for football and soccer which were both being utilized to the joy of the players involved. There were also volleyball courts, tennis courts, baseball fields, and several basketball courts. The attraction that drew the most people, however, was the large swimming pool that seduced both young and old alike. With all the activities available, one was hard pressed to get bored especially considering the fact there was also an indoor recreational center where even more events were undertaken by the populace.

Generally speaking, most athletes prefer competing outdoors in the fresh air while basking in the healthy beams of Sol. Obviously, it isn't always sunny out so the brilliant engineers of the Empire devised a mechanical system to enclose the entire picnic area in a dome so that play can continue even when it is precipitating out. At the first sign of precipitation, warning alarms will sound to notify the athletes, and then metal walls will emerge from beneath the surface to encase the entire area in a protective shell. Of course, there are security features to ensure the safety of the competitors involved.

The dome provided light, heat, or cooling as was required and ensured that sport was always alive on the grounds. Doors were spaced at intervals that would allow entry without disrupting the games inside. The dome itself was a marvelous feat to behold as it was a technological wonder amid the primitiveness of nature. The actual process of the formation of the dome was truly amazing as it seemed to appear from nowhere and take on a life of its own as it grew to its proper height.

Despite the clouds that rolled on overhead at the ceiling of the sky, it was obvious that the dome wouldn't come into play today as the clouds were scattered and unimposing. This boded well for the denizens of the park, including John Granger and Marie Benini who were helping to keep the park well maintained. The occupants of the parkland were accustomed to a high degree of excellence and John felt honored to partake in the maintenance of the park in any way that was needed.

Since the vast majority of the inhabitants of the Empire respected nature, it was extremely rare to find litter scattered about. Even if this did happen, chances are that anyone seeing the trash would immediately dispose of it properly. As a result of this, the main task required was gardening and keeping the trails free of debris when Mother Nature lashed out at the world in the form of storms.

As it was, John and Marie were presently engaged in transplanting carnation flowers amid the numerous other flowers. The white, pink, and red leaves were aesthetically pleasing to the eye while the pleasant smell was reminiscent of clove. Gardening wasn't John's favorite activity but he was honor bound to help Marie and he was delighted at the enjoyment which Marie took from beautifying the land.

Seeing the enjoyment in Marie's face made the gardening seem tolerable and almost enchanting. Granted, John didn't think he would ever take up the hobby by himself but he would gladly assist Marie in the endeavor just to see the contentment it brought her. He wondered if she would do the same for him.

As John immersed himself in the process of enriching the quality of the land, his attention was captured by a young mother who was sitting at a nearby picnic table with her children. She was reading the children a fairy tale and was quite animated in the process which led the children to spurts of giggles and outright laughter. John was reminded of his own mother whom he planned on seeing soon and looked forward continuing the long golden chain of the White Race by raising children of his own.

The story the mother told was instantly recognizable as a Brothers Grimm story called the Jew Among Thorns. It was a classic tale of a honest, hard working man who triumphed over a pernicious Jew who deceived the law but met justice in the end. It was an parable that used tons of humor to keep its audience entertained while it exposed a deceptive Jew and dealt with him accordingly.

The sight of a loving mother with her charming children made John think more of the increasingly dominant topic in his mind of rearing children. He was surrounded and barraged by the laughter of children no matter where he went and the pull to have children of his own became more prevalent as each day passed. Was Marie the one for him? He hoped this was the case but love could be such a fickle issue.

Marie noticed the aloofness that John exuded and asked, "What are you thinking about John? You seem to be living among the clouds today."

Snapped out of his daydream, John was slow to reply, "I've been thinking of the future and how I want to have children. I keep seeing all these children and yearn for my own. I see Wolf and Isabelle with their wonderful children, all the children at the school I was at earlier, and even here at the park and it makes me wonder when I will have my own."

Marie nodded in approval before resuming her work. She wondered frantically when John might reveal what his surprise was that she had learned of by talking with her sister, Isabelle. She thought John would show his affection more in a sentimental, spiritual type manner rather than a materialistic fashion which meant perhaps he might have written some poetry for her or something in a similar vein. Her mind contemplated furiously on the topic until the couple decided to take a break.

Wiping a slight trickle of sweat from her brow, Marie urged, "Let's take a break, John. I could use a bite to eat and we can interrupt the tranquil serenity of our surrounding by having a nice conversation."

John silently agreed while he carried their picnic basket over to a picnic table to take their rest. Both occupants were comforted by the rest and proceeded to sit leisurely at the table. The contents of the basket were emptied, revealing a tasty assortment of fruits and nuts that Marie had assembled. Also included was a thermos full of ice cold orange juice that was extremely attractive to both of the volunteers.

After gulping down several swigs, Marie could no longer hold in her curiosity of what John was planning in the form of a surprise and blurted out, "What is the big surprise you are planning for me??"

John was taken aback by her outburst but didn't reveal his stupefaction outwardly. His mind quickly assessed how Marie found out about the treat he had prepared for her. Either Wolf or Isabelle had told her, and he was betting on Isabelle as the two were sisters. After this deduction, John chuckled softly while gazing at the attractive figure that Marie presented.

Smirking graciously, John questioned Marie, "Where did you hear such a thing?" He paused while waiting for a response but Marie simply eyed him curiously while waiting for him to continue. "Ok, ok. I do have a present for you and I need to have a serious discussion with you."

The element of surprise was gone from John's presentation so he decided to use suspense as his tool. He hadn't anticipated the leaking of his surprise to Marie but, like any good tactician, he could adapt to the problems that arose and form new plans. With surprise, a person was stunned or shocked by a revelation and, if positive in nature, was a heart warming experience. Suspense was an altogether different creature as one was aware that something was coming but what it might be remained a mystery until it was revealed. Therefore, the process was different but the end positive result was possible in both.

In order to build the suspense, John started eating his meal despite the penetrating stare that Marie threw at him. She obviously expected him to continue their discussion and her glare burned into his skull like the searing inferno exuded from a deadly flame-thrower. Despite the roaring blaze that consumed him from the intense heat of the day and from Marie's biting gawk, John calmly peeled and ate a brilliant yellow banana.

Marie appeared as though she were a hot, bubbling cauldron that would erupt at any moment and John took this as a sign to end the drama he had been evoking. He had no desire to make Marie mad. His aim was to tickle her curiosity to make his presentation to her that much more wonderful. He had hoped to delay the climax longer but he felt compelled to unravel what he hoped was a wonderful package that Marie would enjoy for a long time to come.

John exuded charisma as his took Marie's hands into his own and spoke to her elegantly, "I have really enjoyed spending time with such an all around beautiful woman. I have had girl friends in the past but none have compared to you in terms of intelligence, beauty, and integrity. I know that we met only a few scant days ago but it feels like I've known you all my life. In short, I adore you and, indeed, I love you. I would like to make our relationship a lasting, permanent one."

Marie was beset by a whirlwind of emotions as she listened to John's words. Her initial frustration on not knowing the unknown was being swept away in elation and anxiousness. She wondered if he could possibly be thinking of what she thought. No, it couldn't be...They had only known each other for a few days.

Marie watched intently as John reached inside his pocket and pulled out a glimmering diamond ring. It would seem her question was about to be answered. Her apprehensiveness increased as she waited for John to speak.

John presented the ring to the glamorous Marie and asked confidently, "Will you marry me?"

It was true! He was asking her, Marie, to marry him. A feeling like she had never experienced before, overwhelmed her. She assumed it was love but it was far more powerful than what she normally attributed love to. It was a powerful exhilaration that easily rivaled a supernova in the grand scheme of things in the universe.

While he awaited her response, John marveled at the intense emotion that was brightly shining forth from Marie's essence. He knew she would respond in the affirmative and wished he could contain the tremendous quantity of love that spewed forth from her like a luxurious fountain. After the realization that

Marie would concur with the marriage, John mirrored the exaltation that Marie experienced. Such energy existed between the two that a passerby might well believe that the couple could create entire galaxies at their simplest behest.

Extending her fingers toward John, Marie wordlessly accepted his marriage proposal. John slid the shimmering ring onto her supple fingers but Marie took little notice of the ring as John was the focus of her adoration. The ring itself was simply a symbol of love and it didn't matter to Marie if it held a piece of aluminum or a massive diamond. As it was, the ring boasted of an ornately designed diamond that would awe any diamond lover.

Marie glanced briefly at the ring on her finger and then focused her attention on John's entrancing cerulean eyes before finally verbally answering John's marriage proposal, "Of course I'll marry you John Granger!"

The newly engaged couple made their way around the picnic table to embrace each other in a tender embrace to the enthusiastic applause of a surrounding crowd that had watched the whole dramatic event. The couple had been so totally immersed in each other, that they had been totally oblivious to the onlookers that had been attracted by the momentous event. John kissed Marie passionately despite the throng that gathered around them and this signaled the crowd to disperse, which they presently did.

As the pair returned to their meal, thoughts of the wedding raced through Marie's mind. There were so many preparations to make that it was difficult to formulate all the possibilities. They had to send invitations, secure a hall for the wedding, find a Minister and many other details that varied from large details like gathering food for the wedding, to minuscule items such as what kind of shoes she would wear. She was sure to garnish a lot of support from the Creator Temple that she volunteered at and would probably have the wedding there with her good friend, Reverend Werner, marrying the two.

John ate his food swiftly but his concentration was on the pristine beauty of Marie and the love that he felt for her. It was extremely rewarding knowing that she reciprocated the passion which he felt for her. He felt as though he were living a fairy tale and anything he desired would become his if only he willed it so. His physical body mechanically devoured whatever food lay in front of him but his thoughts were soaring in the heavens above with his soon to be wife, Marie.

A sudden thought surfaced in Marie's mind and she made it known in an inquisitive fashion, "There are so many things to be planned but when exactly do you propose we should marry? Have you thought of any specific date?"

If a superior officer were present, then he would surely scold John for his lack of planning in the area of the precise date of the wedding. John hadn't thought about a date whatsoever as he was under the impression that once Marie agreed to marry, then that was the end of it. They would marry and live happily ever after, like all the other children's stories. The realization that he was living in the real world hit him like a woodsman whose axe sliced through wood with little effort. Love had truly effected John Granger.

John took his time before responding to Marie's missive but finally verbalized his thoughts, "Love has consumed me in such a fashion that I haven't even given the date a single thought before now. Since I will be returning to the Air Force within the week, perhaps we could marry Friday or Saturday. What do you think?"

The swiftness of their courtship was amazing and it seemed perfectly suitable to marry so soon but the reality of it all was settling in on Marie and making her think that perhaps they should plan the wedding a few months down the road to see how things went. Traditionally, this was how a wedding was scheduled but their dating had been like the blitzkrieg warfare of World War II. A battle raged on within Marie as she struggled with marrying sooner or later.

The response that Marie emitted came hesitantly, "I think we should really put some thought into the date. In the meantime, why don't we just enjoy the moment and go watch some football?"

Comfortingly, John retorted in an understanding fashion, "I understand your position. I enjoy doing anything with you, my dear. So, I'd love to watch football with you."

As the couple started off towards the football field, a thought suddenly occurred to John which caused him to ask, "Do you think you could take the rest of the week off and accompany me to my parent's house? Since we are getting married, I think your school would understand and I just know my folks will like you. It would be quite a pleasant surprise for them."

It was obvious by the look on Marie's face that she approved the suggestion and responded accordingly, "That's a fabulous idea! I think the school will understand but I want you to meet my parents first. I am tired of talking now. Let's go enjoy this monumental moment in silence as we appreciate how important this event is in our lives."

Moved by Marie's words, John extended his hand which was immediately accepted by Marie as she clasped it enthusiastically in her own. The couple trekked off while a brilliant glowing aura encased the duo in its protective shell.

The shining luminescence danced playfully to the park dwellers that they passed on their way to view the football players. The loving power that pervaded the atmosphere around John and Marie leapt to a strikingly dressed young man carrying a briefcase, a woman walking her dog, and a couple that looked married. For some reason, this force didn't affect a fellow who must have been extremely hot as he was wearing a heavy black trench coat and who hadn't returned John's greeting like the other comrades had. In no mood to douse the glorious fire that burned within him, John dismissed the man as someone who just didn't care for social interaction.

An urge came over John as they entered the area surrounding the football field to join the athletes but this feeling was quickly suppressed when he glanced at his tremendous prize of Marie. They chose to sit in the grass near the endzone instead of sitting in the bleachers that were placed near midfield. That way, they would be close to the action but also have a little privacy to enjoy their own company.

The football players weren't a part of any organized league and their simple uniforms of wearing blue and red shirts respectively, emphasized this point. The competitors were simply friends who enjoyed athletic events and took pleasure in their own company. Happily and enthusiastically the athletes played, to the sheer delight of the sprinkling of spectators that viewed the event.

Despite Marie's suggestion to come watch the football game, the couple was only vaguely aware of the football happenings. The couplet could feel the excitement discharged by the sportsmen and it reinforced their own comfort even though it didn't compare in sheer intensity to the immense tenderness and love that John and Marie felt. John wondered if any force in the universe could disrupt the cozy world which Marie and he shared.

Despite being in his own sheltered galaxy at the moment, John did notice the man he saw earlier who was wearing the black trench coat. The haggard individual sat down next to John which afforded John the opportunity to study the man and his out of place demeanor. In another era, this type of person would have been a rather common sight and would have been called a vagabond or a bum but the downtrodden man was completely out of place within the Empire.

With unkempt brown hair and a beard that looked as though it could easily be infested with vermin, the man stood out like a scribbling of stick figures in the Louvre. The odor that the man emanated reeked of some foul substance that John thought might have been alcohol. Upon noticing the wanderer's eyes, it was painstakingly clear that the man was intoxicated by some drug. Of course this was illegal within the Empire and John felt compelled to turn the vagrant over to the authorities.

After whispering his intent to Marie, John stood up and spoke to the man, "Sir, please come with me."

Groggy and disoriented, the hollow eyed beggar slowly rose to his feet in blind acquiescence. Despite the lackadaisical manner with which the rascal presented, John was alert and ready to respond to any attack that the desperate man might try. John focused his attention on the vulgar man while he activated the phone capability on his watch and contacted the police.

Despite the military training, cat like reflexes, and agility that John possessed, he was unable to prevent what happened next. The bum, whose unhealthiness was totally alien to the Empire, undertook an action that wasn't threatening nor was it an act of fleeing. This was why John was unable to avert the series of events that would forever change his life.

Unsuspectingly, the trench coat clad villain had purposely fallen to the ground while flinging his coat wide open. What lay beneath the jacket was a tangled maze of wires that surrounded the archaic explosive named dynamite. Insanely, the man laughed and laughed as he saw the look of shock and horror that was painted on Marie's face.

Finally recovering from the unexpected movement, John dove towards the man's hand that held the switch that was connected to the dynamite. "Death to the Empire!" screamed the demented villain as he pressed the switch that triggered the explosion of the dynamite just as John's body crushed into the beggar.

The sincere honor of the citizens, the effectiveness of the police force, and the overall greatness of the

White Empire couldn't thwart the catastrophic devastation that engulfed the park that day in the form of a deadly explosion that killed three people while injuring many others. Just as no person was perfect and could always evolve, no Empire was without flaws and improvement was always possible.

White Empire - Chapter XI

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

The tragic death of John and Marie by an estranged terrorist had smashed the tranquil serenity of the Gerhard house. The news had struck the family like a colossal hammer that was wielded by a blacksmith who was busy in his craft of making swords. Differing emotions swept through the house but all were intense.

The children, not being familiar with death, were in a general state of disillusionment at the loss of their Aunt and family friend. They were unsure of the exact ramifications of death as they had never lost a loved one before. This led to the kids seeking and receiving the guidance and love of their parents.

Losing her baby sister tore at Isabelle's heart and caused her much grief and anguish. Isabelle and Marie had been very close sisters and had shared their inner secrets with one another. The announcement that Marie and John were getting married made the terrible loss even worse. Isabelle could tell how much the couple enjoyed each other and it looked to be the beginning of a wonderful life. Due to the maniacal actions of one demented degenerate, the dream of a family was ended for John Granger and Marie Benini.

The loss of a sister in law and best friend had infuriated Wolf. He felt like ripping the limbs from the dastardly villain who had taken the lives of his friends away but the remains of this enemy were in tiny pieces already. Wolf's muscles flexed and tensed as he felt the primordial rage that was present, but usually dormant, in all men. It was an anger and hatred that had been harnessed effectively in the past by warriors, like the Berzerkers, and that was used today to fight the enemies of the Empire. Wolf knew that his comrade's death would be a motivating factor but he wondered whether this was an isolated event or was part of a larger conspiracy.

The news had affected other citizens in the Empire as well even though they didn't know the victims. It showed the concern and caring nature that exuded from the Empire. This form of socialism or working together for the improvement of an empire, was vital to the development of the White Empire as selfish interests would only divide and fragment the Empire and lead to its disintegration.

The Empire announced that they were investigating the heinous act but, as of yet, there was no indication of a conspiracy. Despite this, rumors abounded throughout the land that it was an enemy terrorist. Rumors that the man had been poisoned by Jewish pollution ran rampant. Due to these rumors, the war fever increased as more and more citizens urged the destruction of the enemies of the White Empire and the creation of a Whiter, Brighter World.

The inhabitants of some countries would have been terrified and timid after such a destructive disaster. This was not the case within the Empire. The populace was aggravated and angry which led to a stronger unity than had existed before. If, indeed, the militant act was a part of a greater plot that was trying to stir up rebellion, then it was a total failure with the opposite effect occurring.

Since the calamity that had befallen John and Marie two days ago, the families of both victims had received a tremendous amount of love and support from people they never knew. The sheer size of the crowd that attended the funeral amazed the Granger and Benini families. While both John and Marie served the Empire faithfully and to the best of their abilities, the immensity of the funeral seemed to indicate a national figure had passed away rather than an Air Force pilot and a history teacher.

In addition to the family of the victims and the concerned citizens, Emperor Magnus himself was attending the funeral to convey his condolences. The mere fact that the Emperor of the White Empire was present indicated how rare such unfortunate events were. Also present at the funeral was a band, caterers, and Church officials.

Some cultures and traditions held that a funeral was to be a time of mourning and misery but not in the Empire. Since Creativity was the official religion of the White Empire, its healthy, optimistic creed encased all aspects of life, including death. A Creator funeral celebrated the achievements of the deceased and the greatness of the White Race as a whole. This type of funeral stressed that death was inevitable and to enjoy the time one had in the world while being a productive, responsible, and honorable member of the Empire.

Being fruitful and multiplying was a basic premise in the religion of Creativity and immortality was possible, in a metaphoric way, by having a family and continuing the long golden chain of the White Race. Having children was a major and lasting contribution to the White Race and this joy was denied to John and Marie. For the masses, this bestowal was the greatest donation and joy to the White Race but other accomplishments would have to be presented in the case of the John and Marie.

The funeral was taking place inside the majestic Creator Temple that was the center of town. The temple was unlike the shrines of past religions as it contained a host of facilities above and beyond those for preaching the faith. These included a large library, a gargantuan gymnasium, a recreation center, a salubrious center for fasting and caring for the sick, and other smaller rooms for socializing. As a result of the variety of activities available within the shrine, it was the focus of life within any city. The smaller towns like Heimburg only had one Creator Temple but the larger cities had many such buildings.

Like all architecture within the Empire, the Creator Temple was innately designed with a confident immensity that reflected the attitude of the land. Towers arose from the four corners and the center of the structure with the Holy Flag of Creativity atop each tip. The tower in the center was the highest one and soared hundreds of meters into the air as it seemed symbolic of the principle within the Empire of reaching for the stars. The view from this tower was amazing and it was a favorite spot for photographers as well as artists who drew inspiration from the magnificent view.

The grandiosity of the temple was awe inspiring but it was not a dull vastness as the walls of the construction were adorned with intricately crafted figures of glory and greatness. Paintings of heroic fighters, tireless workers, and loving mothers gave the temple a life of its own and countless writers had thought of superb stories after viewing the art painted on the walls by artisans of great skill. Statues of gallant warriors that each represented a knightly figure of the past, encircled the area and stood guard over the premises.

The general shape of the shrine was circular like the Coliseum of Rome, only the size was far larger. The temple was encased in a dome whose golden hue attracted the eye of many pilots. This golden dome represented the crown which the White Race wore as Nature's Finest. This was complimented by the black walls and colorful friezes that created a pleasing delight for the eye to behold.

Such was the place where the funeral festivities took place. The clergy had finalized the preparations when the masses, dressed in their finest clothes, came to pay their respects by filing slowly into the hall of the temple. Following them and showing the expansive nature of the hall, were a division of Air Force pilots. Entering lastly was the great Emperor Magnus and his elite guard known as the Sacred Paladins.

The people, besides the soldiers and the presiding Minister, seated themselves comfortably. The general feeling of the hall was that of joy although an occasional angered expression revealed the bitterness that the tragic attack caused. Wolf had come to grips with the reality of the deaths although he wished to investigate the catastrophe further. That would have to wait, however, as Reverend Werner approached the pulpit to start the festivities.

Rev. Werner was a short man of wide, solid features that clearly indicated that he kept in shape but the dark blue suit he wore hid his physique. He had short brown hair that was kept meticulously combed and intense brown eyes that exuded seriousness. Those who attended the reverend's sermons were well aware of his playful nature, though, and knew that he was simply a little kid trapped inside the body of a 55 year old man. This quiet man was a master of his emotions and strived continually to maintain a healthy, positive disposition and today, when it was more important than usual, he succeeded admirably in this endeavor.

The minister beamed brilliantly before speaking to the silent crowd, "Greetings my most respected comrades. Despite the tragic death of John Granger and Marie Benini, this is a time of joy and celebration. Even in the darkest and dirtiest places, there is always hope and we Creators find that gorgeous grandiosity of greatness wherever we look. Therefore, we must celebrate the honorable accomplishments that these two comrades have bestowed on our people and look towards the future."

The orchestra located at the front of the hall started playing the famous symphony, Wanderlust, by the ultra popular composer, Erwin Grieger. Although one could draw their own stories from music, it was a commonly held notion that the musical composition told the tale of a youthful adventurer who traveled around the world in search of glory. Although repeatedly asked about the tale the symphony told, Grieger wasn't forthcoming as he believed that to reveal his thoughts would limit the imagination of those who listened to the rousing opus. The music was well suited to the occasion with its gallivanting swirl of joyful sounds that animated the crowd. This animation was shown through the gentle swaying of the crowd that reminded one of a graceful waltz.

The melody visibly affected Rev. Werner as he appeared more electrified as he continued his eulogy, "Having known Marie Benini for years, I can accurately state the tremendous impact that she has had on our community. She tirelessly devoted herself to the Church and was willing to help out in any way that she could. The park that she adored was well taken care of and she played a large role in that maintenance. I believe that her greatest contribution, though, was her dedication to teaching and molding our children into exemplary students by teaching history. Her patience with our youth was quite amazing and I never heard of one student who didn't adore her."

As was the custom of the day, Werner took a step back from the podium and started clapping vigorously. This prompted the audience to follow suit, which they did enthusiastically. The crowd's appreciation for Marie Benini was registered by the intense fervor that accentuated the applause. Even the orchestra played its part as the music reached its highest peak precisely when the acclaim began.

Reverend Werner returned to the podium and silenced the crowd before resuming the eulogy, "Even though this is not John Granger's hometown, his family thought it appropriate for the services to be held here as he recently became engaged in our very own Salubrious Park. So even though I didn't know him personally, I have heard of his great expertise in flying and his great dedication to the Air Force. He bravely flew many missions in the service of our wonderful Empire. The Air Force will surely miss his great skills but his death will most assuredly encourage other pilots to attain greater and greater heights."

Again, the crowd bellowed uproariously in delight. This time it was in gratitude of John's contributions to the Empire. The crowd was louder this time due to the sheer happiness and pleasure they were having as they listened to the deeds of fallen comrades who had pledged their lives to the Empire and Creativity.

As radiant as ever, Rev. Werner proceeded to conclude his eulogy by encouraging everyone to look towards the future and playing their part in making the Empire greater. He always felt it was great inspiration to hear the tales of the great people and he hoped that the contributions of the fallen Creators would help someone on the path to greatness.

Family members of both victims addressed the audience by telling tales of great experiences of the past. Many anecdotes were told of Marie when she was a playful child and John when he was a adventuring teenager. All of the stories were greeted pleasantly by the amiable audience. Each progressive story raised the level of excitement within the hall like a cascading avalanche that continued to gather power with each passing second.

The time came when Wolfgang took his turn at speaking on behalf of John Granger. Despite losing his best friend, Wolf was, like virtually everyone in the temple, in good spirits. Quickly and energetically, he approached the platform where he was to speak. The crowd ushered him in jovially and it was clearly apparent that the audience loved to cheer.

Wolf spoke emotionally about his fallen brother, "John Granger was my best friend and was the greatest comrade a man could have. Even though we didn't spend much time together, we were very close. Being fellow soldiers, I know that his demise will provide me with a more intense fire than ever before. Woe to the enemies of the Empire! In tribute to a great soldier and even better friend, I am dedicating the Klassen Medal that I recently won to the Granger family."

Such an intense and powerful display of gratitude was not lost on the masses that thronged the hall. The audience again erupted in jubilation at the grand gesture Wolf had bestowed on John. The loyalty Wolf had for his deceased compatriot was amazing and showed the honorable character of Wolfgang Gerhard. It was obvious that honor was a magnificent virtue that was held in high esteem by all as the crowd roared its approval.

Wolf held the Klassen Medal aloft and the origins of the design were plainly evident as it was in the shape of a white shield with a red crown in the center. The shield represented battle while its white color signified the White Race. The red in the crown represented blood while the crown itself reflected greatness in heroism and bravery. Of course the crowd was well aware of the significance of the medal and cheered louder than before when Wolf placed it upon the memorial stand of John Granger that was situated behind the podium.

After presenting the medal and saluting the crowd, Wolf returned to his seat amid great outpourings of love and tenderness. A feeling of awe swept over Wolfgang bringing thousands of goosebumps with it to amplify the emotional explosion. He contemplated the extraordinary power of Creativity as it was able to turn a tragic occasion into a glorious and positive event full of celebration.

The grand Emperor Magnus approached the speaking platform and Wolf found himself transformed from the center of attention to a part of the ecstatic crowd almost instantly. The transference of roles didn't dampen Wolf's spirits whatsoever. Quite the contrary actually, as it served to catapult him into great remembrances of days past and to give the events that surrounded him a mythical quality. For obvious reasons, his mind focused on his first meeting with John Granger and the fun they had while playing football.

As Wolf was recalling the past, Emperor Magnus had taken the pulpit to the by then common roaring celebration of the crowd. As a conductor leading an orchestra, Magnus repeatedly saluted the crowd with a big "RAHOWA!" with the crowd responding each time with a tremendous roar. The scene was like a forming wall of water when Magnus spoke to the crash of a crushing wave when the audience responded.

After working the populace into a feverish pitch of excitement, Magnus finally decided to speak in his usual charismatic fashion, "Greetings my White Racial Comrades! It is a wonderful day to honor and pay our respects to two fallen comrades who were loyal members of the White Race. I regret that these two Creators have passed away but this joyous spectacle would surely have pleased them. Rest assured, brothers and sisters, we are investigating the affairs surrounding the death of John Granger and Marie Benini."

Magnus was a tremendous orator as he gestured hypnotically and changed the pitch in his voice whenever he wanted to emphasize a point or downplay an event. Like all politicians of the day, he was trained to preach as all politicians were required to be ministers within the Church. This effectively combined the state and the Church so that only the best interests of the White Race were discussed. This combination led to a unity and loyalty to the White Empire that was unparalleled in the history of the White Race and made the Empire an unstoppable juggernaut that would easily smash any resistance with the greatest of ease.

Surveying the crowd intently like an artist admiring a sculpture, Magnus continued his praise of the fallen heroes, "It has come to my attention that John Granger was an excellent aviator. This man soared through the skies while destroying our enemies like a gallant eagle plucking helpless mice from the ground and devouring them mightily. He daringly flew over one hundred missions from South America to the Middle East to Africa. This man did his duty to the Empire faithfully without ever asking for any special treatment but I believe that he deserves a glorious honor today to repay his loyal servitude to the Air Force."

As the expert showman that he was, the regal Emperor abruptly cut off his speech to allow his words to sink into the minds of the audience. He paced slowly back and forth like a man who was conducting a laboratory experiment and was tremendously interested in the outcome.

After prolonging the suspense until a sizable portion of the crowd had literally moved to the edge of their seats, Emperor Magnus thundered mightily, "In remembrance of the honorable warrior John Granger, I officially announce the formation of the Granger Award. This honor, awarded annually, will be bestowed upon the best pilot in the Air Force. The great contribution this man presented to the Empire will be remembered forever!"

The crowd was visibly impressed by the creation of the award but Magnus didn't allow them to let the event sink in as he wanted to combine the accolades of both victims rather than distinctly separate them. Due to this, he continued rapidly, "Marie Benini gave herself to the Empire but in a far different way. She enlightened our children about the powerful knowledge of days gone by. Through history, she bestowed upon our youth pride and confidence as they learned of the glory and greatness that our wonderful race has taken part in. Even though teaching is a great commitment, Marie somehow found time to volunteer her services to the Church and the local park. This hard work and dedication must not be forgotten."

Magnus deliberately repeated the great deeds bestowed upon the Empire by the pair as he realized that repetition was a good teaching tool. In this way, the actions wouldn't be forgotten but, instead, ingrained in the memories of all that were present and all that viewed the event via television. He was sure that Marie Benini would have approved of the pedagogical tool that he was employing.

The tempo of Magnus's words quickened as he neared the climax of his oration, "Even though the annual awards that are given to the best teachers within the Empire aren't usually announced until the end of the year, I declare that, under the circumstances, Marie Benini as the winner of the Herodotus award for best history teacher. To give everyone an idea of how great a teacher Marie was, this is the third year in a row that she has won the distinguished honor!

"I officially declare that a monument to honor these comrades, and all loyal, productive citizens who experience untimely deaths, to be built in remembrance of those who have enriched the greatness of the Empire. This monument will display the gratitude of the Empire and will, most fittingly, be built at Salubrious Park by our strong construction work force."

Magnus was at the apex of his speech and boomed triumphantly, "These two illustrious comrades lived their life for the Empire and now that we have shown our gratitude, we must eat, drink, and be merry like they would have wanted! Let us give one final round of applause for our fallen comrades and the Empire they served! Aut vincere aut mori!"

Although it might not have seemed possible, the concourse detonated its approval louder than ever before causing an explosion of excitement that ripped through the temple into the stratosphere above. This enchanting ecstasy then sprinkled down upon the city like a soothing rain after a blistering summer day. A supreme power was at work within the Empire to cause such brilliant outbursts of joy and jubilation. That power was Creativity.

The crowd was so caught up in celebrating that it didn't notice the passage of time at all. At least twenty minutes passed before the crowd ceased its roaring and the music stopped playing its frantic deluge of symphonic barrages that complimented the audience like a surfer atop the growing platform of an unstoppable tsunami. Finally, the last hurrah was extinguished and the people took a momentary rest before proceeding to take the advice of the Emperor and enjoy the company of their compatriots by eating and socializing.

The Creators slowly exited the meeting hall of the temple and filed into the other areas of center. Some went to the mess hall in order to fulfill their hungers while others went to the numerous activity centers filled with games and sports to keep one occupied. The air was singed with an electric feeling of excitement so that no matter where a person went, he was assured of having a good time.

Most of the soldiers that were present went to the vast recreation center where they played sports ranging from basketball to wrestling. It was a typical scene of the physical camaraderie that soldiers take part in. The competition was especially fierce as the warriors wished to claim victory for their comrade who was no longer with them. Being the knights that they were, they reveled in such activities and the grunts and groans of physical exertion that were heard were an indicator of the effort put forth that brought the sweet reward of a natural high.

The families of John Granger and Marie Benini met for the first time as they ate in the mess hall. Each shared stories of their lost clan member to the enjoyment of all. Just as John and Marie had hoped, the two families got along great even though it was without them. Wolf especially enjoyed the socializing as he learned more about his best friend.

Despite the funeral festivities starting in the morning, the celebrations continued on well into the night. The Creator Temple was overflowing with life which showed that, despite what devastations may abound, Creativity's brilliant light would always shine. This clearly indicated to the world that no force in the universe could douse the sublime flame of Creativity that spread euphoria around the globe with its powerful message.

White Empire - Chapter XII

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

It had been an eventful week away from the military for Wolfgang Gerhard but duty called and he had returned to the Holy Legions. Time with his family was always enjoyable but the deaths of his comrades weighed heavily upon him like the crushing force felt by a submarine thousands of feet underwater. Wolf, like the submarine, had a thick shell that was hard to damage despite any powerful force that might relentlessly hammer away at his protective armor.

The casual observer would never notice the fiery rage inside Wolf that flared up at the thought of his best friend, John Granger. The burning desire for revenge enveloped him and he knew that, no matter what the future held, it would provide encouragement for him to crush the adversaries of the Empire. The vengeful whirlwind that swirled within him had led him to the office of General Valberg so that he could request permission to transfer to the clandestine intelligence gathering division known as the Shadow Corps.

Being a captain and a winner of the highly regarded Klassen Medal, Wolf didn't have a problem getting an audience with the leader of the Holy Legions. Legionnaires kept extremely busy with training but General Valberg seemed never to sleep and it was playfully rumored that he was a robot who never ceased to be working on something. Despite his busy schedule, he always managed to keep his appointments right on time. The only reason Wolf was waiting was due to the fact that he had arrived at the reception area fifteen minutes early.

The reception area had a tranquil feel as military marches softly hummed through the speakers. Wolf was the only person present but there was room for many others as there were ornately designed chairs that were of the finest design. In typical military fashion, the walls were adorned with paintings of great battle scenes. Each painting had a description of the battle and a wide scope of history was presented as ancient battles such as Thermopylae and Issus were depicted as well as the modern victories the Empire were triumphant in. The paintings and the marches that reverberated throughout the room gave the room a mystical feeling of glory and honor that warfare rightfully deserved.

In the center of the room was the automated reception desk that allowed one to check on the availability of the ruling elite of the Holy Legions. Wolf had already checked in and awaited the message from the general that he was ready to receive him. Several people could access the desk at once which made it much more efficient than a human doing the task. Since productivity and efficacy were so paramount within the Empire, this automation granted extra time to the soldiers who could get in better shape and learn more.

Wolf was nestled comfortably in his chair as he was reading the daily news off of a computer pad. Several of these hand held devices were located within the table that was situated next to him. They provided a wealth of information from mammoth encyclopedias to the vastness of the internet. Games were also available on the pad with war and strategy games being the most popular for obvious reasons.

The big news that was running rampant in the Empire was the official announcement of war against the Asian forces. The consolidation of Africa was complete and the only hostile forces were now in Asia. The Asians were aligned in the Asian Alliance as they had banded together years ago when they rightfully realized the growing might of the White Empire. Victory was certain for the Empire despite the overwhelming billions that populated Asia. The gooks were far behind in technological means which presented a massive advantage for the Whites.

The Empire already contained far more territory than any other civilization had before. The conquest of Asia would undoubtedly be time consuming but the world would finally be dominated by the greatest force ever known, Creativity. Many men had dreamed of world mastery but the White Empire was the only power that actually had the ability and the strength to accomplish the monumental task.

Thoughts of the worldwide grandeur that Creativity would bring enveloped Wolf's essence as he contemplated the possible strategies that the Empire would utilize. There were so many possible theaters of attack that it was mind boggling. The attack could come through the state of Russia or the Middle East or even by attacking southern Asia. The mobility of the Empire was such that attacks could take place in all three of the aforementioned areas, not to mention the islands in the Pacific Ocean.

A tactic the Empire was sure to use was to try and divide the Asian Alliance so that each of the individual nations would fight each other. This tactic was sure to bear fruit as intelligence reports indicated that tension was rampant within the alliance as each nation struggled for supremacy. The old stratagem of divide and conquer that had worked for millennia, was still as useful as ever.

As Wolf mused the intricacies of war, the video screen at the reception center lit up with the commanding visage of General Valberg. The general's red hair and golden red beard seemed to radiate a scorching fire which instructed the wise to obey his commands lest one be burned by the sweltering holocaust of his disastrous disdain that was far more real than the gaseous breath of any dragon. So when the general beckoned him to his office, Wolf immediately complied.

Wolf walked by many rooms that were active with silent contemplation as strategists were busy studying the many facets of war. Wolf could only guess what was going through their minds and didn't think long on the subject as he realized that his place was on the battlefield. Strategy was interesting to him but he preferred the live battle and that is where he excelled.

An invisible sensor was triggered as Wolf approached the office of General Valberg and noiselessly scanned him. The near instantaneous scan confirmed that the figure was Captain Gerhard and the door slid open with a soft "whoosh". The door shut just as effortlessly after Wolf passed through the archway of the door.

The Wolf's Lair, as Valberg's office was known as, was a military lover's paradise. The walls were adorned with paintings of brilliant generals ranging from Alexander the Great to General Valberg himself. Book shelves filled with strictly military books, lined the back wall and Wolf thought that there must have been thousands of informational books just waiting to unleash the power within them.

It was apparent that Valberg preferred paper to the video screen by viewing his library and the presence of many papers on his mammoth desk. Wolf was sure that a computer was located within the desk, however, but it wasn't being utilized at the moment. In addition to the general's writing desk, there was a conference table as well as numerous chairs around the table as well as in front of the writing desk. General Valberg greeted Wolf pleasantly as he shook his hand and saluted, "RAHOWA Captain Gerhard! Please have a seat."

Wolf responded in kind and took the seat at the behest of the general. A slight sense of awe came over Wolfgang as he realized he was in the presence of the leader of the most formidable fighting force that had ever existed. The exploits of the general's life would surely be worthwhile reading to anyone vaguely interested in warfare.

Upon realizing the discomfort in Wolf's disposition, Valberg relaxed his solid frame and spoke in a humorous fashion, "How is it that Wolf doesn't feel right at home in the Wolf's Lair? Oh, may I call you Wolf? What is on your mind anyway, comrade?"

The amusement that Valberg projected put Wolf at ease as he slightly smirked at the general's remark. "This is a military haven actually and I do enjoy it. And of course you can call me Wolf. As I'm sure you are aware, my good friend, John Granger, died recently. Because of this, I visit you today to request a transfer to the paramilitary division called the Shadow Corps," remarked Wolf gently.

Valberg was aware of the loss to the Empire and Wolfgang of John Granger and he had assumed that was the reason for Captain Gerhard's visit. It still came as somewhat of a jolt since a highly decorated Legionnaire normally didn't ask to be transferred from the world renown Holy Legions. The general ran his right hand along his neatly trimmed beard as he gazed intently at Wolf with his penetrating emerald eyes. It was a tough decision to make and Valberg wasn't about to make a hasty judgment so he spent long moments in silent contemplation as he pondered the pros and cons of Wolf's request.

Somewhat talking to himself, Valberg spoke slowly, "War with Asia has recently been declared and the winner of the Klassen Medal wishes to transfer out of the highly regarded Holy Legions...I realize that you wish to avenge your comrade's death but do you really think there is a conspiracy? And even if there was, don't you feel your proper place is within the Legions?"

Wolf thought that it might be difficult to transfer but he was determined to do all that he could to help resolve the deaths of his loved ones. If there was, in fact, no conspiracy and the explosion was simply a random act of violence by a deranged individual, then he would promptly return to the Holy Legions as swiftly as possible. One way or the other, the nagging emotions in his mind had to be put to rest.

A determined Wolfgang leaned forward in his chair and spoke assuredly, "Of course I will respect any decision that you make but I feel I must find out whether the deaths of John Granger and Marie Benini were a part of a larger plot. There might be a scheme contrived by some unseen disillusioned entity within the Empire or there might not be but I want to be a part of the process of finding out. I simply must know to satisfy my craving curiosity.

"As for the Holy Legions, I love the camaraderie, the intense training, and the glorious missions we are sent on. It is my calling in life and my second home. If I am granted permission to transfer, then I would surely return to the Legions after I find out the whole truth of the recent tragedy," Wolf said sentimentally, showing his love and affection for the Holy Legions.

Impressed with Wolf's resolve, the general was becoming more receptive to the idea of a transfer but had a few more questions that he voiced inquisitively, "Do you know that the Shadow Corps is a highly secretive organization and any involvement with them must be held in the highest confidentiality? Even being the head of the Holy Legions, I know nothing of the inner workings of the order nor am I aware of their activities. What attracts you to the Shadow Corps instead of the normal police force?"

"Granted, I know very little about the Shadow Corps," Wolf admitted. "But I have a feeling that the recent tragedy is a part of something bigger than the police force would handle. Therefore, I believe that the Shadow Corps is the suitable place regardless of any sacrifices that I may have to make. I have no problem whatsoever with keeping secrets so I don't see any difficulty with their policies."

General Valberg leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands together as he meditated on the situation. A sculpture of the general in his present position would visibly identify his demeanor as one of deep thought. The dedication that Wolf held for justice was truly admirable and this weighed heavily on Valberg's decision. It was a tough judgment for the general to make but, based on Wolf's testimony, he decided the matter rather swiftly.

"All that I can do," Valberg started calmly, "is to recommend you to the Shadow Corps and set up an interview. There is no guarantee that you will be accepted and I have no idea how exactly they approve applicants. I don't even know who heads the organization. The only person I can think of who might know that is the Emperor himself."

A smile of satisfaction swept over Wolf's face as he heard the good news. He believed that getting the general's permission to transfer would be the hard part and that it would be a nice gentle ride to the bottom from here on out. He was surely to be accepted into the Shadow Corps, he thought. Why would any group turn down a captain in the Holy Legions who had recently been highly decorated for his military service?

Avidly anticipating entering the Shadow Corps, he questioned the general anxiously, "When can you set up the interview? I'd appreciate meeting with a representative as soon as possible."

Expecting such zealous behavior, Valberg was prepared for a quick retort, "Give me a few minutes, comrade. I will set up the interview now and will try to get it as soon as I can. I highly doubt though, that you will actually meet a delegate from the Shadow Corps in person."

Wolf nodded his head in agreement as Valberg extracted the sophisticated computer located within his desk. As the general silently worked on the computer, Wolf envisioned himself heroically avenging the deaths of John Granger and Marie Benini. The mystery that veiled the Shadow Corps in billowing mists of vapor only served to heighten the valiant episodes that flashed brilliantly in his mind.

Wolf was engaged in a particularly vivid daydream where he had found the monster responsible for the recent misfortune and was administering sublime justice to the horrid fiend. The vision was so alluring and had such a profound impact on Wolf that it took the general several attempts to gain control of Wolfgang's attention.

"Wolf," Valberg repeated. "Hello Wolf, how are you feeling," questioned the general as he was visibly amused by Wolf's inattention.

Snapped out of his dream, Wolf responded lethargically, "Yes, general? Pardon me but I was just dreaming of justice."

Smiling broadly, Valberg remarked agreeably, "I understand your plight and your dream of vengeance. A comrade of mine was killed in action and avenging his death was truly gratifying. The sweet nectar of justice was amazingly fulfilling."

Handing Wolf a document that was recently printed out, the general continued, "I have gotten in touch with the Shadow Corps and they want to meet with you immediately. The directions to their facility is located on that paper. This discussion and any with the Shadow Corps are highly confidential so you aren't permitted to discuss it with anyone. Good luck, comrade. RAHOWA!"

Wolf firmly shook the general's hand and vibrantly reciprocated the Creator salute. The glimmer of desire radiated from the focused gray eyes of Wolfgang Gerhard and overtly reflected the inner delight at taking the first step on the path of justice. Those same eyes quickly devoured the directions before him like a ravenous shark crushing the bones of its meager prey. The meal complete, Wolf exited the general's office.

Being in the military, Wolf was extremely adept at memorizing directions and, despite the brief glance at the document containing the location of the interview destination, had pinpointed the exact position where he was headed. He realized it was tucked away in a quiet section of the military facility where he had never ventured.

Almost running, Wolf hastily navigated the corridors within the building as every passing second brought him closer to the mysterious force known as the Shadow Corps. He disdained the shuttlepod that could quickly take him to any destination within the compound as he preferred his own two powerful tree trunks that served as legs. Wolf held the belief that only the injured should utilize the shuttlepod as it was far more healthy to walk but he also knew that there were exceptions in a time of crisis.

So ingrained in his mind was the route to his goal that Wolf's mind was able to contemplate the mystery of his upcoming interview without deterring whatsoever from his path. A revered sense of mysticism shrouded the whole ordeal that Wolf was enveloped in to the point where his mind wafted to the secrets that would hopefully be revealed to him. However, the clandestine entity that was the Shadow Corps was only the means to most effectively accomplish his goal of justice and without that motivation, the secrets of the organization could stay hidden for all he cared.

As Wolf began to think about the various practices of the Shadow Corps, the lighting around him seemed to fade slightly as he realized that he stood in front of the door that would hopefully allow him to avenge his comrades' deaths. The door was a simple black one but a veil of mist seemed to decorate it although Wolf knew this was pure fantasy and his rampant imagination was running a little too freely.

Unseen, unfelt, and unnoticed, an identifying scan acknowledged the fact that the figure in front of a nondescript black door was Wolfgang Gerhard. At this cognizance, the plain sable door quietly slid open and beckoned Wolf to enter. The light from the hall barely penetrated the Cimmerian gloom that pervaded the room which lay chillingly in front of Wolf.

Even the mighty and impressive figure of Wolfgang Gerhard hesitated slightly in the presence of such a foreboding presence before entering the unknown void. Upon entering, the door slid shut just as quietly as it had opened and Wolf was flung into a world of absolute darkness. As was his custom, Wolf held his head high as he awaited his fate.

The ebony ocean of darkness that surrounded Wolf disabled his keen eyesight and left the perception of his environment to his other senses. The other senses were also limited though as there was no sound or smell within the mysterious chamber. The enigmatic atmosphere appealed to Wolf's sense of adventure and he thought it a suitable origin for his experience with the Shadow Corps.

Even though he was expecting it, a sudden flash of brilliant light caused Wolf's pupils to shrink and his eyes to squint. The glaring luminescence illuminated a small section of the room, revealing a simple wooden chair. Despite no verbal command, Wolf knew full well what was expected of him and obediently nestled into the seat.

Upon seating himself, Wolf heard an ominous booming voice that echoed violently about the room as if the sound had originated from a mighty, bellowing dinosaur. "Greetings Captain Wolfgang Gerhard. Why do you want to join us?"

The exploding utterance ceased and the walls stopped vibrating but the powerful impact on Wolf's psyche lingered. It was truly a test of the will to withstand the powerful onslaught although no visible signs of duress were visible on Wolf's countenance. The indomitable will that Wolfgang possessed would not be denied, however, even in the face of such coldness that abounded about the puzzling chamber.

While the aggressive factor, which stated that whoever was more daring would generally triumph in any situation, was initially on the side of the unknown voice, Wolf regained his composure and grinned happily at the powerful force that he was arrayed against. Enjoying what seemed to be a competition, he howled mercilessly, "I wish to avenge my comrades' deaths! The Shadow Corps is the place to achieve this goal!"

An uneasy silence followed the vigorous roar that Wolf spewed into the room that might have resembled a tomb if one thought solely of morbidity. Wolf, however, was no such person and his body said it all as he had his chin in the air, reflecting his inner belief of victory and certain acceptance in the Shadow Corps.

The light that illuminated the chair in which Wolf sat, was abruptly doused and again, Wolf's eyes were forced to adjust. The harsh voice returned as soon as the light was extinguished, "How do we know we can trust you?" The question smashed its blade into the room like an potent claymore that ripped through a foe's armor, killing him instantly. Such an inquiry enraged the Herculean figure of Wolf. To think that someone questioned his very honor caused a seldom seen loss of control from one who had an adamant will and great self mastery. Wolf's muscles tightened and his eyes burned with a rage and intensity that would easily pummel the bravest enemy into submission.

Rising from the chair with his fists clenched, Wolf clamored vehemently in such a frenzied fashion that the unseen walls that surrounded him must surely have been devastated beyond repair. "How dare you question my honor!? I am a Creator!!"

Although the terrific outburst was frighteningly powerful, the voice that ruled supreme did not respond nor did it seem to even notice Wolf's words. How could any entity not be shaken or affected by the sheer force of words that he uttered? The silence that coiled itself around the room felt like an immense anaconda that wished to squeeze the very life out of Wolf.

As untold stretches of time moved on, the blackened atmosphere that accompanied the silence actually benefited Wolf as he utilized the long moments to regain control over his facilities. Coming to regret his eruption of fiery lava at the question of his honor, he argued that it was a question that had to be asked as vital secrets were protected within the Shadow Corps and only the most trustworthy comrades would be allowed into the organization. However, it was only the fashion in which he explosively retorted that he would change if he could as the content of his words were true to his heart. Wolf believed that the question itself should be changed unless the Shadow Corps wished to elicit such forceful detonations.

As a good Creator does, Wolf proceeded to make the best of the situation and await his fate by settling back into the chair and setting goals that he hoped to achieve. The goal immediately in front of him was, of course, to resolve his comrades' deaths and he hoped to fulfill this end within one month.

So involved was Wolf in thought that he knew not how much time elapsed before the unknown jury had deliberated on his fate. The jury apparently was ushering him to the next phase as a door to his right slid open, revealing a dimly lit room with a bed in the center. Obviously, he was meant to enter and he did indeed with a confident, relaxed stroll.

The room Wolf entered was faintly illuminated in a purplish haze that made him feel as though he were in a dream and in some far off land. The quiet sliding shut of the door behind him propelled him further into this purple domain. Despite the unknown, the environment soothed Wolf tremendously and the simple wooden cot looked extremely inviting.

In addition to the relaxing surroundings, there was another unspoken command that ordered him to lay down on the small bed. As he did so, he made himself comfortable with the soft pillow and surprisingly soft surface that made him think of sleep.

Slowly, but methodically, a stream of light, varying from red to green, pulsated about the room. The hypnotic pattern further projected Wolf into a semi conscious state. The deluge of colorful hues was soothing to the eye and Wolf drifted off into the unknown with welcome arms and a cheerful mirth about him.

White Empire - Chapter XIII

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

That dreamy day, many days past, remained foggy in Wolf's mind but he could recall answering many questions while under the spell of the colorful lights that sweetly caressed him. It was obvious to him now that the interview process consisted of two phases designed to keep out all but the most honorable and trustworthy comrades.

The first stage was an intimidating one that tried to inspire fear in order to weed out anyone that wasn't extremely bold and courageous. The fear of the unknown with the room cloaked in darkness, combined with the harsh, commanding voice that held sway over the chamber, broke down most men and ended the interview. However, those few that didn't tremble and crumble in the face of such adversity, were allowed to the next phase.

The next step was a stark contrast to the initial process as it was a warm and inviting room where a gentle voice interrogated the applicant. The playful light show created a tranquilizing effect on the viewer by acting on parts of the brain that Wolf knew nothing of but he did understand the effects. Without any harmful drugs, the questioning elicited truthful answers that provided the basis of acceptance into the Shadow Corps.

Of course, these ponderings were simply to appease Wolf's natural curiosity as he knew he wouldn't be able to tell anyone about the proceedings he went through nor anything whatsoever that went on within the Shadow Corps. His inquisitive nature pushed him to ask about many details in the organization, including the interview, but knowledge was issued on a need to know basis.

Since Wolf only wished to find out the truth of his friends' deaths and wasn't interested in serving a long term service, he was limited to his small living quarters and one adjoining training room. His room was a simple one with a small but comfortable cot. A compartment beneath his bed housed his spare uniforms so that he could change on a regular basis. The walls were a midnight black which seemed perfectly fitted for the "shadow" image of the group. Completing his room, was a small bathroom that housed a toilet and a shower.

He was required to wear a jet black military uniform that included a helmet and a mask that would conceal his identity. The mask included a voice synthesizer that would alter Wolf's speech into a mechanical grating noise that would prevent anyone from recognizing his speech. The blackness about the uniform projected the sense of the unknown to anyone who might have seen it and most animals in nature, including man, fear the unknown. Wolf highly doubted, though, that anyone actually ever saw the Shadow Corps although rumors might abound.

The only other room that Wolf had seen thus far was the training room where he had undergone the most unusual and torturous ordeals that he had been through in his brief life. It was, like his quarters, decked in black with a large table and chairs adorning the center of the room. It was here that he had met a member in the Corps whose code name was "Viper".

Viper was a lean man-or woman for all he knew, that conducted his training sessions in an eerie, raspy voice like that of an automaton. Viper wore the same garb as Wolf did so he was oblivious of any identifying features about him. Viper was an excellent teacher although, with the harsh training he was undergoing, the term slave master seemed more appropriate.

Since he volunteered to do anything that was required of him to help solve the case of his friends' deaths, he had been assigned to infiltrate an underground bar that was frequented by race traitors and muds of all sorts. As a result, the great hero that Wolf was, had to undergo extreme conditioning to withstand the vile, decadent, and disgusting world of venomous traitors and their cohorts.

This conditioning was radically different than the vigorous and exhausting exercise of the Holy Legions. Wolf hoped that no one had to endure the mental anguish that Wolf was bombarded with although he knew virtually nothing, outside the two rooms that he had been in, of what went on with the Shadow Corps, despite being a member. He fully understood that to blend in with the enemy and obtain information, he had to act like the foe and be able to blend in expertly.

The first day of his training consisted solely of music. Not expecting such profane, degrading, and decadent noise, Wolf was initially outraged at being forced to listen to such vile trash. Once explained to him, it made sense to him but the harsh sounds were not easier to listen to. In fact, the putrid filth that echoed from the stereo could easily drive a healthy man insane if he were forced to listen to it nonstop. After elaborating on the reasoning behind the torture, Viper exited the room and left Wolf to his misery.

Before leaving, Viper had left information on the names of the songs and the artists in a genre known as "gangster rap". Wolf was not only forced to listen to the pounding racket which had no rhythm nor melody but was also required to memorize this information. If not for the unbreakable spirit and indestructible will that Wolf possessed, he would surely have smashed the stereo mercilessly into a thousand pieces and ridded the world of such a heinous influence.

All day long Wolf was relentlessly assailed by lyrics demeaning women, glorifying drugs, and promoting random acts of senseless violence. From the information he had available, the most popular singer went by the name of "Ice Dog". This revolting character sang of homosexual love and infecting White people with the AIDS virus. His statements and cocky laugh made Wolf's muscles feel as though they would burst and he longed for the opportunity to cleave the mud's head from his pathetic body. Indeed, knowing what he fought for gave Wolf great strength in which to withstand the deplorable clatter.

After a seemingly infinite amount of time where Wolf was locked in an agonizing chamber of torture and despair that was akin to the ancient suffering caused by the diabolical Christians of the Dark Ages, the time finally came to end his conditioning for the day. When the bestial sounds were extracted from his mind and the sweet sound of Beethoven beautifully filled the air, the nausea had left his body and had been replaced by the serene comfort that only a symphony composed by a genius could produce. The sweet melody of Beethoven's ninth symphony accompanied Wolf to the dream world as Wolf wondered if anything could be worse than what he had gone through on that day.

Despite the not so pleasant day he had, Wolf slept well in his alien environment. It was a testament to his powerful resolve and triumphant will that would stop at nothing in order to accomplish his goal. As a result, his sleep was invigorating and he woke with a fierce determination for success.

The second day of conditioning was similar to the first in that what he was "taught" was repulsive to him but, this time, Viper stayed much longer as they went over the decadent ideals and perverse beliefs that he was likely to encounter in his infiltration of the enemy. Viper patiently informed Wolf about ideas that Wolf thought were long since dead but obviously weren't and wouldn't be completely eradicated until the Empire was the only power on Earth.

A particularly offensive and hideous belief that ran rampant among the muds and race traitors was the notion that the White Race was evil and responsible for all the disastrous events throughout history. Nevermind the factuality that the White Race brought civilization and technology to the backward mud races of the world for centuries before realizing their own folly and pursuing their own interests instead of providing for the parasites of the world.

Wolf had no problem whatsoever with the muds thinking that way but it was totally suicidal for Whites to think that their own people were evil. He wished to save such disillusioned comrades but the chances of that after being poisoned by the Jew were slim indeed. Due to this, he had to treat such traitors as the treasonous scum that they are.

Other such farcical ideas were that great White men of ages past were actually black or Asian. Mozart, according to these degenerates, was actually Japanese and Edison was Chinese. Beethoven, once thought by this rabble to be black, was now revealed as Korean due to "new" historical evidence that was reminiscent of the proceedings in the book 1984 by George Orwell. These dreamers and perverters of history also preached that notable leaders such as Alexander the Great, Augustus Caesar, Napoleon, and even Adolf Hitler were actually Asian leaders who ruled White nations without any actual evidence at all. It showed the gullibility and ignorance of any fool to believe such nonsense.

In addition to this corruption of history, the values of this degenerate underworld society were absolutely deplorable. Intense promotion of drug use, random sexual acts with a wide variety of creatures that included beasts, and an overwhelming lust for money and gain were widespread. It was obvious to Wolf as to why this filth hid its head beneath the ground like a disease infected rat that scours about in the sewers of the world.

Wolf learned of the abundance of poisonous drugs that would be available in his infiltration destination from his informative mentor, Viper. Drugs ranging from marijuana to cocaine were prevalent but a strange drug was currently the fashion although the drug was extremely potent with death a likely result regardless of the dosage one took. The drug, called simply ZDA, was highly lethal but those who actually survived its effect were granted respect due to its well known potency.

The origin of ZDA, whose full name was Zionist Death Agent, went back to the early days of the Empire as the Jews realized their time was up. ZDA was originally a chemical warfare weapon that was horribly flawed and tended to harm the handler far more than any intended victims. It showed the depravity of the Jewish race to convert a failed weapon of mass destruction into a deadly drug in order to turn a profit.

Of all the lewd information that Wolf had learned, he was most appalled at the abnormal sexual behavior practiced by the riffraff trash that still remained in the world. All kinds of unnatural copulation were discussed and all revolted and repulsed Wolf as it went against all the healthy and natural instincts that he held. Bisexuality, homosexuality, bestiality, necrophilia, and miscegenation were all practiced in a wicked orgy of corrupted delight. At the thought of such a nefarious scene, Wolf was overcome by a raging disdain that could have easily sent small moons to their untimely demise.

Of all the unholy acts of intercourse that he became aware of, race mixing was the most hideous. Wolf was certainly disgusted by the other forms of perversion but miscegenation was the most terrible crime and most atrocious act against the White Race that was conceivable. Creativity made this abundantly clear and since Creativity was the core of the Empire, it was held in the highest esteem. Race traitors had paid for their crimes many years ago with their lives and Wolf looked forward to punishing some himself, if provided with the opportunity.

Viper continued his tutoring as he instructed Wolf on the unsavory selfish desires of the enemy. Honor and nobility were unheard of as back stabbing was common practice. Lies, deceit, and deception were commonplace which, of course, led to no trust nor any true meaning to the words which these pariahs speak as one's word meant nothing. Every beast looked out only for himself except for the minuscule population of Jews which, as always, banded together and were, without a doubt, organizing the underground domains of excretion that reminded Wolf of the malignant disease of cancer that had sent so many to the grave in ages long since gone.

This materialistic obsession was virtually unheard of within the Empire as it was righteously ingrained upon the people that to work for the betterment of the whole was far more healthy and productive than strictly indulging in the luxuries of life while ignoring one's family and people. Of course this wasn't to say that no one had any fun or any hobbies as indeed they did, but it was rightfully regarded that society as a whole was far more important than one single individual. Any land where selfishness prevailed among the majority of the populace would cause disunity and this lack of cohesiveness would open the gates of the realm to enemy invaders who would easily conquer it.

Despite the dreaded Doom Age being over, Wolf realized that the very same ideas that had plunged the world into that demonic nightmare were still alive. Granted the ideas that sucked the world into the abyss were a tiny minority, but they remained in existence like slimy cockroaches who have survived for millions of years. Wolf greatly looked forward to the day when the holy sword of Creativity vanquished all of its foes and its sacred banner flew majestically all around the world.

Quickly absorbing the information that Viper had presented, Wolf noticed that he was becoming conditioned to the perversity he was learning of. It was still filthily revolting but he could understand how the profane ideas could take hold with the constant bombardment through the media outlets that the Jews used to dominate. To people accustomed to seeing such cursed and vile refuse, it was only natural to behave as such especially since the healthy and dynamic religion of Creativity was smeared and slandered at every chance by the perfidious Jew. Living in a golden land of virtue and prosperity, he instantly rejected these Jewish ideals but understood more clearly how the Doom Age had come about.

The hours of instruction rolled by and were only interrupted by meals of healthy, scrumptious food. The day warped by quickly as even though Wolf repudiated what he learned, it was still interesting to become more aware of the destructive ideals that the Empire had emerged from. The contrasting worlds of the Doom Age and the present glorious Empire occupied Wolf's thoughts as his lessons were concluded for the day and he drifted off into a peaceful slumber.

As Wolf awoke from his energizing rest, he wondered how much different his stay in the Shadow Corps was as a temporary member in comparison to a permanent element. The everyday happenings were bound to be different than his own experiences but in what way they differed was left to his wild imagination. Possibly, he thought, there could be millions of secret agents roaming the world or, on the other hand, perhaps there were but a handful. He doubted whether he would ever know for sure but concluded that some things were best kept hidden.

After two days of learning of the decadence the world was capable of, Wolf was warmly greeted with the news that today's lesson would consist of his infiltration tactics and undercover disguise. He was much more receptive to this training over the acquisition of the perverse ideals that still existed in the world like a vile sickness that plagued those too weak to resist.

The Shadow Corps had decided he was to play the part of an aspiring wrestler due to his physical girth. Of course his appearance would have to be changed as Wolfgang Gerhard would be widely recognized due to his recent fame. This procedure would take place the following day.

Wolf thought that the idea of him being a wrestler was brilliant as he enjoyed wrestling although boxing was his favorite sport. Knowing the names of many grappling techniques and how to execute them, gave him a definite edge as a spy playing the role of a warrior. Starting to conceive of his role in the upcoming mission was halted prematurely when Viper presented information that made Wolf chuckle.

Although Wolf was to play the role of a wrestler, he was going to be an overweight athlete with low self esteem. At this news, his visions of stealth and secrecy became one of an amusing comedy rather than intrigue. A grand smile that was hidden beneath his mask preceded his hearty laugh that echoed throughout the room and infected Viper. It was an ironic twist of fate that the gallant figure of Captain Wolfgang Gerhard would assume the guise of a plump wrestler seeking fame but not grasping it whatsoever. Wolf highly doubted that Viper knew of the great contrast between who he really was and who he would play but Viper was enjoying himself regardless as Wolf's joviality was contagious despite being distorted by the voice synthesizer. In fact, the synthesizer changed Wolf's normally deep voice into the high pitch laughter of a chipmunk or other small furry creature, making the scene that much more absurd as the sound surely didn't match the gargantuan build of Wolf.

Viper explained the necessity of him being an overgrown loser as that was the norm for the people he would encounter. Obviously, Wolf shouldn't stand out as a confident super athletic figure as that would attract a large amount of attention and the whole point of infiltration was to blend in while obtaining as much information as possible. It was advised for him to be as submissive as possible as most of the ragamuffins that he would encounter were weak and pathetic although there was a small segment that would be domineering. This dominant portion of the crowd mainly wore masks of confidence but it was just a facade.

After learning of the nature of his infiltration environment, Wolf saw the brilliance of his advisers. He was still slightly amused by the whole affair and he imagined himself as Dodo the clown going into a clandestine lounge where everyone laughed at him. Dodo's colorful appearance made him look like a fool but, secretly, his gray eyes burned with intelligence and he knew who the real fools were as he devised cunning plans to bring down the nefarious forces arrayed against him.

Wolf learned that his name was to be Hank Russell with his nickname being "Huge". The joke seemed to continue with this information but Wolf knew it fell right in place with the low self worth that he would encounter on his assignment. He was also provided with various wrestling tournaments that "Huge" Hank Russell had competed in but never won. Due to this fictitious character's obesity, it was evident, without being informed, that he would be in the super heavyweight division.

It was decided by the minds of the Shadow Corps that Wolf would be saved from being polluted with the profane and vulgar slang that was spoken within the underground bars that he was to penetrate. The excuse he would use to explain this was simple: he had been around the "accursed" White man too long and he had picked up on their language. Wolf was relieved as he learned of this knowledge as he had absolutely no desire to speak like the rats he wished to exterminate.

Next on the day's agenda was learning how to deal with the prevalent use of drugs that he would encounter. Obviously, Wolf had no desire to poison his healthful, vigorous body but he would probably be expected to engage in such hazardous activities. In order to avoid the vigorous man's bane, he listened attentively to the words of wisdom uttered by his mentor Viper.

Viper instructed him how to act like he was using a drug without actually befouling his energetic system. With artificial props, Wolf was shown how to smoke without actually inhaling the poisons. This involved keeping the drug down so that no one would notice that the cherry didn't ignite. In the case of alcohol, he was familiarized with the technique of holding the liquid in his mouth before spitting it out somewhere, preferably in a restroom. It was counseled, however, to carry an empty container of alcohol around and sip from it if alcohol was being drunk by the majority.

After learning of several other vital drug consuming deceptions, Wolf was enlightened on how certain drugs affected the body. This was very important, Viper relayed, as it was fruitless to fake the act of consuming a drug if one didn't show signs of its affects. Therefore, it was imperative that the effect of the mind and body altering drugs be exposed.

This display was comical from the outset and both comrades thoroughly enjoyed the clownish antics an intoxicated person takes part it in. The most enjoyable, by far, was the demonstration of the stupefying effects of alcohol. Viper would prance around the room clumsily, knocking into the walls and the table and in general, acting like a childish dunce who deserved detention. This was amusing in itself but Wolf attempting to imitate the whole affair made the scene lose any sense of seriousness that it may once have had.

The debilitating properties of other drugs, including marijuana, were thrown into the mix as Viper acted as though he were on a whole host of drugs. Although it wasn't visible due to his mask, Viper informed Wolf that a person "high" on drugs tended to have glazed eyes or looked rather sleepy. Wolf could recall seeing tired kinsmen but never before had he seen such an obnoxious and uncoordinated dolt that Viper portrayed. Indeed, such behavior was suitable for the reprobates and Wolf was glad to not have encountered them before.

Drugs transformed some into raving lunatics who demanded the center of attention in any situation but others were sedated and withdrew into their own little world of spinning nausea. This quieter, gentler type was Wolf's cover as people were more apt to speak freely around an inebriated invalid than a roaring moron who spouted nonsense.

Wolf was realizing how similar acting and spying were but he hadn't ever considered doing either before the tragedy in Salubrious Park. He wondered if he wouldn't try his hand at acting if everything went well. Even better, he thought, would be an acting role playing a spy. It would be a fitting role in his mind although no one else would know his secret of having served with the Shadow Corps.

After hours of intense acting and refining his abilities, Wolf felt confident that he would have no problem of blending in like a slick chameleon who could change his colors to camouflage his appearance. Despite this conviction, a contingency escape plan had been formulated as it was always wise to be prepared for victory or defeat. So prepared were they that two separate withdrawal procedures were formulate, depending on the seriousness of the situation.

If there was no danger involved, then he would simply leave the premises as swiftly as possible to an awaiting hovercar that would transport him to safety. There was a forest nearby that would allow Wolf to shake off any pursuers before meeting at the rendezvous point. The map that Wolf was shown illustrated the simple but effective route that he was to take in case of a minor emergency.

In the event of a serious altercation, a full scale assault of the bar would bring it to its knees in whimpering submission. As his infiltration would be monitored, a strike team would be able to move in swifter than a nigger stealing a watermelon. Wolf would have to fend for himself using his great physical prowess until reinforcements arrived. His only available weapon would be a small plasma pistol that would be hidden in his shoe to avoid detection. This tiny weapon was powerful beyond its size and when combined with the great physical prowess that Wolf possessed, gave him a distinct advantage over a garbage collection of stoned half-wits.

When the training session ended, Wolf retired to his quarters to contemplate what he had learned in the previous days. The days were floating by effortlessly despite the repulsive conditioning that he was forced to endure. He was quickly adapting to his environment and was eagerly anticipating his mission. The knowledge of the enemy's behavior was being effectively devoured like that of a stalking tiger who pounced on its prey and ripped the flesh from any pathetic beast that the tiger chose. With these thoughts swirling fancifully in his eager mind, he drifted off into an energy restoring slumber.

The next day, or what he supposed was a day, brought more time for instruction for the willing Wolf. However, this day was different from the others he had spent with the Shadow Corps. The previous days Viper had tutored him but today he encountered a new comrade whose code name was Chameleon. Since the uniforms within the organization are identical and prevent identification, the only way Wolf knew this was indeed a different person was due to the name.

Chameleon was a cosmetic expert who specialized in disguises. Since secrecy and privacy were of paramount importance, Viper wasn't involved with them as only Chameleon would view the actual visage of Captain Wolfgang Gerhard. Wolf ascertained that this character must have been with the group for quite some time to be trusted in this fashion.

Although it was barely discernible, Wolf noticed the shock reflected in Chameleon's demeanor when he unmasked. Chameleon, however, said nothing while Wolf took off his uniform and sat down in only his shorts. The physique Wolf possessed was indeed impressive and was the epitome of healthful vigor. A sculptor portraying the image of Hercules could not have presented a better muscular figure than the one Wolf owned.

Ever so slowly, the adamantine construction that was Wolf was transformed into the character he would soon portray. Synthetic fat was added to his legs, body, and arms. This added weight turned his energetic looking mass into sluggish weariness. Wolf was glad that this retrogression had a purpose and was only a facade as he abhorred the slimy globs of fat that had been slapped on to his stalwart frame.

Despite Wolf's disdain at the additional tonnage, he found his appearance to be quite comical when he viewed himself in a mirror. The round figure that looked back at Wolf reminded him of the children's story of a tender, caring man who lived in the North Pole and gave gifts to children every year. Wolf found himself fitting for the role in his new look and gave a merry laugh that was perfectly suited for the one known as Santa Claus. Chameleon was also amused by Wolf's outburst and they both remained festive until returning to the work at hand. In comparison to Wolf, Chameleon appeared to be one of the elves in the story of the jolly old man.

Wolf's disguise was largely done but the most difficult phase was yet to be completed. This area was the facial features of Wolf. Long brown hair was grafted onto his shaven head while additional pudginess was added to his face to match his bulging body. An unkempt and disheveled reddish beard was also added to his changing appearance. Gradually, his overweight face was created and he underwent another transformation into a drunken hippie of a bygone era.

The next step in Wolf's transmogrification was for surveillance purposes that would allow the Shadow Corps to monitor his actions and be able to respond to any threats to his safety. Nanotechnology had made minuscule cameras and other monitoring devices possible that were exceedingly difficult to detect.

One such camera was delicately placed on Wolf's eye that could not only see but hear all that Wolf could. It was virtually invisible so it was nearly impossible to notice and wouldn't affect his vision whatsoever. After the installation was complete, Wolf could see perfectly fine and he was barely aware that the device was even present. Chameleon informed him that it would quickly become second nature and he would become accustomed to it as if it was a part of him.

A tiny communication device was also attached in his ear so as to speak with the Shadow Corps and receive any orders they might issue. This way, a whole crew of spies were hearing and seeing what Wolf perceived and the odds of retrieving vital information were increased.

The final component of his guise was his clothing. The clothes consisted of a pair of black slacks, gray tennis shoes, a T-shirt entitled, "Black is beautiful", and a dark, checkered sweater. Beside the shirt, Wolf found the attire to be out of place but he was quickly informed that the White race traitors that would be present in the bar had to maintain a look of decency or they would be noticed outside of the bar. He was also instructed that the shirt only be revealed within his infiltration point. The sweater would serve a purpose as it would most likely make him sweat and stink like the rest of the rotten filth he would be associating with.

Upon looking in a mirror, Wolf was determined to never let himself wither away like the character that reflected back at him. Content with his work, Chameleon set off and only told Wolf that soon his mission would commence although he gave no certain time or even a certain day.

Wolf was left to his own thoughts after Chameleon's departure and he marveled at the craftsmanship of the costume he wore. However disgusting his guise was, it was certainly skillfully rendered. He thought it similar to the creation of hideous monsters who were appalling to behold but the design of which was masterfully forged and could be appreciated.

As he was forced to wait for the order to begin his mission, wait is what he did. Wolf contemplated his goal that presided over the affairs of his life. His goal was stapled clearly in his mind and nothing could prevent him from achieving his objective of the truth. Soon, the next stage of his journey would commence.

White Empire - Chapter XIV

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

After waiting what seemed to be eons, Wolf's mission had finally commenced, much to his delight and satisfaction. He was always prepared for action and the few scant hours he was forced to wait seemed frivolous but he well understood the chain of command. The Shadow Corps undoubtedly knew what they were doing and he willingly followed their wise orders.

Since he wore his disguise, it wasn't a problem that other masked members saw him. Wolf had undergone such a dramatic alteration that his own wife and kids wouldn't recognize him. Surely, the two comrades who transported him to his drop off point must have been amused at his awkward stature but this didn't affect the mission.

The trek to the rendezvous point went swiftly although Wolf had no clue whatsoever where he was nor did he even know if he was still within the boundaries of the Empire. The area was densely populated with trees and the dark cloak of night seemed to indicate this was an ideal location for a secretive gathering. Wolf noted the landscape but concentrated on making sure his equipment worked and getting a final briefing.

After rehashing the escape procedures, the one known as Predator spoke in the metallic voice that all members of the Shadow Corps uttered when wearing their masks, "You have been assigned the code name of Behemoth." After a slight pause to repress his laughter, Predator continued, "We will be monitoring your actions but should you perceive a threat that we are unaware of, simply utter 'SOS' and we will come to your rescue. Here is your ID card to get into the barn and the password is 'Enter'. Do you have any questions?"

Wolf was amused by the name assigned to him and took the identification card while noting the simplistic password. Searching quickly through his mind for questions, he happily realized that he was ready for the mission.

Preparing for his role as an overweight traitor, he responded to the query of Predator in a soft voice clouded with low self worth, "I don't have any questions, sir. Shall I go now?"

Predator noticed the change in Behemoth's demeanor instantly and swiftly responded, "Yes, Behemoth. Good luck, comrade. I hope that we obtain the information we seek."

After exchanging the customary greeting, Behemoth set out into the forest towards the barn he knew was located ahead even though he couldn't see it in the dim light of a full moon. In the few hours that he had worn his excess baggage of fat, he had quickly adapted to maneuvering around. He estimated the additional weight to be around 35 kilograms or so and since he had carried around full grown men before with little strain, the excess he carried now wasn't much of a problem.

Wolf swiftly navigated through the dark forest. He enjoyed the outdoors, especially wooded areas and he considered the night soothing whereas others might be intimidated by the haunting forms that an imagination might bestow on the stationary trees that surrounded him. He doubted whether any of the timid characters he would soon interact with would even dare to enter the peaceful woodland that he now traversed in.

As he saw the dilapidated barn in the distance, he slowed his graceful pace and started walking like the obese individual that he portrayed. Almost like a duck, Behemoth waddled slowly towards his destination while he surveyed the area for life. He didn't notice any and the building that he approached looked vacant and seemed not to have been used in quite some time. The very fact that it appeared abandoned made it an ideal dwelling for clandestine purposes but neither this nor its remote location had been enough to hide it from the all seeing eyes of the Shadow Corps.

Suddenly, Behemoth's eyes got a glimpse of movement at the side of the dull gray structure that he was gradually making his way too. It was a man who had quickly entered the building and, due to the swiftness of his movements, Behemoth couldn't discern much concerning his appearance. However, he made for the place he last saw the man as he assumed it was the entrance that he sought.

As he approached the door, Behemoth became more aware of the rundown nature of the poorly built structure that loomed approximately ten meters in height above him. He came to the conclusion that either this place was a forgotten relic of a bygone era or he was in enemy territory.

His thoughts were shattered into pieces when a small opening appeared in the center of the door in front of him. A pair of dark eyes peeped out the aperture and demanded his identification card. Behemoth quickly complied as he tried his best to act submissive by averting his gaze. After glaring at the card and back at Behemoth, the manly voice that went with the eyes spoke forcefully, "Password?"

Behemoth brought his gaze to the eyes but swiftly retreated as he stared bashfully at the ground before replying softly, "Enter".

A cruel laughter was audible through the door before Behemoth was returned his ID card. The sound of multiple locks being unlatched thundered violently against the tranquil country setting that surrounded the area. It was clear to Behemoth that the man was confident that he was safe in this remote location. If he knew the Shadow Corps was lurking in the forest then he would surely have bolted instantly, pleading for his life.

The door swung open and Behemoth squeezed in to the amusement of the dark man. The man was of unknown origins by his appearance but Behemoth assumed he was of mixed White, black, and Asian ancestry. The mud was overweight himself but obviously felt good at seeing the bulk of Behemoth.

As soon as Behemoth entered, he was violently instructed to turn around and face the wall as the unidentified man frisked Behemoth. The annoying laughter, like that of a hyena, echoed throughout the enclosure as the mud padded down the excessive girth that Behemoth carried. Satisfied that no weapons were present, the multiracial man motioned towards the stairs off to the right before returning to his duty of guarding the door.

Inside the barn it was dark; the only light gleaming from beside the multiracial man was an antique lantern that was properly suited for the environment. By its dim light, an old rickety stable was visible with dust, cobwebs, and hay scattered chaotically about. Although no animals were seen nor heard, the smell of manure was overpowering and stifling, almost to the point of sickness.

As hurriedly as Behemoth thought his character ought to move, he scampered towards the stairs. He descended the flight of stairs that were made of metal and were in unmistakable contrast to the wood that surrounded most of the structure. The dull gray metal that formed the steps and railing, were barely illuminated by several lanterns that were scattered about. Behemoth was surprised at the depth of the more modern underground facility as he traveled down, down, into the abyss.

Continually down he went and Behemoth wondered when his descent would cease as the seeds of caution began to blossom, warning him of danger. Just as fast as these seeds blossomed, they began to wither as ever so faintly, he heard the vile, bestial music that he recognized immediately as Ice Dog. Pleased with his remembrance of this information despite the barely character of the racket, Behemoth pressed on.

The clanking, clanging, and clattering increased in volume as Behemoth plummeted downwards, finally observing the source of the wretched filth. The entrance he saw before him greeted him with a stench worse than the manure he had suffered through. The hideous shrieking of untold beasts met his ears, accompanied by the bellowing grunts of some savage gorilla that could not have been human.

Finally Behemoth entered the open doors at the bottom of the stairs and viewed the despicable waste bin that stretched out, in the form of a wide hall full of chairs, couches, and tables, in front of him. A thick haze of smoke cloaked the area in its poisonous clutches, irritating Behemoth's eyes. The room was feebly lighted but where the light originated was impossible to tell as the smoke from various drugs was so darkening that the ceiling was invisible.

Despite the aforementioned nuisances, the most excruciating torture was the tumultuous uproar that pounded Behemoth's very skull, threatening to explode the intelligence that his brain retained. Sight was inadequate in the quagmire of rankness so where the audio signals spewed forth from, he knew not. It mattered little because as much as Behemoth wished to smash all around him, including the hidden stereo, he had a mission to accomplish.

As Behemoth entered the room, he was confronted with a whole host of faces that were completely alien to what he was accustomed to. Various hues of black and brown skinned aliens were visible as he observed his surroundings. Most of those he espied were a dark brown shade whose origins were so bleared that only a detective might solve the riddle of their family trees.

Scattered throughout the sea of ooze that dominated the area were criminals far more vile than the simple muds who wasted the planet's air which they breathed. The scum that sickened Behemoth's very essence were Whites who betrayed their people and adopted anti-White policies. These self-hating traitors consciously made an effort to destroy the very race to which they belonged and were punished accordingly in the Empire. Behemoth looked forward to the justice that would be served when these people were punished for their crimes against the White Race.

Noticing that he was sweating profusely, Behemoth removed his sweater, revealing his "Black is beautiful" T-shirt. Immediately after he placed his sweater on a nearby couch, a robust negress saw his shirt and tramped over beside him.

The beast stood out for her unusually dark skin, signifying this was a full blooded nigger. She was as dark as a sky devoid of stars but, unfortunately, her hideous and grotesque features were plain for the eye to behold. A revulsion at her appearance seized Behemoth and he was forced to fight to control himself in the face of such disfigurement.

The distorted woman uttered words barely understandable, "Hey der sexy. I like yo shirt. What's yo name?"

Eyes down, Behemoth responded quietly, "My name is Hank Russell and I want to be a wrestler. How about you? What can you tell me about yourself?"

The negress happily snorted as she proceeded to ramble on about her life, like one whom no one ever listened to had finally been allowed to speak. The words which she verbalized were mostly foreign to Behemoth as he half listened to her while spreading his audio net, hoping to ensnare anyone talking of the incident he was investigating. As he feigned interest, the creature continued to utter incomprehensible grunts as they both seated themselves on a worn-out couch.

Although he hadn't noticed it, the extra pairs of eyes that were the Shadow Corps did. A barely audible crackle was heard in his ear piece informing him of the hook nosed parasite that had just entered a room off to his right that was almost hidden. Assuming that the Jew observed was in charge of the whole underground bar, a quick scheme was hatched to gain entry and gather information.

Excusing himself from his unpleasant companion, Behemoth strolled over to the door as if he was drunk and urgently needed to relieve himself. By banging repeatedly on the door while exclaiming his imperative desire to use the restroom, he hoped to gain access to what lay beyond the steel door that loomed before him.

After several minutes of continual banging that sounded far better than the gorilla music which beat on Behemoth's head, a rat faced, vampiric figure emerged from the room that was protected by the sturdy door. The creature was obviously annoyed at the disturbance but his demeanor changed when he saw the laughable figure that Behemoth portrayed.

The room which the Jew occupied was vastly different from the haphazard mess where the bulk of the people were located. The kike's office was populated with books, a desk, and a computer. While Behemoth scanned the room, the Shadow Corps was scrutinizing it with the utmost care. Of course the whole mission was being recorded for further study to ensure that every little detail was properly analyzed.

Speaking squeamishly, Behemoth spoke, "Where is the toilet? I have to go, bad."

The vermin behind the door again became agitated and yelled, "Get out, you stupid piece of White filth! Why don't you go join those two pieces of White trash that died in that park the other day!"

Time slowed dramatically as Behemoth heard these words followed by a cruel, harsh laughter that transformed his body into a raging ball of fire that pulsated with intense anger. He did not care if this particular scum was responsible for the death of his loved ones or not but this beast would pay for the action as Behemoth concentrated his fury onto the Jew.

Visibly, the alteration Behemoth underwent was staggering to behold as he shed his image of a pathetic being with low self esteem into the mighty warrior that he was. His eyes shined with the cold hatred he had for all the enemies of his people. The excess bulk he carried seemed to fall away as his demeanor reflected an aura of brutal, savage, and primordial battle lust that would cause any who saw such a being, tremble in fear.

At the sight of such a powerful being, the Jew muttered incoherently as he clumsily fumbled with the door that separated the two in the hope of being saved from the righteous wrath of Behemoth. The terrified parasite was far too slow, however, as Behemoth swiftly blocked the door with his massive girth while smiling fiendishly at the miserable wretch before him.

Nimbly extracting the small plasma pistol from his shoe with his right hand, he literally lifted the slimy Jew off his feet by clutching the Jew's shirt and displaying some of his mammoth strength. The beast recovered his speech and issued forth a scream that somehow pierced louder than the profane vulgarity which emanated about the hall. However, this scream was abruptly cut short as a silent beam of plasma burned a deadly path through the skull of Behemoth's foe.

The noise the now deceased vermin had made had unfortunately attracted the attention of the crowd behind the mighty gladiator that was Behemoth. Pandemonium conquered the atmosphere as shrill shrieks and screams erupted, piercing the eardrums of any who were unfortunate enough to be too close. The chaotic noises that blasted their way about the area were vividly heard and their omnipresence was a favorable action that extinguished the jungle music.

Like roaches that scrambled about when a light is shined upon them, the scum frantically ran about, violently colliding with each other and adding to the swirling melee. This kind of tumultuous situation was what Behemoth preferred and where he thrived. His battle instincts sharpened, he sprang into the war zone with a tremendous roar, ready to spread the holy fire of his plasma pistol to all the infidels who defied the might of the White Empire.

Amid the shattering screeches, Behemoth faintly heard the Shadow Corps inform him that help was on its way. This increased his enthusiasm as he filled the room with the deadly fire of plasma beams. With so many targets, it was easy to decimate a vast multitude of enemies as left and right foes were destroyed effortlessly but an end in sight wasn't visible as the masses scurrying about seemed endless.

Continuing his deadly rain of fire, a sudden explosive sound caused Behemoth to take cover behind an overturned table as he searched for the source of the sound. The sound itself revealed it to be an antique firearm that he believed was a shotgun but where it came from was difficult to discern as the enclosure was still blanketed in dim light and an opaque haze.

Risking to peek his head above the table and fire more blasts, he couldn't locate the person wielding the weapon but was able to extrapolate the direction of the gun toting villain as he observed three muds collapse suddenly as the violent boom echoed again. As he vaulted away to try and flank his adversary, another discharge erupted but again two foes were devastated instead of the unseen enemy's target.

A clear path was presented as a result of the last crushing roar and before the large gorilla was able to reload his shotgun, Behemoth took aim and fired repeatedly. The hail of plasma easily shredded through the monster as the concentrated beams tore through the creature's throat, chest, and torso. So intense was the volley of plasma that before the beast fell, his head was ripped from his body and his upper body was completely separated from his lower half. The power and efficiency of plasma technology was thus demonstrated as the disfigured corpse slumped to the floor in a bloody mess.

An abrupt series of movements near the stairs caught Behemoth's attention as he hurdled behind a ragged couch. His actions were unnecessary, however, as his comrades from the Shadow Corps filed in while laying down a blistering wall of cover fire that allowed Behemoth to join them. He was glad to see the troops as they rapidly spread throughout the building, annihilating those who opposed them.

Like expert firefighters who were extremely adept at extinguishing burning blazes, the Shadow Corps was proficient at snuffing out the lives of its enemies. This they did quickly and efficiently by scouring the complex for all signs of life and eliminating the enemy host. Behemoth was impressed by the great speed in which the Corps mercilessly worked.

Since his stay was only a temporary one, Behemoth hadn't had the chance to undergo the physical rigors required of an agent of the Shadow Corps. Due to this, he was unable to compare the training methods between the organization he was currently in and the Holy Legions. It appeared as though the tactics employed were quite good but he highly doubted that the agents he worked with now had endured the same strenuous tests of mind and body that a Legionnaire went through.

As Behemoth watched his comrades seize control of the region, he started to contemplate his mission as a whole when a brilliant golden aura followed by a violent thunderclap catapulted him back to his senses. Sensing trouble, he rushed towards the scene of the devastation like a raging rhinoceros bent on the destruction of his natural enemy.

The scene that bloodily greeted him was unpleasant as he saw a terrible gash in the metallic wall in front of him that could only have been caused by a powerful force. The blast had thrown four of his comrades to what appeared to be their doom as they laid absolutely still. No sign of life was evident from the mangled bodies that were scattered about the floor but a sound was audible from the direction where he presumed the origin of destruction had been.

Behemoth was the only agent in the immediate area as the others had fanned out in all directions so, heedless of the danger that loomed unknowingly before him, he crept towards the soft sound that he heard. The figure that met Behemoth's eyes was a Jew who wore camouflage fatigues and was armed with an ancient, but powerful bazooka. At the sight of Behemoth, the traitor laughed maniacally and shouted, "Die White scum!"

At the sight of such a large weapon, Behemoth had rushed back behind the undamaged section of the wall and dove for safety just as the traitor had risen his weapon and fired. The high explosive rocket shredded more of the wall to pieces but Behemoth had managed to avoid the center of the blast. Shards of metal had pierced his clothing but these potentially deadly daggers wedged themselves in the additional fat he carried and he was thus unharmed. His weapon, however, was nowhere to be seen.

Remembering his training, he recalled that his foe would have to reload his implement of war and now was his chance for victory. Behemoth would have to rely on his mighty physique to be his weapon as he surged triumphantly towards his adversary.

Like a mighty juggernaut, Behemoth crashed into the man as he was reloading his weapon. Adrenaline mingled with rage at the remembrance of his fallen comrades gave Behemoth a strength that minstrels could sing glorious tales about. This fury unleashed a veritable maelstrom of blows that sent the traitor to the ground in a bloody heap.

The vermin had collapsed but the struggle was not over as Behemoth descended atop the man and continued his barrage of tremendous punches and elbows that disfigured the creature's face. Like a sledgehammer crushing a watermelon, Behemoth smashed repeatedly into his opponent's face until he was satisfied that his foe was incapacitated. To guarantee his opponent's death, he rolled the lifeless rag over and choked any remaining life out of the creature that was as motionless as a decayed skeleton.

Rising in victorious glee, Behemoth went into the hall just as his fellow Shadow Corps comrades were arriving on the scene. They briefly spoke about what had happened before examining the bodies for life. Advanced medical instruments were produced that would register even the most faint signs of life. Even if the blast had killed some of the men, it was still possible to revive them as it hadn't been but a mere few minutes since the explosive incident that had injured the fallen warriors.

Transmissions from various units reported that the facility was secure so all eyes focused on the four agents whose continued existence was very questionable. The medical team worked frantically, trying to revive the unconscious. After several elongated moments, the medical crew was getting increasingly desperate as evidenced by their ever quickening pace. In the slow moments that followed it became more and more obvious that the men were dead and nothing anyone could do, could change the situation. Finally, when all chances at resuscitation were impossible, the medical company ceased their useless work and transported the fallen heroes out of the area.

An unordered moment of silence followed as Behemoth contemplated his actions during the mission. He sincerely doubted whether spying was the correct profession for him as he had let his emotions conquer him and it had led to a disastrous situation. His actions hadn't directly led to the deaths of four comrades but indirectly... Such unproductive thoughts were quickly banished by his granite will as he longed to return to the Holy Legions and avenge his fellow White brothers by defeating the enemies of the Empire.

The Shadow Corps meticulously combed the area for clues with such speed and efficiency that they seemed like a blur moving to and fro. Rummaging through drawers, scanning the area with sophisticated devices, and collecting many seemingly useless articles were undertaken all throughout the building. Behemoth watched, amazed at the proficiency with which the agents worked.

Behemoth's superior officer, Predator, approached him and spoke, "Our part of the mission is complete. We can leave now."

Silently assenting, Behemoth followed the man as he went up the stairs and exited the barn. All the while, he thought of the mission and how it hadn't gone according to plan. Of course, he knew that most battle plans went awry and one had to adapt to the conditions. Despite losing the men that they had, the mission was productive in that a great number of criminals were disposed of and vital information could have been recovered.

As the men entered the dark forest, the sweet harmony of singing crickets could be softly heard. A sense of tranquillity overcame Behemoth as he acknowledged that his first mission was complete. The relaxing atmosphere made him wonder where the trail might lead next in his trek for justice. The environment was so calming and nurturing that he was at ease despite the malicious melee that had just taken place a few moments previously.

Disrupting the crickets' song of joy, Predator spoke softly in the high pitch voice that the voice synthesizer produced, "That was some display of heroics and battle awareness. Despite the added bulk that you were forced to endure, you move with amazing agility and speed. How do you feel about the mission?"

Calmly responding, Behemoth spoke, "My emotions took control of me when that kike said those terrible words. Without thinking of the consequences, I snapped and crushed him. I regret the loss of four good comrades but this is quite a learning experience. I am determined to avenge their deaths tenfold. The enemies of the Empire WILL be crushed."

Nodding in approval, Predator responded with mild enthusiasm as he didn't wish to break the serene setting they were in, "Yes, indeed. Victory is inevitable. We must realize, though, that casualties are a part of war and it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to avenge all the deaths of our people by ourselves. As a whole, the Empire does extremely well as we lose one soldier to thousands of the enemy's. Of course it is tragic whenever our White brothers or sisters perish wrongfully but the Empire always avenges them."

The enlightening words Predator spoke affected Behemoth immensely as he realized that he was letting every casualty that he encountered affect him tremendously. He would always strive to protect his fellow soldiers and fight to the best of his ability but trying to avenge everyone could rip him apart. However, his goal to find the truth in his close friends' tragedy remained intact and he was determined to resolve the issue no matter the cost.

The scum and vermin that Behemoth had waded through seemed light years away as he and Predator came to their waiting hovercar. Calmly the pair joined the driver in the vehicle. The trio was silent as Predator simply nodded and off the vehicle sprang into the air with its powerful engine whizzing softly.

The view above the trees was quaint as the barn that had once been full of decay, came into view. An unexpected flash of brilliance erased the decadent building as a high explosive charge ripped through the structure. The infection that had infested the beautiful landscape had been destroyed and peace returned to the area.

White Empire - Chapter XV

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

As Behemoth sat in his quarters in the Shadow Corps compound, he scrutinized his mission the day previous with the utmost care and precision. Like a grand general, he analyzed the situation from every conceivable angle in order to not only learn and grow from the experience but to determine whether serving with the Shadow Corps was the best way to utilize his gargantuan talents. Granted, he had long ago decided his stay would be temporary within this secret division, but just how long his service would last remained unknown.

As it was made clear from the outset that he was only interested in serving a short stint within the Corps, Behemoth wondered whether he faced any kind of disciplinary action for his explosive outburst. He could only speculate on the difference of knowledge that he received compared to a full fledged, lasting agent. He noted how well hidden the operations were from not only the public but even fellow members. With this information, he resigned himself not to worry about such things.

His mind shifted somewhat in his musings to what, if any, information had been useful from the bloody and chaotic assignment that he had perilously ventured on. Perhaps the computer they had captured would reveal a link to the underground bar and the slaughter of his honorable compatriots. Would the Jews be so foolish as to have such data in that cesspool? Behemoth thought it unlikely unless they felt extremely safe in the false knowledge that no one outside their circle knew about their little establishment that was now no more.

A sudden jolt, like a nuclear blast, rocked Behemoth's mind as a simple but profound idea presented itself to him. Like an avid collector of memorabilia, the Shadow Corps zealously collected and hoarded mounds of knowledge so it would logically follow that Behemoth's assignment wasn't the only lead that existed. It would be good investigating procedure to cover a wide area of potential clues in order to ensure a higher rate of success.

Along the same line of reasoning, it became clear to Behemoth that it wouldn't be wise to assign a rookie to the most vital mission. It would make the most sense to grant the newly joined member the task least likely to bear fruit. These revelations couldn't be confirmed as there was no possible way that he could get any enlightenment shed upon the subject but it was pristinely clear to his mind's eye that he was correct.

He hadn't had any contact with any members of the Shadow Corps yet that day and an interest in the war with the Asian forces roared loudly in his mind. As a result, he lounged comfortably upon his bed, spreading his colossal frame out until his satisfaction was complete. Relaxed, he spoke a few words and the video screen surged to life with visions of battlefields and reports of the swift and crushing victories that the Empire was having in the vast stretches of the Asian continent.

Never before, in the long history of Earth, had there been a larger battle front than the current war with the Allied Asian forces. The entire perimeter of Asia, from northern Asia that bordered Russia, to the many islands located in the Pacific, was under attack by the mighty legions of the White Empire. Reports came in with blinding speed that noted advance after advance as the military might of the Empire crashed through all resistance like a mythological Titan who demolished all the tiny humans that crossed its path.

The sweeping strategy and effective tactics the Empire were employing were allowing them to progress far faster than Behemoth anticipated. Despite the billions of foes that presently defied the White Empire, a rapid advance was seen despite the infancy of the war.

The territory known as Mongolia, where the nefarious Genghis and Batu Khan hailed from, had already been cleansed of all impurities. Granted it was a sparsely populated region, but it was a rather large strip of land. Behemoth ached for warfare and wondered where he might be assigned upon his return to the Holy Legions.

Behemoth watched with little interest as a report of a full scale nuclear missile attack had been launched at various sites within the Empire. He was well aware that the elaborate missile defense system known as Gargantuan, protected against the threat of nuclear weapons. All across the land, missiles were spotted and neutralized. There was even a report of an attempt to smuggle a nuclear warhead into the White Empire but, it too, was negated.

Being in the military, Behemoth was familiar with Gargantuan and rested comfortably at night as he knew its effectiveness. The brilliant scientists that designed Gargantuan had pioneered a nuclear detection and neutralization device that constantly emitted a Dragion Aura Wave that, while harmless to organic life and energy systems within the Empire, proved disabling to any form of nuclear power. These devices were installed in underground bunkers across the realm and the wave they emitted traveled two hundred kilometers in every direction. For safety's sake, the devices were set up closer than that to provide overlapping coverage.

As if this wasn't enough, plasma anti aircraft batteries were also installed throughout the land to shoot down any hostile invaders and any missiles that the Air Force might miss. The tremendous amount of surveillance that was available enabled the Air Force to destroy any attackers long before these aggressors came in range of the plasma batteries. Therefore, these defenses had never seen action but it was always good strategy to be prepared for any contingency possible.

A news flash that interrupted the other reports told of a large clash of forces near the northern Chinese city of Hailar. A large alien force had engaged a smaller White armored division with the Whites being vastly outnumbered. Exact numbers weren't available but it was estimated that the Asian host was comprised of several million soldiers and thousands of tanks while the White force had but a few hundred of the ultra powerful hovertanks.

As if by sheer power of his indefatigable will, Behemoth was transported to a high mountain overlooking the battlefield. The view was one of majestic beauty as he viewed the instruments of war that spread out like little toys before him. The millions of enemy soldiers that scrambled about like bugs searching for food, interested him.

Like a king deliberating over the affairs of his subjects, Behemoth pondered how such an vast multitude of foes had managed to avoid the eagles of the Empire that ruled the sky and devastated any foes they saw with the mighty Death's Head weapon of mass destruction. The only conclusion he could deduce was that an underground network had been built in order to move the soldiers without detection.

Regardless of the seemingly hopeless odds that the Empire faced, victory was assured and no loss of life would result for any White warriors. The reason for this, beside the vast superiority of the White Race, was that it was a general tactic to control any vehicle through remote control means. The pilots in the planes and hovertanks would be controlled by a crew hundreds or even thousands of kilometers away.

In addition to this, the actual fighting soldiers of the Empire were essentially a clean up crew that wouldn't normally see any action other to mop up any hidden forces. The main power of the military lay in the planes and hovertanks that devastated the dastardly fiends that resisted the might of the Empire. Essentially, these forces unfurled an inviting red carpet that the infantry strolled upon in all their splendor.

Although virtually invisible, the fighter planes of the Empire cruised quietly above the encroaching melee. Their supremely destructive weapon, known as the Death's Head missile, wouldn't be as useful in such a clustered situation as the hovertanks would be made inoperative. Since the hovertanks were piloted from afar, there would be no loss of life but the electromagnetic field generated by the Death's Head missile would disable the vehicles and thus neutralize the fighting ability of the Empire's forces.

As a result of this handicap, the planes were forced to use the more conventional means of attack in high explosives and plasma weapons. Even before the two armies clashed in the barren wasteland outside of Hailar, gruesome death rained down on the Asian forces like a hail storm of burning destruction. The swarming infantry were especially hard hit as it was nearly impossible not to kill hundreds or even thousands with a single attack run as the beasts were packed so densely.

Meanwhile, the sleek black hovertanks whizzed softly across the battlefield, hovering several meters above the ground. Each war vehicle sported multiple weapons which were capable of dealing with virtually any situation. Two large plasma cannons were mounted atop the tank for the larger targets while several smaller plasma guns were located on the sides. The juggernaut was even equipped with a multiple rocket platform that could eradicate large masses of enemy foot soldiers. Each weapon had an almost unlimited area of attack so it mattered not which direction this master of war faced.

These hulking brutes of immense power were known as Colossals. They were designed for great firepower, immense defense, and lighting speed. The armor was a full meter thick and was made from the super strong but light metal called Klassenium. Since the craft was not meant for a crew, this allowed space for multiple power cells and a larger engine that allowed the vessel to reach speeds up to five hundred kilometers an hour. In field tests, it had taken hundreds of blasts from the ancient Soviet tanks that the Asians employed to merely damage a Colossal so it was safe to assume that these veritable floating fortresses would dominate the battlefield.

The opposing Asian forces mainly deployed vastly outdated T-80 tanks that had become obsolete years ago. Even in the masses that were produced, they were no match for the Colossals. The gooks might have taken comfort in the fact that their host supremely outnumbered their opponents' force but this sense of security would be tested as the day wore on.

The Asians hoped that the wasteland would allow their extensive army to overwhelm and surround the Empire but, as always, their tactics were flawed as the Empire's forces gleefully welcomed the terrain as the hovertanks had a far greater range and could fire at the T-80's without return fire from a distance of several kilometers. Obstacles between the armies would have prevented this but the Asians, ignorant of such knowledge, hastened forward to their doom.

The Asian tanks rumbled onward across the vast clearing, churning up chaotic dust storms that would veil their vehicles from the average eye but would be no hindrance to the highly evolved sensors that the Colossal tanks employed. The cold, desolate wasteland that surrounded the two armies was, like all areas outside the Empire, devoid of healthy life. Not even grass was present as the area seemed contaminated with some unknown poison that befouled the land.

The most common sight besides diseased earth that was seen in the no man's land void was profane rubbish. Scattered about haphazardly was refuse of every imaginable sort. The appearance of the area wasn't conducive to a landfill or other waste disposal domain as there weren't great mounds of trash but, instead, small piles littered about. Logically, it would seem to indicate that the filth had merely been enticed into the region by the alluring wind.

The unheard command given, the Colossals opened fire with their penetrating bluish plasma beams. A bystander would have been in awe at the magnificent light show that erupted with life and devastated the hostile forces of the Asian enemy. The entrancing display of pulsating color had the ability of numbing one's ability to fight and this distraction caused more than one enemy tank to halt their advance and be shot like the easy target it presented.

As the plasma fusillade continued its barrage of mutilation, an unheard, but not undetected, enemy threat flew rapidly towards the battlefield. This flying squadron had been launched from a previously unknown airfield located in the side of a hill near the city of Hailar. Like locusts bent on the death of vital and healthy plants, the old Mig fighters scrambled hastily ahead to resist the military might of the White Empire.

Thousands of these planes hurtled towards the invaders of their homeland while the Asian tanks were being ravaged and torn apart by the precision strikes of the plasma blasts. Upon observing the Migs, the F-35 Bolt fighters of the Empire abandoned their bombing runs to neutralize the new threat and to ensure their mastery of the skies.

The old fashioned relics known as Migs were no match for the supreme Bolt planes and a slaughter soon commenced. The Bolt fighters were invisible to the primitive radar capabilities of the Asians and blended in so well with the overcast sky that detection by eyesight was impossible. What the terrified gooks did see were many bursts of plasma that sent the Migs plummeting to their destruction. Again and again the unrelenting stream of fire assaulted the insignificant but annoying beasts that roamed the skies. While the missiles the Migs were equipped with could damage the Bolt planes, it would require the pilot to detect the plane, which it was unable to do. The Asian air force could detect the Colossal tanks as well as damage them so it was imperative to destroy the planes before they did.

While the massacre continued in the gray skies above, a similar display of carnage was also occurring on the ground as the T-80's were being destroyed at a monumental rate. Despite this, they pressed onward even though they were still not in range and couldn't successfully hit any hovertanks. Burned out tanks lay devastated across the battlefield but not a single Colossal was dented nor even fired upon.

The heavy losses sustained by the Asian forces were staggering but still their forces heavily outnumbered the Empire's. Living under Communist rule, it was easy to ascertain why they continually pressed forward to their sure deaths. Death was far more inviting a prospect than returning to their miserable lives where torture and deprivation were commonplace. This sick existence would explain the malicious madness that spurred them onwards to their ultimate doom. Soon, oh so soon, the vast mass of antiquated Soviet tanks would try in vain to harm the Colossals.

The threat in the skies was a serious one and though the Migs were being shot down at an astounding rate, many were still functional and posing to attack the ground forces of the Empire. The outbursts of blue plasma that assaulted the Asian planes not only destroyed them but caused some gook pilots to go insane as they thought some supernatural force was at work. These disturbed pilots plummeted to their death and some even purposely crashed into their own infantry as they thought they were bestial devils summoned from some imaginary hell. Struggling fiercely and firing with amazing accuracy, the valiant pilots of the Empire shot down hundreds, and then thousands of enemy planes but it was not enough to stop the Migs from reaching the Colossal tanks.

The Colossal tanks had no intention of sitting still and allowing the Migs to have easy target practice so the hovertanks elevated themselves high above the battlefield just as the first volley of high explosive anti-tank shells were directed towards them by the T-80 tanks. The hovertanks orchestrated a fighting withdrawal as they swerved about to avoid the missiles launched at them while firing a barrage of plasma at their pursuers.

Trapped between the Bolt planes and the hovertanks, the Asian Migs were relentlessly assaulted. In the ensuing melee, several hovertanks were unfortunately destroyed by the lucky shots of some gook pilots. These pilots soon met death, however, as they were quickly destroyed. The Migs had missiles that could home onto the heat signature of an enemy but this was neutralized by the great cooling systems in the instruments of war that the Empire fielded and limited the effectiveness of such missiles.

The air battle was drawn one hundred kilometers away from the original area before the Asian planes made the decision to withdraw. At this time they had but a mere skeleton of the huge force they had started with. This remainder was soon liquidated by the Bolt craft as it pursued and demolished the force that had managed to destroy several Colossals.

The massacre that had just commenced in the gloomy skies was unknown to the ground forces of the Asians. In their ignorance, the infantry and tank crews were celebrating wildly as they believed they had just defeated the armed forces of the mightiest Empire that had ever existed. As they had been unable to pursue the hovertanks, they had ceased their movement and relegated themselves to abandoning any discipline they might have had to festively cheer on their apparent triumph.

The commanders of the alien host tried desperately to organize and rally the troops to press the attack but it was an absolutely futile gesture. Nothing could have tasted sweeter to these ragged troops than the sublime ambrosia of success against what they knew to be a superior entity. As much as their leaders had tried to boost their confidence by telling the soldiers how elite they were, the infantry didn't bite on such propaganda as news of the White Empire's exploits would reach their ears despite the viselike grip the government had on the media.

The revelry continued unabated even right beside the dead and dying comrades of the Asian forces. The gooks were mainly a hedonistic lot which didn't even tend to take care of their wounded despite their bloodied bodies laying close nearby. Instead of being saved, these dying bodies were actually trampled to death by the gleeful celebrants.

Gunfire erupted skyward as the soldiers were unable to contain their excitement but the jubilation soon turned violent as arguments over trivial matters like who had the honor of shooting the most and firing first exploded upon the scene. Several fights broke out and shots followed, killing an unknown amount of soldiers as the area was densely populated. The escapade would have avalanched into a full blown riot but the bizarre and animalistic nature of the Asians was temporarily quelled as a report of an unidentified force was seen approaching their location.

Word of the successful defense engineered by the military traveled quickly to the nearby city of Hailar and it was the surviving citizens of an earlier assault on the city by the White Empire that came in droves to congratulate the Asian military. Although the vehicles these people occupied were far outdated compared to the Empire's vast technology, the leaders of the Asians had received no word that they were friendly so they ordered the attack on the cheering civilians that slowly advanced.

The internal squabbling ceased immediately as the gook soldiers charged into battle with reckless abandon. Whether they were oblivious to the fact of their assault on their own kind or whether they didn't care is open to speculation. A violent slaughter commenced as the cheering citizens rapidly became bloody corpses of immense wretchedness. Bullets noisily filled the air and booming explosions rocked the earth in this deafening symphony of carnage.

The fervor and madness was bewildering to behold as the soldiers cut down their own subjects in a brutal display of perverted fanaticism. Driven beyond their normal capacities by their perceived victory over the Empire, the gook soldiers overwhelmed the unarmed citizens with frightful speed and intensity. Blood flowed freely as the frightened citizens scrambled away like a flock of geese who scamper about wildly when they perceive danger.

Flying unnoticed in the heavens, above the orgy of insanity, was a squadron of Bolt fighters preparing for their bombing assault. Only one plane was required to launch the devastating Death's Head missile but the others functioned as an escort just in case anything went awry. The escort proved unnecessary, however, as the planes weren't hindered along their route and flew over the target site without any problems whatsoever.

The decision had been made and the Hyper Neutron missile was launched towards the filthy mass below as the planes accelerated to their maximum speed and veered violently away to avoid the monstrous blast. The beasts that slew one another were unaware of both the planes and the deadly missile that sealed their impending doom. The butchering below was cut short by the explosion that ended the gooks' suffering.

The bombardment of neutrons upon the field of battle unleashed an obliteration of all the filth below. The powerful energy released was a marvel to behold as the blast produced a wide variety of color in flashing patterns that dazzled the eye. Reds, blues, and greens were the most remarkable as the neutrons sprinkled down upon the land after the initial explosion. This cleansing rain sanctified the area as it ridded the land of the foul poison that had infested it.

The destruction of vermin was quick and painless as the radiation enveloped the bodies and consumed them completely. Flesh and bone were incinerated instantly and no trace of life remained, not even ash. The signs of life in the form of vehicles, guns, and even the clothes the beasts wore, survived the blast. These were unaffected by the radiation the neutrons emanated. This radiation dissipated swiftly as its half life was only one hour, which meant that within a day the area would again be safe for life to flourish and thrive.

The battle was ended in another glorious triumph of the White Empire. The newscaster came back onto the video screen and reported other events of the war but Behemoth stood up from his bunk and cheered happily. No matter the obstacles, the White juggernaut was unstoppable and its extreme velocity fascinated him.

Behemoth switched off the video screen and resigned himself to his thoughts. Seeing the vivid scenes off battle made him yearn more than ever to return to the field of war. His heart longed for open engagement of battle rather than the clandestine spying that he was presently engaged in. Not having heard from the agents of the Shadow Corps, he drifted off into the realm of dreams as he thought of the future.

White Empire - Chapter XVI

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

Behemoth awoke at the sound of the disguise specialist in the Shadow Corps, Chameleon, entering the room. The night's rest was indeed refreshing and his thoughts the previous day had manifested into a dream about his future. In his dream, he had saved his good friends John and Marie from a horde of hideous monsters. The dream made him smile as he contemplated what his unconscious might want him to do. He was confident of resolving his comrades' deaths but in exactly what fashion still remained a mystery.

Chameleon calmly seated himself and silently assented to Behemoth getting ready before they conversed. Behemoth hastily prepared himself as he wondered what treasures the day would bring. He made short work of his morning meal of fruit and juice before washing up and being ready to expel his outer shell like a snake shedding its skin.

Rapidly, Chameleon extracted the tools of his trade from his bag and started working diligently to restore Behemoth to his former appearance. Behemoth tore off the surviving clothes that he had worn for the mission so that the bogus fat could be removed from his muscular body. Then the dense heft flew off Behemoth's body as if he was on a healthy fast. The weight was coming off much faster than it had gone on and when it was all gone, Behemoth felt as though he had become a new man.

Next to be removed were the listening devices installed in his eye and ear. These amazing devices had become so ingrained in his system that Behemoth had completely forgotten about them and had questioned Chameleon's actions until he became aware of the tiny surveillance equipment. With the removal of the devices, Behemoth had once again become his former physical self.

Only mere minutes had passed but the job was complete. Chameleon gathered his gear and slowly trotted out of the room, carrying the remains of Behemoth's disguise that would surely either be reused or recycled. Before leaving, he informed Behemoth that Viper would shortly be arriving and to put on his Shadow Corps uniform.

Although Behemoth wasn't slowed down that much with the disguise he had worn, he felt a million times quicker and more agile than before. As he gazed into the mirror in his room, he noticed how much better he looked as well. While admiring his physique, he was reminded of the grand statues of heroic champions that adorned the Museum of Heroes. He had visited that museum many times as he honored the warriors of the White Race—both the fictitious heroes and the factual ones. After all, the legends and myths of great knights had surely inspired historical gladiators.

Behemoth quickly moved across the room and jumped up and down as he relished in his returned capabilities. Quickly he put on his midnight black uniform as he pumped himself up like the ancient combatants did thousands of years ago. Although there was no physical battle ready to receive him at the moment, every day could be called a symbolic battle and this is what he readied himself for as he seated himself at his table.

Behemoth noticed the quiet sliding door open and Viper entered the room with an air of stealth about him that was now common to his eyes. The mystery surrounding Viper, as an agent of the Shadow Corps, seemed heightened on this day. Whether it was the demeanor of Viper or his own thoughts about his future, Behemoth sensed something different from the shadowy figure of his mentor.

His tutor confidently strolled to the table and seated himself comfortably. It was impossible to accumulate any information based solely on looks due to the cloaking uniforms which all agents wore. Neither of the obvious indicators of feeling were visible as both the eyes and mouth were veiled. Viper's body language didn't seem to convey much to the observant eyes of Behemoth so it was apparent that only speech would reveal if something was, indeed, out of the ordinary.

After exchanging greetings, Viper placated the unspoken request by speaking in the high pitched voice common to all in the Shadow Corps, "I hope you are doing well and have fully recuperated after such an intense mission. After sorting through the evidence gathered, we have collected vital information that will surely assist us in our search for justice. Not only that but I have recommended you for the Shadow Award, which is awarded to great agents who exude excellence. After seeing your heroic display, I believe you will win easily. We have your next mission assigned as well."

As Viper produced a folder and placed it in front of him, Behemoth realized his senses had proved right and something was different—something great. Many thoughts blitzed his mind and overwhelmed him. Events were transpiring so quickly that time was needed to sort everything out. He was already undecided about his future and this news added fuel to the swarming fire.

Noticing that Behemoth didn't look at the report, Viper asked inquisitively, "Is something wrong comrade?"

Behemoth's response came rapidly and matched the flurry of thoughts that were enveloping him, "May I be excused for a few moments to think of this news?"

Viper granted the request with a silent, consenting nod while informing Behemoth to contact him via the communications device located in his uniform when he was ready to continue their meeting. After his instructor left the room, Behemoth got up from his chair and started strolling about his quarters with his hands clasped behind him and his eyed aimed skywards as he contemplated the words of his mentor.

While the new information hadn't concretely proved a conspiracy in his friends' deaths, it did make the idea much more plausible. Behemoth doubted whether the agency would reveal much in regards to the essential data they had recovered but since his mission was already assigned, he concluded it was very important and was linked to some insurgent group that would have the means to execute an attack on the populace of the White Empire. It was all merely speculation though and it seemed only time would reveal the facts to him.

The announcement that he was recommended for an award was shocking to Behemoth's mind. Granted he had liquidated a good number of foul beasts but four comrades had paid with their very lives. Obviously, the intelligence gathering field could be very dangerous especially when one had to go behind enemy lines and into the enemy's lair. He wondered how many agents were normally lost in missions like the one he was a part of. That knowledge wasn't his and probably never would be.

So enveloped in thought was he, that Behemoth hadn't even felt proud about the award recommendation nor had he even thanked Viper for the honor. That would be resolved shortly and a sense of content accomplishment consumed him as he noted that if he hadn't eliminated the threat of the rocket wielding maniac, then other agents could have been killed. Remembering the spectacle vividly, Behemoth relished in the satisfaction of squeezing the life out of the malicious monster that had harmed his brethren.

Continuing to pace about the room, Behemoth noted that the minutes flew slowly by like a graceful eagle that glided majestically through the azure skies. Excitement tingled throughout his body as he enjoyed being alive. The great news that had been presented to him was finally sinking in. The time was ripe for his decision of the future and his mind was made up.

Stopping his gait, he confidently radioed for Viper to return to his quarters. His mind was at ease as the battlefield that was his mind, had quieted with the guns silent and the smoke having cleared. Behemoth seated himself comfortably in his chair as he awaited the arrival of his mentor and looked forward to the days ahead.

Only a few minutes passed before Viper appeared and, after seating himself, spoke as reassuring as possible given the fact that he spoke with a voice synthesizer, "I hope everything is well, comrade. How are you feeling?"

Although it wasn't visible, Behemoth was grinning broadly and this clearly indicated his mood. Since it wasn't observable though, he had to speak to convey his feelings. "I'm doing extremely well, sir. I just had to think some things through."

Retrieving the mission file, Viper again placed it in front of Behemoth. This was countered by Behemoth's words, "Sir, may I have a few words with you?"

After acknowledging the affirming nod, Behemoth spoke agreeably, "The news you have furnished me with is very exciting. I am glad that useful information was found at our target site and I hope it proves very useful. I am very appreciative of the honor you have bestowed upon me by recommending me for the Shadow Award. The present mission could very well lead to the justice I am seeking. That said, I do not think I am the one who should undertake that mission. I do not feel that this is my proper role in life and, as such, I request to be discharged."

Viper didn't immediately react to the words and betray his feelings to the request for discharge. His disposition remained the same but it was obvious that he was pondering the whole situation. Silence ruled the room as Behemoth awaited a response to his request.

After several minutes of contemplation, Viper uttered, "You haven't been with us that long and you wish to leave already? Although you are under no obligation to explain, I would appreciate it if you could present me with your reason for your request."

Although he couldn't mention the Holy Legions as secrecy within the Shadow Corps was paramount, Behemoth did partially reveal his judgement. "The occupation I left to join this fine organization was one which I have enjoyed for many years and I wish to return to it. My time that I have spent here has been educational but I do not feel as though I can best utilize my abilities in these surroundings. Therefore, I request a discharge so that I can resume my former work."

Nodding his head in acquiescence, Viper replied, "I will talk to my superiors and get back to you. Of course, I can't tell you for sure whether your request will be granted or not. In the meantime, study this report so that you will be prepared either way. I will return later today to inform you of the situation."

The comrades exchanged customary farewells before Viper exited the room. Behemoth picked up the report that had been left for him and quickly glanced at the contents. There were many pages of reports, pictures, diagrams, and general information. The report itself was quite voluminous and detailed but Behemoth found it very interesting and wasn't bored by it whatsoever. Even though he was accustomed to greatness within the Empire, the superiority of his folk never ceased to amaze him.

The mission that lay before him was different from his other mission in that the objective was to penetrate a strictly Jewish compound. It was far more likely that Jews would be behind any conspiracy rather than the other half-witted muds. The Jews have a religion that has bound them for centuries and only the might of Creativity was able to destroy the tentacles that had been sucking the blood out of the world. With that common knowledge, it was logical to assume that the Jews were behind any nefarious schemes that existed in the world.

The compound was located in a newly conquered area in what was known as China. The Shadow Corps had jurisdiction in infiltrating the underground facility as it was important to their case and obtaining information was vital. Military units would easily be able to destroy the building but it was hoped to gain valuable insight into the ongoing investigation. Speed in executing the mission was of supreme importance as to have a higher probability of success in capturing any enemies that would reveal what they knew. Behemoth believed that these vermin would be happy to help after proper persuasion was introduced.

This mission wasn't the same type of infiltration as before. This assignment was a full scale raid of the complex. This type of operation appealed greatly to Behemoth as it was very similar to his work in the Holy Legions. A brief moment of regret flashed across his mind before retreating in light of his acknowledged home with the Holy Legions.

The hours flew by as Behemoth devoured the intriguing report. So much detail had been provided by the advanced sensors of the Empire that he believed that he knew more of the compound than the Jews who resided in it did. If Behemoth hadn't observed the blueprint that was obtained through satellite means, he wouldn't have thought it possible to detect structures beneath the ground. The evidence of this technology, however, was right in front of him.

As Behemoth studied the plans of the mission before him, he pleasantly realized that he was in a win-win situation. His home was with the military and that is where he wished to go but the prospect of the raid was attractive to him as well. Therefore, he realized, there was no way for him to be unhappy, regardless of the Shadow Corps' decision.

Just as this enlightening thought was tickling his brain, Behemoth observed the return of his mentor, Viper. Behemoth stood up and saluted his superior who replied similarly before they both seated themselves at Viper's unspoken insistence. Eagerly, Behemoth waited for the news of whether he would keep his code name or would resume his birth name of Wolfgang.

Instead of immediately making the decision known, Viper asked, "What do you think of the new mission?"

A metallic laugh softly echoed about the room as Behemoth replied, "I like the mission as it is more my style than the previous one. I wasn't expecting you to ask about that, though."

Viper nodded and produced an unseen smile before speaking, "After examining the new mission, do you still wish to exit the Shadow Corps?"

Behemoth answered immediately, "Yes, I do. Of course, I will abide by the decision of the Shadow Corps. In fact, I will be happy either way but I would still like to depart and pursue my previous occupation."

"Very well, comrade. Your request has been granted," replied Viper. "In thirty minutes you will be escorted out of the complex. Take care."

Viper collected the mission folder while Behemoth responded, "Thank you, sir. RAHOWA!"

Viper responded likewise before exiting the room and leaving Behemoth to his thoughts. Excitedly, Behemoth looked forward to the Holy Legions and to being called by his real name, Wolfgang. He recalled the glory of battle and the refreshing duty of serving the Empire in warfare like the ancient warriors of bygone eras. The winning of the world was rapidly approaching and he highly anticipated serving his part in the honorable victory of the White Empire.

White Empire - Chapter XVII

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

The explosive celestial entity known as the sun, brought warmth and happiness down upon the citizens enjoying the natural wonders in Salubrious Park. The sky was dotted with several clouds but these didn't seem to threaten or extinguish the pleasant rays of the life bearing star that sustained the bluish planet Earth. The soft calls of various birds mingled with the abundance of life, created a serene atmosphere of content and relaxation.

This area had charmed Marie Benini for many years and inspired her greatly. Although John Granger had only visited the park but once, he had also been enamored of its beauty and it could easily have been a natural shrine like the ones the Pagan ancestors of the White Race had utilized for their religious purposes. It was therefore quite fitting that the monument of these martyrs was being erected in the very place that the two adored.

Construction of the memorial grave had been started shortly after the deaths of the outstanding citizens. Time wasn't wasted within the Empire and this was evidenced by the great amount of work that had already been completed. Although less than a week had passed, the monument was nearly finished and was already quite pleasing to the eye.

Work from both the erection of the site and the computer systems were rapidly progressing as workers took pride in their work and pushed one another to go faster and achieve better results. Such a work mentality allowed for tremendous results in little time.

The creation site was swarmed with numerous laborers who were far busier than bees working on their honeycomb. Back and forth, up and down, they toiled unceasingly in the pleasant aura that enveloped them. The construction tools they used hummed softly but were not so loud as to profane the tranquillity that surrounded them.

In seeming respect of the sacrosanct quality of the structure they were building, the normal boisterous songs of these expert craftsmen were quieted, but still sung cheerfully. The songs kept morale high and gave the workers a sense of unity. When one comrade might be unable to sing due to exertion, the others would still sing so the merry atmosphere was always sustained.

The songs of the gleeful laborers varied in length and scope. Some of the lyrics glorified the magnificent Empire and what an honor it was to serve as a craftsman in such a wondrous place. Others recounted the majestic buildings that construction workers had produced and how proud they felt to be involved in such endeavors. All the songs emphasized pride in one's work and achieving and maintaining a superior work ethic that would be remembered for eons.

The cheerfulness of the workers fit in rather well with the spacious surroundings of Salubrious Park. The park goers themselves were pleased at the structure being built which led the laborers to attain a greater speed to please the small crowd that watched the construction. The park had always been popular but it was even more so after the tragic event that had recently taken place.

The tranquil surroundings were abruptly invaded by an unseen, unanticipated crack of explosive thunder. Where the accompanying lightning bolt struck was unknown nor was the point of origin visible. The sky above was a Prussian blue mixed with whitish clouds that showed no sign of a storm. Another detonating blast of riotous thunder shook the area and revealed that, although the darkening clouds were not yet visible, the previous concussion was no freak of nature and a powerful storm was approaching.

A chill wind blew softly at first but increased gradually as commanding orders bellowed forth from the captain of the work force. The scaffolding that surrounded the incomplete monument was quickly transformed into a watertight tent that would allow the crew to continue working despite the adverse weather conditions. The new song that the men excitedly chanted reflected their hurried pace and spoke of speed and dexterity in building.

Within minutes the sky had darkened and most everyone in the park had found shelter with the laborers entering the construction tent as the park goers retreated to the park facilities. The work crew had erected their refuge with plenty of time to spare before the cold, wet drops of rain started to pelt the enclosure. The air was chilled but the change in temperature and atmospheric conditions didn't slow the rapid advance the construction workers were experiencing.

The full fury of the storm, that had been blocked from sight by the numerous trees in the area, was suddenly unleashed upon the park land. The blackening effect of the storm caused the auxiliary lights to shine forth. The torrent of heavy raindrops that bombarded the worker's haven, caused a rhythmic pitter-patter that soothed the occupant's minds with its lulling effect. This beating noise fit right in with the lyrical words sung by the crew and soon became a vital component of the music that would have been missed had it been absent.

A worker here and then a worker there stopped singing until all song had stopped and only the steady parentheses of the mighty thunderstorm that held them in its embrace, could be heard. Something dark and mysterious had been spotted heading for their haven and the curiosity of the men had been inflamed. The captain of the company ordered a break so as to ascertain what it was that had been spotted in the ferocious tempest that raged violently about like a mythical dragon in its death throes.

Viewed from inside the shelter, several barely visible forms were discerned by those with the keenest eyesight. The darkness that pervaded the park made it difficult to make out the identity of the individuals that appeared to be cloaked in black and slowly advancing in a cautious fashion. Whether this meant the figures were merely having a difficult time navigating the pounding storm or slinking about with hostile intentions, was unclear.

The leader of the workers ordered several men to brave the relentless storm to determine what the clandestine figures were up to in such a forceful act of nature. The men that exited the dry haven were immediately assaulted by the stinging rain and sweeping, hurricane-like winds. The bite of the storm was indeed shocking as the men felt as though they were being attacked by an angry swarm of hostile hornets. The men quickly adjusted to their new environment and became accustomed to the thrashing pricks while going about their orders.

The men ventured out and yelled loudly in the direction of the mysterious beings but all was for naught. The greetings they broadcasted were no match for the scathing winds that howled mightily and overpowered the seemingly insignificant call of the workers. Try as they might, their voices just could not pierce the shield of wind that separated the workers from the lost souls that loomed before them.

The simple communication devices the crew wore in their ears crackled a garbled message as the storm greatly interfered with the transmission. The orders from the captain were made out but only with great difficulty. They were to attempt to use hand signals in order to attempt to communicate with the unknown beings. If this didn't work, they were to proceed with caution and advance.

The lead crewman, Gregor Slavonav, gesticulated in the form of sign language in the hopes of contacting those deep in the storm. He exaggerated the motions in the hope of making the gestures more visible but all to no avail. Either the cloaked figures couldn't see them or didn't understand them. A third possibility existed though. Maybe the crew was simply being ignored.

Meanwhile, the concealed spirits continued their slow, labored pace towards the construction site. Five of the figures beckoned forth as if attracted by the light in the darkness. Like a ship lost at sea, they glided towards the lighthouse that would provide safety. Oddly, though, their pace was slow and one would think that they would rush forward to the sanctuary of dryness yet the storm didn't seem to bother them whatsoever.

As the five forms navigated the forest, a powerful gust of wind accompanied by a searing sword of lightning, ravaged an immense tree and caused it to come toppling down. The tree was well over twenty meters tall and its branches stretched out even further than this. As the tree crashed to the earth in a deafening blow, one of the extended branches landed atop one of the figures and pinned him to the ground. Amid the debris, it was unclear whether the man had survived the devastating impact or not.

The loss of their comrade didn't affect the strange men at all. In fact, they didn't even seem to notice that a monstrous tree had just fallen in their midst and crushed one of their own. It was as if they were mindless zombies who were oblivious of the events that surrounded them. Long ago, drones of this nature had a name—Christians.

These Christians of an ancient era, for the most part abandoned the higher intellectual facilities that separate humans from the other animals of nature. Logic, reasoning, and common sense had been pounded out of these beings by unnatural religious infection. The suicidal, contradictory, and farcical beliefs these Christians preached so muddled the minds of the people that they would believe anything the priests said. Fear of a ghoulish hell kept them in line and under the sway of the church leaders.

The crew of workers, led by Slavonav, noted the bizarre behavior of the bizarre men amid several cracklings of thunder. Each of the men instinctively pulled out their plasma pistols in order to protect themselves and their comrades. As Slavonav was reporting what had just transpired to his superior, he was forced to cut the transmission by what happened next.

As if by an unseen force that controlled the four strange men, they discarded their cloaks and revealed the antique shotguns they were equipped with. The more sinister observance was made by the shedding of this outer skin as it became apparent that these drones were suicide soldiers. Strapped about their legs, arms, and torso were many sticks of the outdated explosive of dynamite.

The sluggish disposition of the suicide runners also changed dramatically as a surge of life was injected into their veins as they charged the holy workers of the Empire. At the same instant, a rush of previously unseen kamikazes burst onto the scene in a hasty, but silent, advance. All of this occurred just as multiple flashes of destructive lightning danced about the area followed by ravaging blasts of thunder, indicating that the storm was right on top of the park. The intensified furor of the storm matched that of the tumultuous events below and created a fierce battle not only with the storm, but between the forces of light and darkness.

Although the work crew weren't officially in the military, like many citizens of the Empire, they had voluntarily served due to their intense love of the White Race. Denizens of all professions were attracted to the military training offered by the Empire and it was quite easy to set aside the two months required for basic training, as employers understood the desire to be prepared in case of war. As a result of this training, the laborers were far better prepared for battle than their foes.

The comrades dropped to the sopping wet ground, landing in several puddles of muddied water. Firing rapidly with their pistols, they resisted the assault. Slavonav barked forcefully into his communication device, "We need reinforcements, NOW!"

Like an erupting volcano, spewing forth chunks of earth and lava thousands of meters into the sky, the construction workers poured out from the work site onto the battlefield. With a primordial howl at the glee of warfare, the workers became warriors and swiftly came to the aid of their brethren to help even the odds of the fray.

The chaotic swirl of battle captured the land as both sides exchanged a murderous hail of fire. The superiority of the plasma pistols was quickly evident as the short range of the shotguns which the zombies wielded severely handicapped them. The loud blasts of the shotguns were more forceful than the impact because the suicide drones were slashed down with merciless accuracy before they could close in on the workers of the Empire and inflict damage.

An unknown quantity of suicide bombers emerged from the forest and continued their futile attack. The mounting losses of these invaders didn't affect their morale whatsoever and they cascaded onward. It became obvious that the cloaked figures that had been visible earlier were merely a diversion to mask the true size of the assault force.

The lead company of the Empire that was led by Slavonav, was able to hold off the attack for several minutes but the weight of the invaders finally drove them back. Several of the suicide bombers had detonated themselves in earth rumbling eruptions but the blasts were too far away to seriously harm the comrades. Slavonav, himself, had been seared by the intense heat generated by the blast but this didn't prevent him from falling back and linking up with the other laborers.

The carnage continued unabated as the storm itself took part in the cleansing of the slimy fecal matter that desecrated the park. The thunderstorm hurtled energized javelins down into the ranks of the foul invaders. The uprightness of the invaders made them easy targets compared to the defenders who were positioned close to the ground, on their stomachs. As a result, one bolt from the heavens extended its electric greeting to an attacker, causing him to twitch, burn, and fall to the ground in a smoking descent of misery. Another gift from the sky above toppled an ancient tree which crushed several suicide runners.

Here and there a pellet or two whizzed by the defenders as they fired volley after volley of plasma waves into the hordes that threatened them. It was impossible to tell exactly how many casualties that the plasma beams had inflicted amid the torrential downpour and chaotic events of battle. It seemed safe to estimate that at least fifty dark soldiers had been annihilated while the number could be as high as one hundred. The small band of workers, on the other hand, which consisted of no more than twenty workmen, remained intact with only minor injuries being reported.

As if a horn of retreat sounded that only the invaders could hear, the shotgun wielding insects flung their weapons to the marshy ground and fled hastily away. Immediately upon seeing this, the victorious warriors of the Empire pursued their prey relentlessly into the forest with pistols blazing away. Like rhinos charging forward, the comrades mauled through the pitiful ranks of the enemy in their triumphant glee at the sign of victory. Glorious moments of battle lust was satiated as the enemy threat was extinguished.

The battlefield was littered with the corpses that had recently violated the park. The searing holes that the plasma pulses inflicted were visible upon most of the attackers and served as a reward for their insolence. Little evidence of those that had detonated the explosives strapped to their bodies was available but those comrades with burns remembered them well and they would not be forgotten. Completing the picture of dead on the battlefield were those crushed by the wrath of the malicious storm that had helped the laborers defend the park.

As per standard military procedure, the area was cleansed thoroughly by the workers to ensure the safety of the land. This was accomplished by giving the gift of plasma to all the fallen invaders, no matter how mangled and corpse-like they appeared. Swiftly and efficiently, the workers roamed the area, purifying the land that the intruders had defiled. The punishment of death was issued to all those that had defied the White Race and the Empire. In order to prevent any explosions, the activation devices were disabled as well.

As the fighting had simmered and cooled, so had the storm. The double edged sword of the storm had been revealed in that the storm brought life sustaining water but could also bring destruction through its scathing rain, wind, and lightning. The thunder and lightning had moved on and a steady rainfall was spread about the park. Destructive elements couldn't always be considered negative, though, as the storm had proved beneficial to the defense of the Empire and destruction could pave the way for future beauty.

Slavonav and the others who were injured in the melee had nursed their wounds as the other laborers were completing the cleansing process of the park. Slavonav's communication device had been destroyed in the blast that had scalded his skin, so he was oblivious to the orders that had been issued. Glancing around, he was unable to locate the captain who undoubtedly had orchestrated the marvelous victory. He continued this endeavor when a streaking figure caught his eye.

Running hastily towards the construction site was an invader that somehow had slipped through the mighty grasp of the Empire. The drone ran quickly through the steady blanket of rain and Slavonav could only yell in vain as he realized that it was too late for him to stop the zombie. The other injured comrades watched intently as they reached for their pistols in impotent resistance.

Devoid of emotion, the zombie ceased his running and slowed to a casual gait as he approached the entrance to the enclosed construction site. Agonizing moments of despair gripped the onlooking spectators as the dark figure reached for what must have been the switch that would activate the dynamite that adorned his body. It seemed as though the puppeteer that controlled this beast became greedy and wanted total devastation of the forming monument which was only possible from within the enclosure. As a result, the creature removed his hand from the detonation switch and opened the door of the enclosure only to be flung backwards in a hail of charring plasma.

Out into the rain stepped Captain Brendel, plasma pistol in hand as he glared down at his defeated enemy. A smile of ecstasy was evident on his face as he reveled in his victory when he had been so close to defeat. If the invader hadn't decided to enter the site, Brendel wouldn't have been able to destroy his enemy without the whole area being engulfed in destructive flames. The closeness of death's grip undoubtedly increased his satisfaction but his work wasn't finished. The captain bent over the blistered and boiled corpse and quickly neutralized the bomb threat with exquisite care and craftsmanship.

At the sight of the heroic captain emerging from the unknown and saving the construction site from the evil clutches of darkness, the small group of wounded laborers erupted in celebration. Although the captain surely would have loved to participate in the slaughter of the enemy, he wisely remained behind in order to supervise the whole affair. Not only was the battle itself fortunate for his guidance, but the site was saved as well due to the will of this man who obviously garnished much from his ten year tenure in the military.

The steady downfall continued as the disarming of the explosives in the park came to end and all the comrades congregated at a clearing in the park to enjoy their victory. Morale was exceedingly high despite the fact that everyone was thoroughly drenched. The manly thrill of battle and especially victory, seized the comrades and held them in its glorious grasp.

Heightening the rousing revelry that brought goosebumps of excitement, Captain Brendel spoke loudly, "The Empire is proud of each and every one of you! While our duty is that of constructing great buildings and we do this very well, we also must fight for our people when the time comes. The monument we are building is a symbolic one that represents the sacrifice of our people and to defend it like you have done is extremely honorable. We might be physically more comfortable in our warm, dry homes right now but our privilege of working for the Empire is far more suitable to our honorable nature. The greatness of the White Empire will never be destroyed and we can proudly say that we fought and killed for it! RAHOWA comrades!"

The already enthusiastic ensemble became even louder at the fiery words of their leader. Slowly but gaining pace came the strong chant of the battle cry of the Empire. The echoes of which could be heard far distant into the surrounding woods.

As this feast of glory was taking place, an enigmatic squadron of darkened soldiers marched into the park. The uniform, discipline, and air of secretive health, revealed that this was no enemy of the Empire. The mysterious troop that entered Salubrious Park was none other than the Shadow Corps.

White Empire - Chapter XVIII

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

News of the heroic defense against devious terrorists, spread rapidly across the land. The attack had served to further strengthen the tremendous bond that existed between the citizens of the Empire. It seemed that every White man and woman wished to take part in the defense of the White Race. As a result, an increase in volunteers was recorded in all aspects of defense, ranging from police work to serving in the military.

In addition to the aftereffects of the recent attack, the ranks of armed forces was swelling rapidly due to the overwhelming successes of the Empire in their war efforts. More and more comrades wanted to take part in what could very well be the last war ever. Stories of the final war in human history would surely make for great entertainment to children of all ages. Of course, not everyone could be a soldier as war supplies were needed and factory workers were required for this end. These laborers were just as important, if not more so, as there would be no fighting without weapons, so these workers could revel in the knowledge of helping the war effort.

These two topics dominated the airwaves and presently the defense of Salubrious Park flashed on the video screen that Wolfgang Gerhard was watching. The barracks he resided in was full of Legionnaires who gathered round to hear the tale the news reporter wove. The military quarters were located in recently conquered territory in central China which had been hastily, but effectively, constructed by the brilliant engineers that accompanied the Holy Legions.

The comrades present listened intently to the gripping depiction of the events that had recently transpired. Reporters, like the storytellers of the past who handed down ancient myths, presented a passionate and enthusiastic account of the occurrences in the Empire, and this particular craftsman was especially charged with zeal. He told of the biting chill of the rain, the mysterious nature of the unknown beings, and the victorious outcome of the battle with intense feeling and emotion that pulled the viewer into the story. Only minor injuries had been sustained by the Empire while the invading force had been completely decimated. This information was greeted soundly by shouts of roaring approval by the comrades but Wolf silenced them as the reporter continued.

The most dramatic piece of the story was left for the end as it was revealed that the heroic captain, Brendel, had liquidated the last foe who threatened the monument that he and his workers were constructing. At the last moment, Brendel had stopped the aggressor from detonating his explosives when he was right in front of the construction site. When asked about the whole ordeal, Brendel had this to say: "I am proud to serve the Empire in anyway that I can. The construction of the monument is progressing ahead of schedule and will soon be complete." The commentator noted that the attack had actually increased the speed of the monument that was being dedicated to John Granger and Marie Benini.

The conclusion of the broadcast revealed that great strides were occurring in the investigation of the events and it was obvious to all that the recent attack was linked to the earlier terrorist blow that had claimed several lives. The spokesman anticipated that whoever was responsible for the heinous bombings would meet justice within the week. The program ended with no mention of the Shadow Corps.

The small group of soldiers were exalted at the broadcast and cheered wildly at the courage of their fellow comrades. Wolf was the most vocal and his roars of rapture echoed mightily within the compound. Battle cries were heard and excitement filled the air but Wolf needed time to think and retreated to his office. The revelry was excellent for morale so he allowed it to continue with a simple order to carry on.

Wolf shut the door to his office and took a seat at his desk. It was a totally different atmosphere within the room as there was a quiet, contemplative aura about the room. This was a great environment for thought that was made even more conducive to reflecting on life by the addition of the sweet piano concertos by the legendary Mozart. Relaxing to the harmonious melody, Wolf fired up the well oiled machine that was his brain and quickly sped down the highway of thought.

Thoughts of the mission he passed up in the Shadow Corps and the recent attack at Salubrious Park, swam quickly through his mind. Wolf could only speculate on these matters but he felt assured that justice would soon be served in his comrades' deaths. This notion brought a new wave of bubbling enticement as he yearned to be the executioner of those responsible for their heinous crimes. Little did he know of the full magnitude of the events and the tremendous role the Shadow Corps had played.

The mission the Shadow Corps executed that Wolf was initially scheduled to take place in, had been performed brilliantly. With precise accuracy and efficacy, the underground facility was stormed by a troop of skilled agents. Surprise was a great tool in the conquest of the infested rat hole and was at least partially responsible for the fact that no casualties were sustained on the side of the Empire. This surprise factor also prevented the Jews from destroying evidence. The exterminators had completely cleansed the area of all poisonous elements, thus purifying the land.

A thorough examination of the facility had revealed extremely interesting data concerning the Salubrious Park case. By meticulously scrutinizing every scrap of evidence and analyzing the great volume of facts located on the captured computers, it was overwhelmingly clear that a vast Jewish conspiracy was taking place. It was no coincidence that the attacks that took place, occurred so near in time to the hostilities between the Empire and China. The parasitical Jews that drank the blood of China realized that they must stifle the advance of the White Empire or else they would have nowhere left to run. Without a host, the Jews would surely perish, so they were using all their available resources to hinder the Empire.

The perfidious Jews were systematically infiltrating the outskirts of the Empire and capturing Whites that they were training for their nefarious schemes. This training could more aptly be termed as torture because the prisoner was subjected to severe beatings of intense pain that only a Jew or the Jew influenced Christians, could conceive of. In addition to the poundings these poor souls endured, was the prescription of the deadly Zionist Death Agent drug that killed many and zombified the others. Such cruelty and savageness was rampant in Communist China but the White corpses found in the facility sickened the stomachs of the agents that found them.

As if the combination of torture and drugs wasn't enough, the Jews also implanted a communication device directly into the victim's ear. Transmissions could be sent that would be received as a violent command by the host. Either the host obeyed instantly or the device would inflict intense pain and suffering via a powerful electric current. The testing of these devices reduced the White prisoners to mere shadows of what they once were. Like the dogs of Pavlov, these destroyed comrades obeyed blindly and without question.

After the will had been broken completely and the Jews had gained complete control over the host, an intense training regiment was imposed. Handling weapons and endurance were the main focus but the advanced steroids that were administered were detrimental to the health of the prisoner so the training wasn't as effective as it might have been. Granted, the steroids enhanced power considerably but the ill health it imposed was ravaging as was clearly evident by the gaunt appearance of the host. This coupled with the fact that the weapons the drones were equipped with were out of date, presented a less than ideal soldier but one that could infiltrate the White Empire strapped with numerous and damaging sticks of dynamite.

In order to ensure the obedience of the drones in hostile situations, the Jews sent them on missions to crush any dissidence in the Chinese population. Since the country was secretly controlled by the Jews, the government not only condoned the missions, but cooperated by providing lists of people who were regarded as security threats. These security threats were suspected of crimes like "thinking anti-communist thoughts" and "dressing in a fashion detrimental to communism."

The only clothing available in China that would receive little attention in the Empire were trench coats (the clothing in the Empire was of superior craftsmanship and fabric but there was a small population of older men that still wore trench coats due to the nostalgic effect of the old clothing) and that was what the drones were clothed in on their missions. The deadly missions usually took place at night to hide the identity of the assailant. The bloodshed and carnage on these escapades was tremendous and effectively proved the reliance of the drones to their Jewish slave drivers.

Although the poor White comrades were forced into servitude by the hideous creatures known as Jews, the drones were ironically employed in rooting out the Chinese enemies of the White Empire. Many missions were ruthlessly performed until the Jews were unable to train there captives any longer due to the rising hostilities between China and the White Empire. First, a single drone was sent to test the waters and then more followed.

The data recovered from the Jewish compound's memory banks revealed their intention of again attacking Salubrious Park. The successful first attack was promising to the Jewish advisors and so they believed a larger assault force would be more damaging. It was recognized that the site itself was of no military importance but the symbolic nature of destroying a place that was regarded as clean and healthy, was hoped to cause confusion and hatred of the Empire for not stopping the attack. The parasites were well aware of their military inferiority on the battlefield and were hoping that small guerrilla attacks would subvert the Empire and cause dissension.

When the attack would commence wasn't revealed in any of the evidence uncovered but the Shadow Corps took action to be prepared for the attack. Using their great influence within the government, the construction workers at the park were replaced by laborers who had all served in the military. The distinguished Captain Brendel, who had led a productive military career, was placed in charge of the site. These former soldiers had protected the park well and had thwarted the plans of the Jewish enemies of the Empire.

The investigation had slowed dramatically until the attack on Salubrious Park because no other substantial leads had been found after the conquest of the Jewish facility. The compound itself didn't appear to be the headquarters of the conspiracy that was fittingly known as Armageddon. No link between any other complexes was discovered so the park itself became the next logical step in the investigation after the assault there.

Amid the powerful rainstorm that engulfed the park, the agents quickly removed the remains of the drones that had died doing the bidding of their Jewish overlords. The whole affair was tragic as it was necessary to kill the attackers even though they were White. Their minds were completely enthralled by the treacherous vampires of the world and only the swift sword of death could end their constant suffering. The mangled remains of eighty five bodies were removed and taken away to be examined.

Autopsies performed on the corpses were very revealing. The amount of drugs pumped into the victims' bodies was staggering. Poisonous elements ranging from pain killers to stimulants were detected and it was a minor miracle that most of the dead hadn't died much earlier than they actually did. The examiners speculated that the drones wouldn't have felt any physical pain and would have been far stronger than normal. It was agreed that a numbing sensation would have encased the wretched creatures due to the high level of toxic elements in their bloodstream.

It was unveiled that the communication implant in the ear of the victims had caused extensive damage to many of the deceased. The device, although primitive in design, was extremely potent as a shock of ten thousand volts could flow through the victim for an extended amount of time which could incapacitate the host. Extreme burns and nerve damage was reported as a result of this vile shock treatment. There could be no doubt that the maniacal Jew had delighted in tormenting these White racial comrades.

The most important clue to the case wasn't even found among the corpses or in the park but detected by the surveillance equipment of the Shadow Corps. The precious information discovered was the radio transmissions that were being sent to control the mindless automatons that had attacked the park. These broadcasts had been traced to their origin in China and undoubtedly led to the headquarters of the Armageddon group. The root of the problem had been detected and all that remained was to annihilate the threat.

A sudden knock at the door interrupted the dancing tone of the artistic Mozart whose music enchanted the air, and pulled Wolf out of the bliss of contemplation. Emerging from his meditative state, Wolf felt relaxed and refreshed as he softly invited the man to enter. The man turned out to be a courier who after saluting, placed a thick file on Wolf's desk. The captain returned the salute and excused the dispatcher who closed the door after he left.

Eagerly anticipating his first mission since his return to the Holy Legions, Wolf greedily grabbed the larger than normal file. He couldn't ever recall a mission so large in all the years he had been a captain. Before rushing headlong into the report, like the mighty White ancestors who charged into battle without fear of death, he realized that every war was different and perhaps the current hostilities with the Asians required more in-depth analysis. After all, the Asians posed a greater military threat than any of the other races.

Regardless of why the file was so large, Wolf hastily dove into the report without further delay. A mighty flow of adrenaline pumped through his blood as he read the detailed report. His heart rate increased as he scanned the pages upon pages of meaningful words. The report sucked the mighty Wolf into its grasp and refused to release him but he was a willing participant in the affair as he drank freely from the cascading rain of knowledge. No greater mission than this one could possibly be had by Wolf.

The minute detail and exactness of the report told Wolf that the Shadow Corps was involved although no word was mentioned of the organization at all. It was apparent that the Corps hadn't forgot him and had worked with the Holy Legions to organize this mission. He was to lead his soldiers on the assault of the Jewish headquarters of the group known as Armageddon. Wolf was honored to be the one who would achieve justice for not only his friends, but also the White comrades whom the Jews enslaved.

With enthusiasm igniting his being, Wolf devised his strategy against the enemy base. The base was located within a small knoll and could have been destroyed by the Air Force but it was hoped that some White comrades could be saved from the mendacious clutches of the Jew. As a result of the extraordinary conditions, Wolf was being allocated fifty Legionnaires instead of his usual ten. This factor came into play as he accessed his options but a plan was quickly devised for the assault.

Rising rapidly from his chair and exiting his office, Wolf made his way to his soldiers. Calling them over to him, he spoke with a large beaming smile and a loud voice, "Comrades! I have just received excellent news that I am sure you will all appreciate! We have the golden opportunity to avenge the deaths at Salubrious Park! Tomorrow we serve White Justice!"

The barracks erupted in a frenzied outburst of excitement at Wolf's words. The cheers that the men bellowed, shook the barracks and charged the soldiers with a battle lust for war. Soon they would be satisfied as the gleaming sword of justice would rip apart the vile rats that defied the White Empire.

White Empire - Chapter XIX

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

In an isolated region in central China, several planes of the Empire circled about like hungry vultures waiting for their enemies to die in order to rip the flesh from their bones. The planes were undetectable as they towered above their target in the darkened skies. The aircraft were emitting a Dragion Aura Wave to ensure that no nuclear weapons would be detonated in the area. This safety net protected the comrades below who were preparing to storm the base.

The base itself was hidden from view as it appeared as only a grassy mound surrounded by trees. Wolf knew better though as his force was massed near the base, ready to pounce like an agile tiger who ached with hunger. The area was darker than normal as the moon was absent this night. With the Empire's thermal imaging system, this darkness proved to be a valuable advantage over their enemies.

The sentries that were posted around the hill were quickly and quietly disposed of. These guards had never even seen the Legionnaires before they were sent to their deaths via plasma blasts. The Jews apparently hadn't trusted their White slaves to secure the perimeter of the base as the distinct Jewish features were discernible with the night vision function on their helmets. The elimination of the watchmen was thus rewarding but it signified that the attack would have to commence soon before the base became suspicious.

Wolf was well aware of this and anxiously spoke to his comrades as he eagerly anticipated the attack, "Tis a great day comrades! We have the honor to be avenging spirits for all those that have died serving the Empire. Might is right so let's show these rats who is mightier!"

Every Legionnaire was charged with tingling electricity as each of them prepared for battle. With the strong creed of Creativity in their hearts and knowledge of the might of the Empire, all knew victory was inevitable. Such thoughts of power and vitality made the Holy Legions an unstoppable battering ram that delighted in ramming down all of the enemy's fortresses. It was their destiny to serve justice this day and the comrades were well aware of that fact.

With a short order to the aircraft above, Wolf and his men hugged the ground. Although it wasn't detectable by the human or computer sensors of the compound, a single plane swooped down towards the hill and fired a missile that erupted as it hit the hill with an electromagnetic pulse. After its mission was complete, it soared away as silently and undetected as it had came.

The electromagnetic pulse shut down all the power systems within the base. This pulse was similar to the kind that was emitted during a nuclear blast only the Empire had been able to modify it so that it didn't affect the systems of the scanning or weapon systems of the ground soldiers. The Empire's planes could be affected, however, and had to remain a safe distance away. Therefore, the power systems were neutralized in the compound but weapons were unaffected.

After this initial assault, the side of the hill was bombarded by heavy plasma fire from the heavens. This hail of fiery rain pelted the earth with ravaging destruction that reverberated loudly across the land. This cataclysmic outburst was short-lived yet the magnificent power of the attack was obvious as the whole side of the hill had been mauled and the inside of the base was recognizable. The innards of the complex had also been heavily damaged by the crushing blow.

At Wolf's behest the Legionnaires rushed into the facility with cyclonic speed and rage. Through the side of the hill and into the complex the comrades brought glorious plasma fire to the defenders of the base. Most of the enemy soldiers had been killed or injured by the plasma fire from the sky so securing the top level of the base was accomplished in short order. All the enemy soldiers that could be found were dealt a swift blow despite how crushed their bodies were.

Broken and collapsed beams littered the open level at the top of the base. The standard door to the base was nowhere to be seen as it must have been shredded apart by the volley of plasma. The ceiling rose about ten meters from the concrete floor and both the ceiling and floor were in ruinous disarray. In the center of the area were the steps that led to downwards, into the heart of the facility.

The room was circular in design and connected to a vast garage which housed a variety of military vehicles. The infrared detection scanners of the Legionnaires hadn't picked up any signs of life in the garage so it was left alone as Wolf knew that the enemy was down below. Besides, the vehicles weren't able to function due to the electromagnetic pulse that had been fired at the base.

The lights of the base had been neutralized, leaving the area basked in a nocturnal darkness. The Legionnaires took comfort in each other's company and weren't adversely affected by the frightening chill that can accompany such blackness. Wolf believed that the surviving parasites that still resided in base must be terrified by the mysterious and unseen attack by the White Empire. It was well known that the Jews were cowards and couldn't survive without a host to feed on and to protect them, so it appeared as though the vampire's days were numbered.

Wolf quickly organized his comrades into multiple fighting groups in order to simultaneously attack the ten lower levels of the compound. This meant that five Legionnaires would assault and capture each level. This plan had all been devised earlier so each comrade knew the layout of the floor he was assigned to. Wolf knew the layout of the building from the detailed report he was given and relegated the bottom level for himself. This was where the core of the complex was believed to be and he found it only fitting that the field leader should be the one to sink the blade into the enemy's heart.

The path down into the abyss was a spiraling staircase that allowed a plummeting view all the way to the bottom. Doors were positioned at each level to grant access to that particular floor. Upon close examination, it was revealed that several enemies were alive below them. It was unclear whether they were waiting in ambush or simply paralyzed with terror at the attack and lack of light.

Wolf ordered several plasma grenades to be dropped in order to neutralize this threat. His comrades complied immediately and the falling weapons soon erupted in a dazzling blue light that temporarily lighted the area like a brilliant fireworks display. When the light had faded, the living heat signature had vanished from down below, indicating the demise of the enemy soldiers.

The excitement and enthusiastic battle readiness was palpable in the air and noticeable by the bounce in the attackers' step as they waited for the signal to attack. Wolf was aware of the eagerness of his soldiers and issued a slight smile at their lust for battle. He wanted to minimize casualties and not hastily rush off into the enemy's grasp so he was taking a cautious route of advance.

Certain that the staircase was safe, Wolf barked out the order to begin their descent. The well disciplined troops fell in line as they rushed downwards to secure the building. Although the faces of the Legionnaires were covered, it was certain that blissful rage was painted on their visages that would inspire dread among any who opposed them. This passionate vehemence obviously fueled the men in their goal to cleanse the land of the Empire's adversaries.

The comrades assigned to the tenth level burst through the entranceway and quickly scurried through the corridors of their level in search of the enemy. The area was quiet and still with no sign of the enemy immediately available. There were multiple cubicles scattered throughout but the thermal imaging was able to pierce these possible obstacles. After a few moments of searching, several forms were detected lying beneath their desks, shivering violently. These forms were promptly terminated by plasma fire that penetrated several cubicle walls before silencing the target forever. After fanning out and scanning the entire tenth floor, it was clear that no other enemies were present and the area was secure. The leader of the squad radioed in their progress and awaited further orders.

The assault on the ninth floor encountered enemies immediately upon entering but resistance by this force was minimal as plasma bursts ravaged those guarding the door. It was obvious that the debilitating darkness, coupled with the surprise assault, blinded the defenders. This impairment had prevented the Jews defending the door, from firing a single shot.

The cleansing of this level went rapidly as all resistance was met, and destroyed, at the entrance. A thorough scouting of the area revealed that all hostile threats had been liquidated. The Legionnaires were ready for more action but were forced to guard their conquered floor until they heard otherwise.

Levels five through eight were similarly secured with minimal resistance and blood letting. Small forces, some armed and some which were not, were encountered and crushed with powerful might. No mercy was given or even thought of as standard tactical warfare mandated smashing the enemy whenever the chance was available. This way, the enemy would be destroyed with no hope of ever challenging the Empire again.

The ease with which the Legionnaires were trampling their foes was cut short by the tough resistance that was experienced on the fourth level. Immediately upon blasting the door to bits, a hail of shotgun fire greeted the invaders with ferocious fury. The deafening blasts threw several Legionnaires to the ground but only stunned them as the thick armor they wore wasn't penetrated.

Like angry hornets whose nest had been tampered with, the Legionnaires relentlessly attacked after being greeted so rudely. Before the resisters could rearm their weapons, the comrades were wielding fiery swords of plasma that slashed the Jews to pieces. Beam after beam of burning plasma rendered the defenders harmless in a staggering display of firepower. The intensity of the fusillade was so devastating that entire limbs had been sundered from the filthy Jewish bodies.

The comrades poured down the hall of the floor only to be ambushed in a four way intersection by a roar of shotgun blasts. The thick walls of the complex had prevented the Legionnaires from detecting the heat signatures of the vile beasts who had sprung the trap. It was clear that the defenders hadn't seen the attackers but, rather, relied on hearing to spring their trap.

Three comrades fell but the remaining two sizzled the Jewish meat that had launched the surprise attack. The smell of roasted flesh coated the room in its refreshing aroma. The fallen comrades were bruised and battered from the blow they had sustained but were able to carry on through the mighty force of their dominant wills.

Slowly and methodically the squad swept through the fourth level, searching for more trash to dispose of. After being ambushed twice, the comrades were extremely cautious in their advance. A meticulous scan of the floor revealed no further enemy resistance to the dismay of the comrades who wished to further repay the Jews for their insolent welcome.

The reports Wolf received from the squad leaders thus far was extremely encouraging but he itched to begin his attack at the bottom of the complex. It had been planned, however, that the last level would be conquered last. It was thought to be the most heavily defended and reinforcements from the upper levels could be used to help the assault on the core of the compound. Regardless of his almost overwhelming desire to rush the level which he stood outside of, his discipline was upheld and the plan was proceeding as scheduled.

Word from his attacking kinsman would have to satisfy his battle lust until his own attack commenced.

Just as Wolf was contemplating about the attack, the third level attack, led by Wolf's comrade Volotav, began by splitting the door of the level from its hinges in an awesome outburst of plasma. This assault didn't stop once the door was shredded apart but continued to fling darts of death down the hall. The Legionnaires were learning from the other squads and didn't wish to be ambushed like their comrades before them had been.

After a substantial barrage, Volotav ordered a cease fire as the troops peered down the hall. The fading thermal heat images that were detected, divulged that five enemy soldiers had been slaughtered by the attack. Further signs of life weren't detected but the soldiers slowly crept down the long, dank hall. Stepping over the lifeless corpses, the squad was ordered to stop before traveling further down the hall which only led to the left and screamed of an excellent position for the defenders to ensnare an invading host.

A proclamation from Volotav sent a comrade creeping down the hall to peer around the corner. Just as the soldier neared the turn, his eagerness seized him and he rushed around the bend with a roaring yell while rapidly firing his weapon. The radiant daggers of plasma were answered by the crude rasping sound of heavy machine gun fire that violently pounded the Legionnaire. While outdated, the machine gun was still quite potent and the hammering blow that struck the valiant soldier of the Empire left him a crumpled mess.

Quickly snatching the motionless soldier, the comrades were ordered to prepare for the attack before tending to the wounded. Volotav instinctively felt that the barrage the fallen soldier had launched must have done some damage and it was wise to immediately follow up on his ill fated assault.

Hastily estimating where the gun was located, Volotav informed his troops and commanded them to assume a position where two comrades would lay flat on the ground while the two others assumed kneeling positions. On his signal, the attack was initiated and the corridor became a chaotic storm of doom as each side exchanged fire. One Legionnaire was hit before the Jewish resistance fell amid the turbulent and skilled attack of the soldiers in the Holy Legions.

The opposition silenced in the area, the squad tended to the wounded. Of the two who suffered wounds, one was already dead while the other clung heroically to life. Every Legionnaire was trained in first aid so the injured warrior's damaged body was healed as much as could be expected. Rest and time would be his prescription when the mission was over.

Volotav thought it prudent to ask for reinforcements before the comrades further explored the floor and promptly did so. His request was granted by a swift word from Wolf. The help came from the Legionnaires manning the tenth floor. With this assistance, the third level was quickly explored and secured with little fanfare as no enemies were sighted in their trek.

The blood coursing through Wolf's body sped up as he realized that very soon the compound would be disinfected. The Legionnaires in his squad shared his excitement at the coming victory. After the second floor was secured, their turn would be at hand to destroy the enemies of the Empire. Wolf's finger absentmindedly played with the trigger on his Hammerblow rifle as he ordered the attack to begin on the second floor.

At Wolf's bidding, the leader of the second floor squad, Montagne, initiated the attack by bombarding the door with plasma. As the tactic had worked before, the comrades continued their fire after the entrance had been blown away. The blazing assault was halted and the gaze of Montagne fell on the passage, but exposed no indication of their antagonists.

Leading his soldiers down the straight hall, Montagne questioned why this level was so quiet. It was possible, he thought, that this level might not be important but it seemed more likely that an ambush was prepared somewhere. As a result, the procession moved carefully along and came to halt when they encountered a four way intersection. This intersection would have to be tactfully navigated.

Two comrades were instructed to peer around the passageways on the left and right. This was accomplished by only pointing their guns down the hall and exposing as little of their bodies as possible. The video cameras located on the rifles would show whether any ambushes were set. Gingerly, the assigned troops did as they were commanded but no hostile forces were detected down either hall.

The squad then marched down first the left hall and then the right, examining the various doors which lined the hallway. No opponents were found and each corridor lead to a dead-end which resulted in them returning to the four way intersection. The only path that remained bore straight ahead of them and this was where they traveled.

As the gladiators swept down the corridor, faint voices that echoed against the metallic walls were heard. The sound was garbled and even the advanced audio capability of the Empire couldn't make out what, if anything, was being said. The pitch did increase in volume as the Legionnaires approached a wide room at the end of the hall they traversed. The group halted and the increased volume couldn't indicate what was being said but the sensors of the Holy Legions clearly revealed that the voices heard were White.

The warriors anxiously wanted to rush to their brethren in order to rescue them but the instinct of Montagne told him this was a great opportunity for an enemy trap. As the squad was contemplating tactics, two enemy machine gun teams hastily moved into view and begun their attack before the Legionnaires could respond. The murderous axe of the foe chopped down the comrades as some fell from bullets while others fell to avoid the attack.

The repetitive blasts from the machine guns roared down the hall but were answered by plasma eruptions from those Empire soldiers who hadn't been harmed. The surprise of the enemy attack was extinguished and the light the plasma blasts created wasn't enough for the Jews to maintain a successful attack. As a result, the fury of the White Empire overwhelmed their adversaries, eradicating the Jewish filth who had sprung the trap.

The hostilities ceased with the demise of the vermin who had spread machine gun fire but the damage had been done. Of the five squad members, four had been hit but some wounds were more damaging than other. Montagne himself was hit although not hurt seriously. Two Legionnaires had taken far more damage than their armor could withstand and were already dead. With four out of five comrades out of action, Wolf swiftly ordered replacements in order to secure the level.

Ten soldiers bolstered the forces on the second level but they weren't needed. The area was free of Jews and the cell which housed the White drones was discovered after a quick search. The power outage had freed the comrades from Jewish control and some of what must have been the newer arrivals, had called out for help, signaling their location.

The containment vault was protected by a thick steel door that was easily obliterated by the might of the Legionnaires. The repulsive scent of human waste filled the room as no trace of a toilet was seen. Some of the freed comrades were jubilant as tears rolled down there faces when they realized that their countrymen had rescued them. Those that had been there the longest, however, simply sat motionless on the filthy floor, oblivious to the events that were taking place.

The casualties taken thus far were extremely light and the news of rescuing their kin granted Wolf a gleeful feeling of delight. The assault was nearly complete and all the waiting he was forced to endure would soon end. Just as excited were the five comrades that would accompany Wolf on the assault of the lowest, deepest level of the abyss. Captain Gerhard prepared his announcement to bring in reinforcements when a thunderous clamor interrupted his transmission.

A titanic explosion tore through the door and the area surrounding it with a colossal smash that was akin to a monstrous mountain tumbling over. The sheer force of the blast was monumental as it shredded the door to pieces and catapulted all the Legionnaires in the area to the ground. At first sight, the region resembled a cemetery cloaked in death but, after a few moments, movement was detected.

With a tremendous throbbing pain that tingled throughout his left leg, Wolf wearily rose to his feet. Looking through a cracked, but still functioning helmet, he gazed upon his fallen comrades in sorrowful remorse. This emotion was soon overwhelmed by the most vehement force of pure raging power for revenge that he had ever felt. This was so because his White Brothers had been torn to bits right before his very eyes. Only through superhuman strength and determination was Wolfgang alive but he was not content with this. Death must be delivered to his foes and he would be its messenger.

The warlike sounds of magnificent bagpipes and pounding drums were heard in Wolf's mind and propelled him towards his foes. Grabbing a plasma rifle in each hand, Wolfgang advanced forward. He was aware of the tingling in his leg but blocked out the pain that would have crippled a lesser man. The pain he felt was the result of a large shard of gray metal that protruded from his leg. It would need removed but there was no time for that now. Stepping over the debris that cluttered the entrance, the origin of the mighty blast came into view.

The weapon that had devastated the area was an extremely large train gun mounted on a concrete platform. These large guns had been used in the World Wars but had proven too cumbersome for modern warfare. The gun could pivot 360 degrees and Wolf estimated its caliber to be around 400mm. As the area was dark as could be, the shot was merely a stab in the dark that had been very lucky for the Jews. In order to ensure safety, the gun would have to be neutralized.

The blow the Jews had struck had raised their spirits dramatically as sounds of whiny voices celebrating a victory abounded about the wide open area that was visible as soon as one entered the floor. After not hearing anymore signs of the Empire, cheering was detected by the mammoth gun itself and several machine gun crews celebrated wildly. One Jew was sitting behind a large control panel and appeared to be the leader of the base but he wasn't celebrating for some reason. The enemy obviously didn't notice Wolf's presence and he realized this was an excellent opportunity for him to attack.

With a berserker howl and raging destructive power consuming him, Wolfgang charged into battle with both plasma rifles blazing paths of obliteration. The stunned Jews were frozen with terror and Death's cold embrace seized them hungrily. Multiple bursts of penetrating plasma sliced through the monstrous gun that was his greatest threat. The fury of Wolf's attack left the tank gun harmless and ineffective as well as killing the men who manned the gun.

After tearing apart the large gun, Wolf focused his attention on the machine gun crews that had recovered their senses. He ceased firing for a bit and vaulted away from his last position to confuse his enemies. He heard jumbled voices questioning where he was and chose that moment to attack. Unleashing a sizzling salvo of sensational annihilation, he gleefully watched as all six men who manned the three machine guns fell under his assault.

The only active enemy that now remained in the base was the weasel behind the control panel. Casually and oblivious of pain, Wolf calmly strolled over to the creature. So silently did Wolf move that the Jew leader didn't notice the movement but Wolf was so close that he could hear the heavy breathing of the foul beast which indicated its trepidation.

In his powerful booming voice, Wolf asked the Jew, "Do you have anything to say before you die?"

The startled animal fell from his chair in a crumpled mess. Petrified the Jew pleaded, "P-please don't kill me. I'll give you riches beyond your wildest dreams!"

Just at that moment, a slow hum was heard and the lights of the facility came back on in a blinding rush. As terrified as he was, the Jew scrambled back into his seat as Wolf dropped his rifles and removed his helmet. Towering over the vermin in all his physical vigor, Wolf smiled as he glared down at his foe.

Trying to sound intimidating but failing miserably as every fiber of his being screamed for mercy, the Jew speak, "Leave now or I will detonate a thirty megaton nuclear bomb. You have my word that I won't detonate if you exit the premises."

Knowing full well that the Dragion Aura Wave guaranteed that all nuclear threats were nullified, Wolf erupted in a hearty laughter that bounced off the surrounding walls in a joyful dance. The word of a Jew was worthless and his threat was non-existent. The captain unsheathed his mighty Crockett knife that glimmered brilliantly in the artificial light. This terrifying image caused the Jew to tremble violently.

Toying with his prey, Wolf placed his left hand on the Jew's head while the beast frantically punched buttons on the control panel. After entering the input codes for the detonation, the Jew realized nothing had happened and promptly fainted. Wanting his prey alive when he met death, Wolfgang slapped the man violently to awaken him. Once awake, he replaced his hand atop the beast's head and lifted him from his chair simply by grasping the Jew's hair. Staring into the animal's eyes, he raised his knife and slashed swiftly, severing the head and serving justice with the blow. The body of his foe fell lifeless and bloody to the floor below.

Wolf held his trophy high in the air as blood flowed freely from the neck of his prize. A sound behind him made him pivot quickly as he noticed his comrades in the Holy Legions storming to his side. At the sight of the carnage, they jubilantly cheered for their triumph and for their hero. Stepping in front of the Legionnaires, Wolf held the enemy's head for all to see as he gallantly roared, "Victory is ours!"

White Empire - Chapter XX

by Rev. Kenneth Molyneaux

News of the glorious triumph of the Holy Legions spread across the realm and was contagious like laughter. Joy and happiness reached incredible peaks at the realization that the internal threat to the Empire had been eradicated. Like a refreshing and healing fast, the citizens of the White Empire felt soothed and relaxed at knowing that the land had been purified of toxins. For days and days talk of the assault dominated life and was on everyone's mind.

The whole nefarious Jewish scheme had been uncovered and revealed to the populace via the major forms of media. Books and movies were already in the planning to remember the valiant actions of the Holy Legions and the captain who had led the assault, Wolfgang Gerhard. The heroic and inspiring tales that were created by talented authors of the Empire contributed greatly to the land but the current adventure was one of fact and thus more potent.

The assault had gone so well that General Valberg of the Holy Legions had given the weekend off to the chivalrous warriors who had taken place in the raid. There were, of course, some casualties but this was to be expected in the bloody sport of war. Besides, the Empire only saw a few of its sons enter the realm of death while many Jews were crushed by the gaping maw of doom.

In an announcement that couldn't be coincidence, Emperor Magnus decreed that the same weekend the soldiers were given leave, the official unveiling of what was being called the Salubrious Monument. The Emperor himself would be there as well as the Legionnaires who had assaulted the Armageddon base. Magnus realized that although the war was going great, the internal cancer that had recently been dissolved was more impacting on the people than victories in faraway lands. Therefore, the emphasis on this victory would be more rewarding than one over the Asian military.

The victory celebration after the return of the Legionnaires, had been a frenzied delight. The elimination of the insidious Jewish group, Armageddon, had been extremely sweet and the rescue of their White comrades was satisfying to all. Homage was paid for their fallen Brothers in the festive tradition of their holy religion of Creativity. Life was good for Wolf as he had avenged his loved ones' loss by doing what he loved best-war. He wondered if life could be better but then heard of the time off given and realized that life could always be better no matter how great one felt.

As Sunday was the day of the festivities, Saturday would be Wolf's day to spend with his family. He was well received on his return by his lovely wife and healthy children. All were pleased at his arrival and a group hug of the Gerhard family immediately commenced as soon as Wolf was in range. He returned the love his family gave in his bear-like embrace but withheld most of his strength as he had no wish to crush his loved ones.

The injury Wolf sustained at the battle was evident by the limp he exhibited whenever he walked. Concern was shown on the faces of his family members as he walked to the house but Wolf assured them that it was only a minor injury and would heal properly. He chuckled to himself when he realized they slowed their pace to match his so that he would lead the way into the house.

Although Wolf hadn't been away from home for very long, his wife and five children had many tales to weave. He listened to them all with sincere adoration as he loved hearing the stories of his growing children and beautiful wife. All of them set out to make him proud as they held him in high regard by not only admiring his deeds, but knowing him as a husband and father.

He was reminded of his youth when he heard Bernhardt relate his wrestling exploits. Wolf learned that his eldest boy was excelling in the sport and his studies were progressing rapidly as well. There was one boy that his son was unable to beat but Wolf knew the time would come. Wolf would always be proud of his son and would help him become the best at whatever he chose to be.

His younger boys had taken an interest in the legendary city and court of Camelot and spoke of it frequently. Parading around as knights wielding Excalibur, they acted as a man should-with honor and chivalry. The boys weren't deceived by thinking the fabled realm was real nor did they believe in the silliness of magic. They knew it was fantasy and had a wonderful time while being inspired with deeds of heroism. There were a whole host of stories regarding the enchanted land of Camelot and the boys looked forward to them all.

Anna and Chloe had been busy with their extravagant butterfly collections. Each girl tried to outdo the other and impress Wolf with their colorful catches. A whirlpool of color flooded Wolf's eyes as he examined the acquisitions. Vibrant golds, deep blues, and a variety of other colors made up the uniforms of the small creatures. Anna's collection was given Wolf's nod of approval and Chloe, unlike many children of the past, was determined to capture better prey. The father was pleased with both of his children's actions.

Saving his precious wife for last, Wolf inquired about how she had been but her response indicated that she was more concerned about hearing about the raid he had undertaken. It seemed the children felt the same way as their eyes clung to him like an anaconda squeezing its victim to death. It was clear that his family wished to hear the story that was all the rage across the land, from the very leader who played the major role.

Normally, the adventures of the Holy Legions weren't spoken of but the recent attack was an exception. Wolf had already given a few short interviews but the look on his family's face told him that they wanted more. All of them had known and loved John Granger and Marie Benini so they wanted to hear the whole story of justice.

In his bellowing tongue, he told of the events that had transpired. His towering figure added to his story telling ability that had developed with experience by reading to his children. With an actor's grace, he emphasized the dramatic points of his story and riveted his children as well as his wife. The exhilaration he felt pulsed from his being like a rapidly spinning pulsar that emitted radio signals. Gradually building his tale in momentum and excitement, he ended with a powerful reenactment of the defeat of the Jewish leader at the base.

His audience had been mesmerized by the enchanting words Wolf had uttered. Every high and low that he related was felt by his family as well. The living room they were in had become the dark labyrinth where Wolf, like the ancient hero Theseus, had killed the Minotaur. After the climax of his story had been attained, the audience cheered enthusiastically before hugging their powerful hero.

All of his boys wished to hear the story again but also wished to hear how their mighty father had been injured. Wolf had forgotten all about his minor injury and didn't even deem it worthy of mentioning in his tale. He quickly related to his sons about the metal shard that had been flung into his thigh after the explosion at the base. At their curious behest, he removed his bandage and showed them the wound while the females present looked away. Bernhardt commented how it would surely leave a scar of battle to remember the fateful day and Wolf agreed while rubbing his boy's shaven head.

The accounts given had quickly passed the time away and night had fallen across the Empire. Tomorrow was an eventful day that would start early so a good night's rest was required. The children wished for more stories with their father but, as good children, they obeyed their parent's wishes and went off to bed.

As the couple snuggled warmly against each other in their comfortable bed, Wolf inquired further of his wife on how she had fared since his departure. A sleepish reply of good tidings and how tomorrow would provide more time for talk greeted Wolf's question. It was clear in Wolf's mind that she was tired and weary. Gently stroking her blonde hair, he drifted off to sleep with the woman of his dreams.

The Gerhard family got plenty of rest before waking up to the song of the birds. As if mentally linked, the whole family woke up almost simultaneously. The sun was shining brightly in the morning day as the clan ate and readied themselves for the upcoming festivities. Time was not squandered and before noon, the Gerhards were at Salubrious Park.

The sparkling globe of fire bathed the throng in its delicious delight. The noteworthy occasion was accentuated by a beautiful day with a pleasant temperature. It wasn't so hot as to fry the gathered masses and no one would comment on it being too cold. The surrounding forest itself seemed to be a spectator in the celebration to honor the martyrs.

A raised platform had been erected near the monument to serve as a speaker's podium and to seat those responsible for the brave acts of serving justice. The platform was made of Klassenium metal and could easily be taken down and transported elsewhere. Stairs on either side of the landing provided access while the masses stood in front, down below. Flags adorned the stage as the symbol of Creativity flapped softly in the gentle breeze.

Next to the stage, a folk band played a sweet melody that enticed the body to dance. The upbeat tune was accomplished by the sounds of drums, bagpipes, and violin. Off a ways, many couples were dancing and enjoying themselves before the main celebration commenced. The ringing sound of laughter was heard from the dancer's circle.

In anticipation of the crowd, the Empire maintained a massive table of free food and drinks. The park normally had several small shops for food but the crowd that was present far exceeded the average population. Of course, only healthy foods were offered for a healthy people. Wolf's family had already eaten before they came but a little snack was devoured when they arrived in order to satisfy them further.

The center of attraction, the Salubrious Monument, drew everyone's attention even though it was securely veiled by heavy tarps. Imagination ran wild with those who viewed it as mysteries tended to tickle the brain of an inquisitive people like the White Race. Many merely stood gazing up at its approximate ten meter height and roundish frame, eagerly looking forward to beholding its certain beauty.

While his family joined the populace, Wolf ascended the stage to join his comrades of the Holy Legions. He seated himself and exchanged pleasantries with his countrymen before noting the announcement that the Emperor was arriving. At the mention of Magnus, all the soldiers stood.

Everyone who came for the commemoration now flocked to the stage to hear the beloved leader of the White Empire. The band played the tune that Magnus himself had written to usher in the entrance of the ruler of the greatest Empire ever. The crowd was silent as it eagerly waited.

Seeming to appear out of nowhere, the majestic Emperor Magnus walked towards the stage, surrounded by his Sacred Paladins. All eyes were attracted by his graceful demeanor and it was clear that they saw a noble who deserved to rule the great Empire. Magnus could have worn shredded rags and still maintained an air of authority. As it was, his elegant black outfit further exhibited his grand nature.

In standard charismatic fashion, Magnus strolled to the podium and unleashed a "RAHOWA!" salute that echoed across the park as the masses returned the greeting with rousing enthusiasm. Flashing his dazzling smile, the Emperor reveled in the increased applause until he motioned for silence.

When a tranquil hush fell over the populace, Magnus dove into his speech with excitement, "Greetings my fellow citizens of the great White Empire. It is with great pleasure that I am here today in this beautiful park. It is easy to see how such natural grandeur could attract so many visitors. Although this land is extremely attractive, it is not the reason for my visit or yours, I presume.

"We are brought here today to honor those outstanding citizens who paid the highest price one can pay. John Granger and Marie Benini were savagely killed by a crazed murderer and the monument that stands beside us is to commemorate their service to the Empire. This monument pays homage to them and to future citizens who meet with untimely demises.

"We in the Empire realize that while this monument is grand, it is not enough for our great people. Diligently and systematically, the search for the truth concerning this whole affair was undertaken with dedication and hard work. At first, it wasn't clear whether this tragic occurrence was isolated or part of a larger conspiracy. The White Race is known for its inquisitive nature and this instinct led us to determine that there was, indeed, a larger conspiracy taking place in our own lands.

"Leads were pursued by our comrades who thoroughly investigated every scrap of evidence. Painstakingly, a route was linked to a final destination. This destination was the headquarters of a vile Jewish group known as Armageddon. This group had been kidnapping our White Racial Comrades and using them for their insidious purposes. As the name Armageddon suggests, the final battle of the world very well may be taking place and it is our forces of light that will surely be victorious!"

Just as Magnus had forecasted, the crowd went wild with celebration as he uttered these last words. He was well aware that many believed that Creativity's greatest goal of an all White world was at hand. Indeed, Magnus thought, it seemed inevitable and the winning of the world would be the most remembered day ever. Any mention of the coming victory could easily excite a crowd as was well illustrated by the spectators in the park.

Strolling about the platform, the Emperor waited until the final cheer of the crowd was silenced before continuing. "Our formidable fighting force that knows no equal, the Holy Legions, absolutely devastated the base that housed the wretched group known as Armageddon. With dazzling heroism, these comrades exacted justice and destroyed many enemies of the Empire. Not only were many Jews removed, but numerous comrades were rescued and are currently being treated for the wounds they suffered at the hands of our adversaries."

Another eruption of shattering ovation was heard and felt. Amid the cheering, Magnus motioned for the Legionnaires who had taken part in the assault to rise. Each one's name was called and basked in the acclaim of the population before joining their loved ones. The last member of the Holy Legions to be called was the slightly injured Captain Gerhard. The Emperor recounted Wolf's heroics and Wolf was rewarded with the highest honor offered by the people. Isabelle warmly greeted her husband after the riotous accolades had been bestowed upon him and embraced him lovingly.

The Emperor continued his elegant speech in fervent fashion, "As in all great struggles, sacrifices must be made. Not everyone survived the glorious assault that recently took place. Those that did not will be remembered by being honored at Salubrious Monument. The Empire sends its sympathies to those families who lost a loved one and we hail those brave comrades who fell in battle, fighting for the White Race."

The names of the fallen warriors were read to the crowd who honored them by applauding. Although no one wished to see a friend or family member die, it was generally regarded as a process of life. The masses realized that dying for one's people was the most romantic way to end a life so they cheered with enthusiasm for those that had died in the recent battle.

Glancing at the concealed memorial, Magnus knew the people yearned to remove the tarp that covered it. At his mere glance, the multitude roared in delight and confirmed the Emperor's thoughts. "Comrades! The time has come to reveal the majestic monument that has been dedicated to John Granger and Marie Benini. I give to you, Salubrious Monument!"

Just as the Emperor spoke, he raised his hands to present the monument. Unseen hands removed the green tarp to the great delight of the anticipating crowd that had been virtually salivating as they waited. The dazzling brilliance that was unmasked left the crowd stunned and enthralled. As the view was being absorbed, silence permeated the park as every gaze was fixated on the memorial.

The magnificent structure was over ten meters in height and covered in a goldish hue that was shining almost blindingly as the rays of the sun gleamed upon it. The glowing building had a circular base that rose to a peak that was adorned by the mighty flag of Creativity. The attention of the audience seemed more held by the shimmering nature of the display rather than the exquisite architecture.

Most impressive were the two large statues that welcomed visitors. These bronze statues stood on small platforms and rose over five meters in height. The sculptures were of John Granger and Marie Benini who were clasping hands in a loving fashion. They were placed on either side of walkway so anyone entering the monument walked under the outstretched hands of the two lovers. The detail was impressive as anyone knowing the couple would recognize the statues instantly. The expression on the faces clearly indicated a powerful love between the two as each appeared to gaze longingly into the other's eyes.

Long moments passed before any words were uttered among those in the crowd. The loving embrace they beheld caused many to embrace the one's they cherished and tears of joy flowed freely at the sight of the monument. Finally, the elated masses converted their silent awe at the sight of such beauty, into an ecstatic thunder of jubilant revelry.

It was impossible for everyone in the crowd to enter the monument at the same time so small groups were to be allowed in, one at a time. The honor of being the first group belonged to the Emperor as well as close friends and family members of the two slain comrades-John Granger and Marie Benini. The Granger and Benini families were promptly organized at the entrance of the monument. Wolf and his family greeted the others warmly as they awaited word from the Emperor to enter.

The cheering of the crowd continued unabated as Magnus gave the signal and the small entourage entered the memorial. Wolf felt the warmth of the throng at his back and the love of his two friends as his passed underneath the sculptures. The wondrous display around him showed the appreciation the Empire had for its citizens.

The inside of monument was decorated with high and low tech adornments. Several paintings of the fallen citizens were displayed as well as multiple computers and video screens. These computers offered a whole variety of information on the couple that was available from a simple command or touch of a button.

The group spread out among the many information centers and learned of the likes and dislikes of the citizens who would be remembered for a long time to come. The many papers written by Marie Benini were available while the kills John Granger achieved in the Air Force were recorded. So much knowledge was stored that one could easily become acquainted with the deceased even if they never knew them when alive.

Pulling Wolf aside, Isabelle whispered into Wolf's ear, "Isn't this a wonderful day? I am having a splendid time."

Smiling at his beautiful wife, Wolf whispered back, "Indeed it is. Our comrades are gone but they will always be remembered."

A puzzled look overcame Wolf as his wife seemed to have something else to say. Before he could question her, she leaned over and gave him a soft kiss before softly uttering, "I'm pregnant. With twins."

A boy and a girl."

A rush of further happiness flooded about Wolf as he greeted the news by lifting Isabelle off her feet and swinging her about. As the couple embraced, Wolf thought about the never-ending cycle of life and death. People continually die but new life continually replaces it. Immortality is achieved by the constant replenishment of life so that one's name continues on. John and Marie had been deprived of presenting new life but Wolf, always the friend, had his chance to help even after the demise of his comrades.

Claiming the attention of those inside the monument, Wolf announced proudly, "My wife is pregnant with twins!" All inside responded with clapping and well wishes that matched the uproar that was still going on outside. The already gleeful nature had risen to another level after the announcement. Amid the festive display, Wolf had the perfect names for his unborn children.